WEEK
ENDING
JAN. 4, 1930

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

OVER
2,250,000
NET PAID
CIRCULATION

Calendar · 1930

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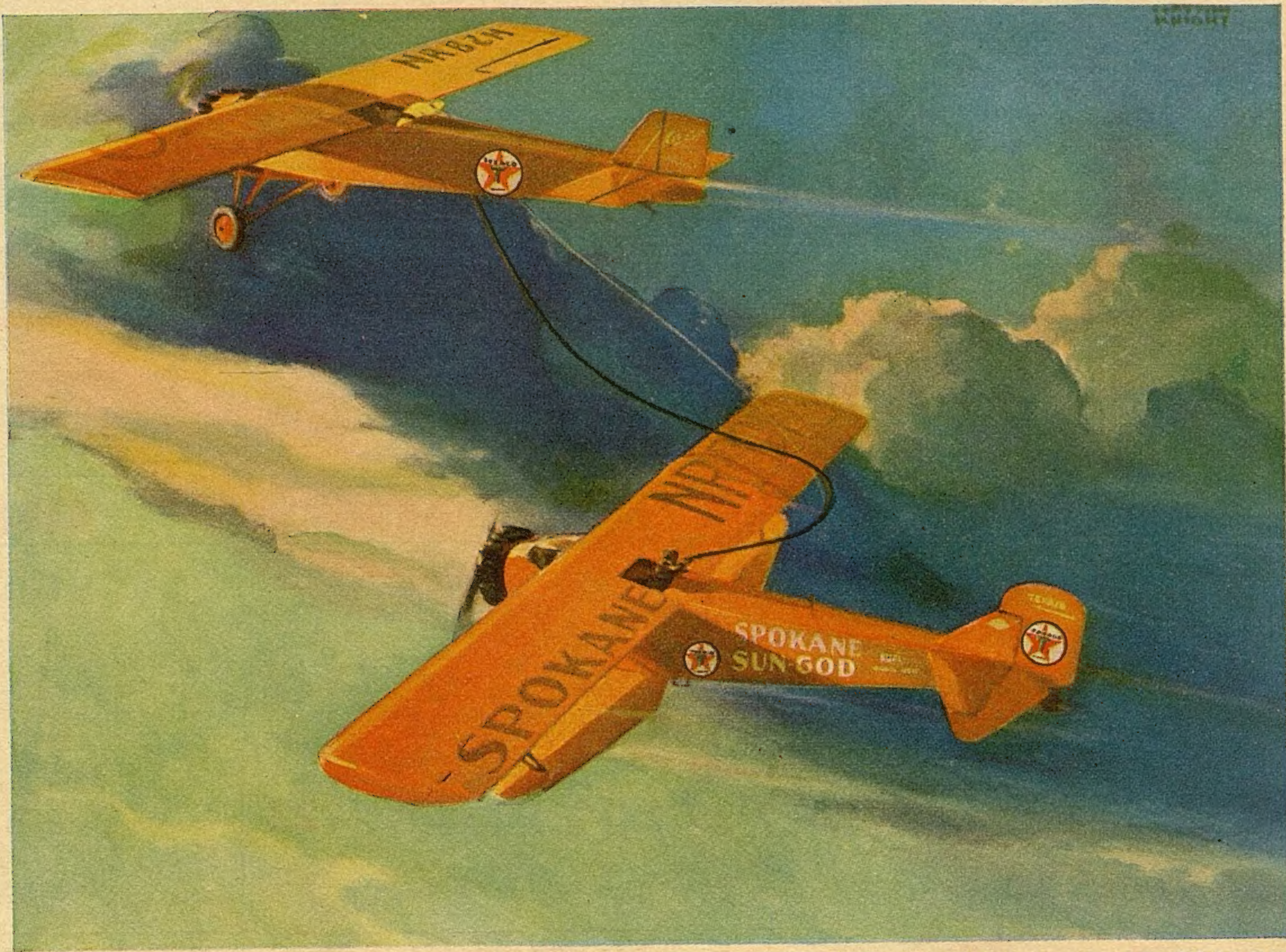


THE "SUN GOD" NON-STOP, ROUND TRIP, REFUELING, COAST TO COAST FLIGHT

The Nation's Skyways *are* TEXACO HIGHWAYS

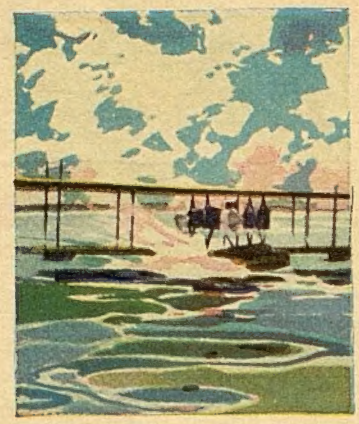
Years ago, working hand in hand with our aerial pioneers, The Texas Company developed, even as far back as 1914, specialized Texaco Products to make travel by air safer, surer, swifter. In recognition of their superiority, Texaco Gasoline and Oil were specified for the "America," the first plane designed to fly the Atlantic.

It was Texaco Gasoline and Airplane Oil which carried the "Texaco No. 5" and the "Sun God" on their epoch-making transcontinental flights. *And tomorrow's* giant airliners, each carrying safely hundreds of passengers, will be fueled and lubricated by Texaco. For Texaco's progress in the air since the dawn of aviation is only a hint—a promise of brilliant future achievements.

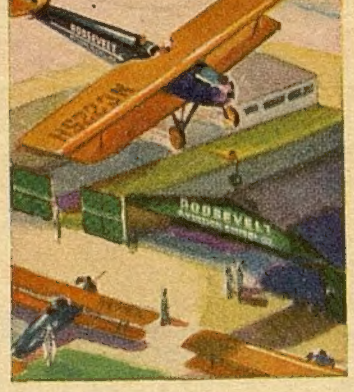
The Texaco Red Star with the Green T is a symbol of progress and quality, of specialized products designed to meet exactly the fuel and lubrication requirements of industry and transportation. There is a Texaco lubricant for every purpose.

TEXACO

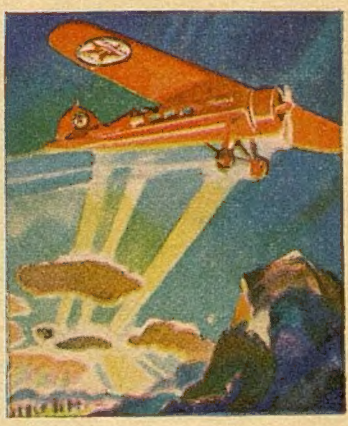
THE TEXAS COMPANY
TEXACO PETROLEUM PRODUCTS



THE TRANSATLANTIC FLYER "AMERICA." This flying boat was designed by Glenn H. Curtiss to fly the Atlantic in 1914. Wing spread 80 feet, lifting area 1200 square feet.



ROOSEVELT AVIATION SCHOOL, INC., New York. Army-trained instructors, latest type equipment, daily inspection of planes—and Texaco Aviation Gasoline and Airplane Oil.



THE "TEXACO NO. 5." Capt. Hawks hurled the Lockheed Monoplane, "Texaco No. 5," across the continent and back in less than 37 hours flying time. Records both ways.

The young wife without a confidante is troubled by doubts — sometimes even frightened

LIFE moves quickly. A few hastening years and the young girl is on the threshold of maturity. Marriage soon follows—and with it the perplexities of a new and different existence.

It is at this point that many young women are faced with doubts—sometimes even frightened. All because they have not been told the straight truth concerning feminine hygiene. All because they are confused by well-meant old-fashioned advice and equally well-meant "modern" advice—*both* incomplete and misleading.

Every woman should know of these dangers

Feminine hygiene is in fact a sane, wholesome practice. Physicians and nurses will verify this. They will approve of the natural desire of women of refinement to attain a complete, *antiseptic* cleanliness. But they will also be quick to add that *in the past* it has been a *dangerous* practice, owing to the poisonous nature of the antiseptics commonly used—antiseptics bearing the sign of the skull-and-crossbones on every package.

Grave dangers attend the use of such poisonous antiseptics as carbolic acid, bichloride of mercury and their various compounds. True, these preparations have the germ-killing strength necessary for complete, surgical cleanliness. But this virtue is nullified by their poisonous character and their decided tendency to injure body tissues.

Women should know that in many cases mercurial poisoning is caused by the continued use of bichloride of mercury. The effects of carbolic acid are no less deadly. Hardening of the sensitive membranes, the formation of areas of scar-tissue, a serious disturbance of normal body secretions—these are the fearful injuries that can result from the employment of carbolic acid compounds for purposes of feminine hygiene.

Sane, safe hygiene possible with Zonite

To what antiseptic, then, *can* women turn for safety? The answer is *Zonite*—the famous discovery of the World War. In this remarkable product women have an antiseptic that completely solves their most pressing and intimate problem.

Imagine an antiseptic far stronger germicidally than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed on the body, yet absolutely harmless to delicate tissues! *That* is Zonite. No wonder women have welcomed it as a godsend. In countless homes it has forever supplanted the old poisonous germicides that constituted a constant menace to every member of the family, especially the younger children.

Write today for the special women's booklet

Zonite is now on sale wherever you may be, right in your neighborhood. Let its wholesome effectiveness come into your home at the earliest moment. But in the meantime, write for a copy of "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene." This dainty booklet discusses its vital subject clearly, frankly and completely. It is filled with authentic information. And it is *free*. Simply send the coupon that is printed below. Zonite Products Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Zonite
The Modern Personal Antiseptic

In the bottles. 30¢, 60¢, $1

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below. A-1

☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

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JAN. 4, 1930

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 7
No. 1

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

SOLOMON VERSUS JESUS

In his recent prohibition debate with Dr. Clarence True Wilson of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals, Mr. E. Clemens Horst, a grape grower of California, referred to Christ's practice (as recorded in the New Testament) of making wine and giving it to his friends.

In rebuttal to this Dr. Wilson quoted the Bible as saying: "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

What Dr. Wilson meant by "the Bible" was Proverbs xxiii, 31-32, which is one of the sayings of King Solomon.

Why Dr. Wilson as a Christian minister should quote Solomon in rebuttal to Christ is something we don't know.

Of course Solomon was not a Christian, since he lived approximately a thousand years before Christ was born.

In addition, he wasn't even a prophet or priest of Israel.

And furthermore, he wasn't even a wise king.

This last statement may be something of a surprise to those who have been taught that the name of Solomon is synonymous with wisdom, but all you need to do to disabuse your mind of this notion is to look him up in some encyclopedia or, better, read Rabbi Lewis Browne's illuminating account of Solomon's reign in his recent brief history of the Jewish people called Stranger Than Fiction.

Whatever Solomon's views about liquor, he was a fool about women. Some people maintain that the old Adam is in us all and must come out in some form or other. If you don't drink or gamble you are apt to be a chump about the ladies. This may have been Solomon's case.

He is said to have had a thousand concubines. This seems an ambitious program, but certainly he had many. And what is worst, he took them from tribes outside his own, importing foreign [illegible] given to idolatrous practices which he not only permitted but joined.

He spent vast amounts of the money of his impoverished kingdom on palaces, villas, walls, and storehouses designed to rival Babylon and other neighboring principalities. The result was that by the time he was fifty his people were having riots and disturbances, and when he died his kingdom quickly fell apart.

We suggest that the Reverend Dr. Wilson quit quoting Solomon against Christ as an authority on the liquor question. Whatever you may think about Christ, Solomon was neither particularly holy nor particularly wise.

And wine drinking has been part of the Jewish ritual from before Solomon until now.

As a matter of fact, prohibition should not have become a religious question in this country, though it did so. It happened because teetotalism was part of the discipline of the evangelical churches, and they, politically powerful, have made prohibition the law and constitution of the land. It has thus become the state religion.

Every state religion breeds heretics. In fact, the very evangelical churches now so strong politically originated as heretics against the practices of the Church of England.

There are plenty of heretics in the United States against our present state religion of prohibition.

The Catholics were able by means of the Inquisition to wipe out the heretics in Spain, burning them and chasing them out of the country until none were left to admit their heresy. Oliver Cromwell was able to wipe out the heretics in Ulster, Ireland, by killing them and confiscating their land.

Short of measures as drastic as these, it is practically impossible to extirpate heresy by law.

It would have been better if our modern statesmen had stuck to the principles of the fathers of the Constitution, and let each man have his own religion in peace. But this was not done, and we have the most vexatious problem since slavery.

Perhaps the problem can only be settled as slavery was, and the virtuous drys, mostly from the country districts, will be able to mobilize armies and extirpate the froward wets from the cities. Religious questions have led to such outcomes before, and it may happen again with us.

How much more sensible it would have been in the first place if the drys had not committed themselves so far that their pride will not let them pull back—if they had said, Let those of us who know the virtues of abstinence abstain, and we will quickly forge ahead of the sons of liquor; our dry countrysides and valleys will blossom as the rose, while the abandoned denizens of the cities are allowed like dogs to return to their vomit and go hence into the pit.

In other words, local option would have saved us a mess of trouble.

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A Reduction in Long Distance Telephone Rates

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

ON JANUARY 1, 1930, there is effective a reduction in various long distance telephone rates in the Bell System which on the present volume of calls means a saving of more than $5,000,000 a year to the telephone-using public in the United States. This is the fourth reduction in long distance rates within a little more than three years. On October 1, 1926, they were reduced by $3,000,000. On December 1, 1927, a reduction of $1,500,000 went into effect. On February 1, 1929, there was a reduction of $5,000,000.

THESE REDUCTIONS are in accordance with the aim of the Bell System to continue to furnish the best possible telephone service at the least cost to the public. Earnings must, of course, be sufficient to permit the best possible telephone service at all times and to provide a reasonable payment to stockholders with an adequate margin to insure financial safety. Earnings in excess of these requirements will either be spent for the enlargement and improvement of the service, or the rates for the service will be reduced. This is fundamental in the policy of the management.

BELL SYSTEM

"Antiseptics and Drugs are worthless in Toothpastes"

—Says Noted Health Magazine

> *Read this warning:*
>
> "The only function of a dentifrice is to aid in the mechanical cleansing of the teeth without injury to them . . . the antiseptics and drugs incorporated in dentifrices are valueless, neither curing nor preventing disease."
>
> From an article in "Hygeia"
> —the health magazine of the
> American Medical Association.

If you are using a toothpaste in the vain hope that it will *correct* or *cure* some disorder of teeth or gums, you must heed this plain warning!

Thousands of people are harming their teeth by believing that a dentifrice can *cure*— and neglecting to go to the dentist for the proper scientific treatment which he alone can give to teeth and gums.

No dentifrice can prevent or cure pyorrhea. No dentifrice can permanently correct acid conditions of the mouth. No dentifrice can firm the gums. Any claim that any dentifrice can do these things is misleading, say high dental authorities. A dentifrice is a *cleansing* agent—like soap—and should be made and sold and used with the *one* object of cleaning the teeth.

This is a tremendously important object in itself. Everyone wants clean, sparkling teeth. Everyone knows that cleanliness of teeth and mouth is vital to complete health.

Why not, therefore, accept this sane and common-sense attitude toward toothpastes. Dentists are all urging it. Stop looking for a dentifrice which will *cure.* Begin seeking the one which will *clean* your teeth best.

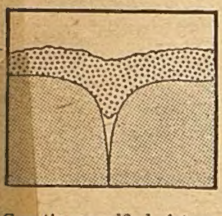
Because it does this one thing superlatively well, Colgate's has become the world's largest-selling toothpaste. Millions of people use it, and for 26 years have kept right on using it, because they have found it cleans better.

The reason for this is simple. Colgate's contains the greatest cleansing agent known to man, in a special, mild, effective form. This cleanser, when brushed, breaks into a sparkling, active foam. Careful scientific tests have proved that this foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension") which enables it to *penetrate** deep down into the thousands of tiny pits and fissures of the teeth where ordinary sluggish toothpastes cannot reach. There, it softens the imbedded food particles and mucin, dislodging them and washing them away in a foaming, detergent wave.

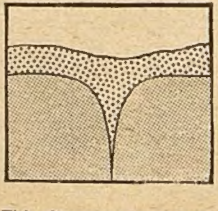
Thus Colgate's cleans your teeth thoroughly, safely. You have not fooled yourself with "cures."

Also in powder form for those who prefer it—ask for Colgate's Dental Powder.

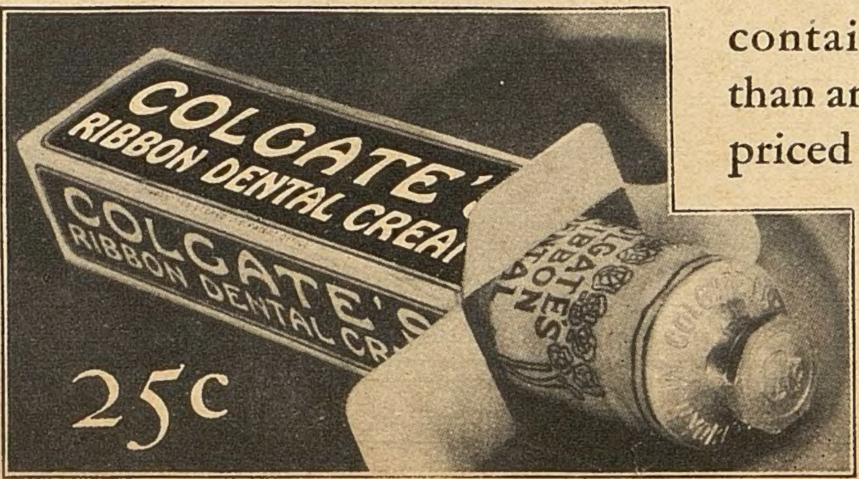
**Why Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start*



Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.



The 25c tube of Colgate's contains more toothpaste than any other leading brand priced at a quarter.

Colgate, Dept., M-522, P. O. Box 375
Grand Central Post Office, N. Y. C.

Please send me the booklet, "How to keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy" and a trial tube of Ribbon Dental Cream, free.

Name______________________

Address____________________

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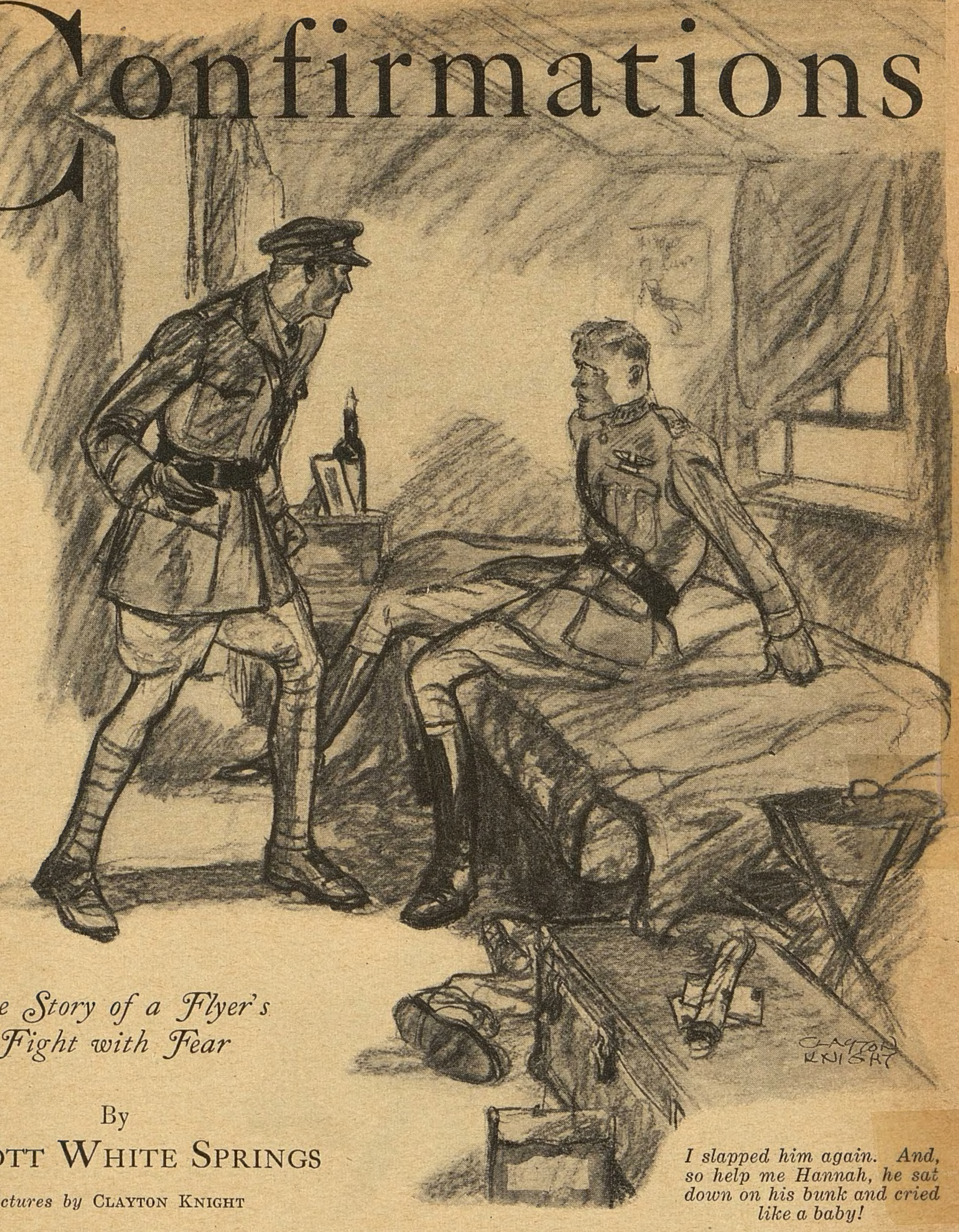
Confirmations



I slapped him again. And, so help me Hannah, he sat down on his bunk and cried like a baby!

The Story of a Flyer's Fight with Fear

By

ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

Pictures by CLAYTON KNIGHT

I RAN into Carol Banks a short time ago. He had the reddest nose I had seen since synthetic cocktails replaced straight whisky as the national beverage.

"Why the flaming bowsprit?" I inquired. "You're the envy of the town. Did you take an overdose of snakebite cure or miss a train in Louisville?"

"This is not due to lawlessness," he told me. "I've been flying in the sun."

"I thought you had quit flying since it became effeminate."

"I did. But this was a special occasion," he explained. "Would you like to hear about it?"

"Sure," I said, "if you'll stick to the truth."

"All right," Carol agreed. "And in case of dispute I can prove these facts by government records."

And here is the story in Carol's own words:

I had a telephone call the other morning from the superintendent of the Chicago-New York Air Mail. He apologized for waking me, but said he wanted to get in touch with me before I went out. George Haskell had been injured in a smash and was in a hospital at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania.

I said I was sorry, but I didn't burst into tears.

He asked me if I would go out there to see him.

I said certainly not.

He said George had asked to see me.

I said I wasn't responsible for that.

He said he would do everything in his power to gratify any wish that George might make, as he was one of his best pilots.

I said I didn't feel that way about it.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

CONFIRMATIONS

Continued from page seven

He said that George was seriously injured and he thought I ought to go if I could possibly arrange it. It would only take a couple of hours to fly out there and I could be back in New York for dinner. He said he would send me out in a plane and then take me anywhere I wanted to go from there.

I had no idea of even going next door to see George, so I told him I wouldn't trust any of his boy scouts to take me across the airport, much less across the state.

He said that was all right and I could fly the ship myself.

That stumped me. My bluff was called, so I said I would go, though I certainly wasn't keen about it.

I hadn't seen George since the war and if I never saw him again I felt it would be too soon. As far as I was concerned, George had the seven-year itch. I preferred to play around with poison ivy.

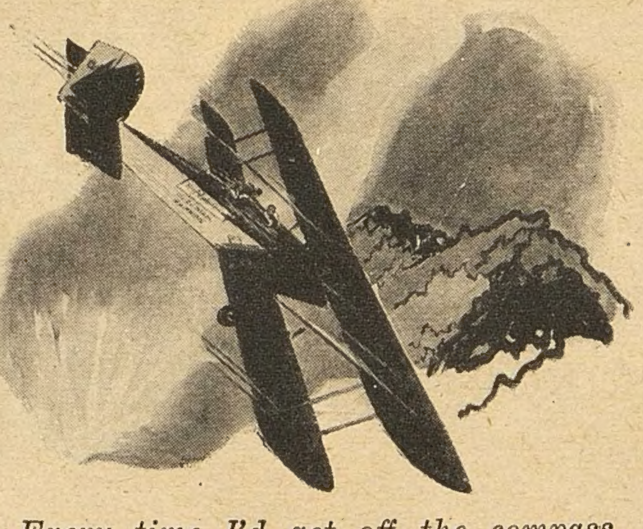
You see, George and I were in the same squadron when we first went out to the front and were assigned to the same flight.

He was a good pilot, all right—better than I was—and he picked up the game quickly. But from the very first he had a tendency to play to the grand stand.

If all of us flushed a slow German two-seater in the clouds, George was right in the thick of the fight. He'd do some fancy shooting and follow the poor devil until he broke up or flamed. But when we ran into a flight of Fokkers George wasn't so conspicuous. He'd get on the outskirts of the dog fight nearest home and content himself with picking on something that was already engaged.

A couple of times I got into a tight place with Fokkers milling around me and needed help. There would be George up above firing at something out of range of his guns and ignoring my death rattle and frenzied turns. Then after the smoke would clear away he'd dive down beside me and fire a few rounds at Berlin. When we'd get back to the squadron he'd tell me and the rest of the world how he'd saved my bacon. You can't blame me for not thanking him.

And he couldn't stand the gaff when the anti-aircraft batteries opened up and we'd be sent down on the carpet. When Archie would get within range of us he would sideslip out of position and twist and squirm as if a Fokker was on his tail. A couple of times he developed engine trouble just after Archie bracketed us, and had to turn back. No one ever saw him in a tight place, but according to his story he did great deeds of valor when he was out alone.



Every time I'd get off the compass course the kid with me would point me back on it.

AFTER a couple of months of hogging the spotlight, George got quite a reputation for himself without finding any bullet holes in his plane. He got credit for three or four planes and his confirmations seemed air-tight.

But I had my doubts. He saved my life too often around the dinner table and not often enough upstairs. But I didn't say anything. Why should I? I wasn't the commanding officer. Besides, it would look like jealousy.

When the flight commander went west it was a question whether he or I would get the promotion, as we had both done the same amount of time over the lines. Naturally his reputation as an intrepid aviator got him the preference. I didn't mind losing out on the job, but I had an awful hunch that if George had stuck in the fight as he should, the flight commander wouldn't have been killed. But I couldn't prove it. Things happen fast in a dog fight and you can't watch the whole sky. And George's alibis were as good as his confirmations.

But, from that time on, there was no love lost between us. You can understand that I didn't care about having him lead the patrols.

One day he was leading a flight of five planes south of Cambrai. We were about ten miles over the lines at fifteen thousand, trying to cut off a two-seater, when we spotted five Fokkers at about our level to the north of us. There was a strong wind against us and it was good judgment to turn back toward the lines. I couldn't criticize George for that.

The Fokkers saw us and started to climb. We had to climb ourselves to keep them from getting in position to leap on us. Altitude means a lot at the beginning of a dog fight. It's often the difference between gates ajar and the keys to the city.

We were about parallel now and getting closer and closer together. I saw we were in for a good scrap, and got my guns warmed up. I knew we couldn't count on George to take a Hun and stick to him, but I figured one of the Germans was probably weak too and they could fool each other while our four men scrapped their four.

Ordinarily the Fokkers wouldn't attack S. E.s unless they had the advantage of numbers, but now there was a good wind to hamper us and their motors were a little better than ours.

We weren't making much progress back to the lines and the Fokkers were gaining altitude on us. They'd be able to get above us and behind us and pick off our rear man if we tried to run for home. We'd have to fight now. It's suicide to try and dive away from Fokkers unless you're close to the lines.

THE Fokkers climbed five hundred feet above us and cut across our rear. We closed up into a pukka formation like the letter V and waited, still headed for the lines. I was on George's right and Sap Withers was on his left. Bob Tate was behind me and a fellow named May was behind Sap. They were both new men. I didn't like our position at all, and I knew we wouldn't be in it if George hadn't been trying to show off and get a two-seater, and we'd get out of it if he had the guts to fight.

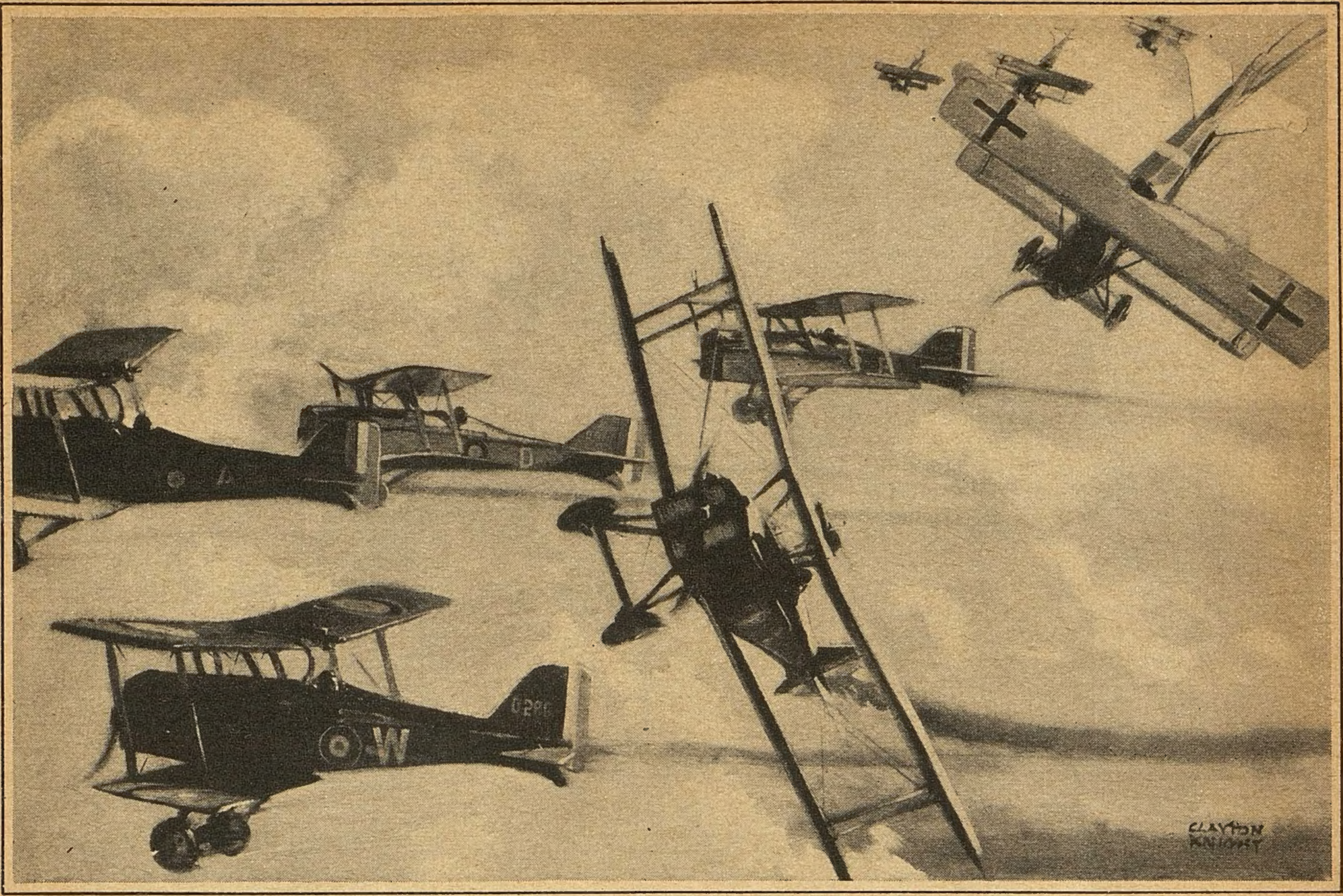
We didn't have long to wait. The two leading Fokkers came down and opened fire on our rear men. They had to turn out and go under us. Then it was up to George and myself to turn back and take the two Fokkers off them. Of course, two other Fokkers would dive on us and the last one would take Sap; but that's how all dog fights start. It's a game of pile-on-Pete.

I made a quick turn and got on the tail of one Fokker and made him turn before another one got to me. Then I went into a steep turn to throw his aim off. I looked up to see what George was doing. Just as I suspected, he had made a wide turn. It was so wide that he got on the tail of one of the other Fokkers instead of the one shooting at May. He wouldn't take a chance and had left him with a Fokker on his tail. I couldn't see anything more, as I was milling around with two Fokkers and the sky was full of bullets. Later I saw the plane go down that George should have saved. Then I saw a Fokker go down that Sap was firing at and another got him. Two of them got me into a vertical bank and I couldn't do a thing.

The wind was blowing us back into Hunland and things seemed pretty much like affairs in the state of Denmark. I looked around for help. There was an S. E. up above that didn't seem to have a pressing engagement and another Fokker came down to take a crack at me. The S. E. made a feint at him and then turned back toward the lines.

It was the clearest exhibition of the yellow streak I ever saw. Another Fokker and another S. E. were down below, and after the three finished me off they'd go down and get the other one. That was why the S. E. above had the effrontery to go home. There'd be no survivors to report his cowardice.

And he would have gotten away with it except for some Bristols who came up about that time and made the Fokkers run for home. But the other S. E. was done for



The two leading Fokkers came down and opened fire on our rear men.

and I saw it go fluttering down. My plane was as full of holes as a Swiss cheese.

When I got back to the squadron I found that George had already landed and told his tale. It was a good one. I said nothing and made out my combat report. We'd lost three planes and George claimed he got two Fokkers. I saw Sap get one. There were only five Fokkers at the start and four at the finish, so it meant that George would have to get confirmation from someone who mistook the S. E.s for Fokkers. But I knew he'd get it. Some fool artilleryman would be proud to show off his keen eyesight. George already had the sergeant calling up batteries.

As soon as my ears opened up enough for me to hear, I went looking for him. He was sitting in his hut alone.

"Good work," he had the gall to say to me. "That was a great fight. I don't see how we got back. There must have been ten Fokkers."

"Where do you get that 'we' stuff?" I demanded. "I saw you, you yellow cur!"

"What do you mean by that?" he snapped and got to his feet.

"I don't have to tell you," I said. "You know what you did without any confirmation from me. But I'll show you what I'm going to do about it." And with that I slapped his face as hard as I could. He looked dazed. "You are responsible for the loss of three men," I went on. "And you went off and left me with three Fokkers. Well, I can't prove it. But I can give you one of the worst beatings a man ever got. And I can shoot you down myself the next time we are alone in the air. Come on!"

I slapped him again.

AND, so help me Hannah, he sat down on his bunk and cried like a baby! I stood there and stared at him and went cold. You can't fight a guy like that. I was even sorry I had slapped him.

"Please, Carol, please," he whimpered. "I couldn't help it. I've done the best I can. I haven't got guts like the rest of you. I can't do it. I can't do it! I've been trying to hide it by pretending. But I can't even do that now. I'm afraid. I'm not like you."

"All right," I said; "but you'll never lead another patrol."

"Just one more," he begged, "and I'll quit."

I walked on out and left him slobbering.

On the next patrol he was missing and was later reported a prisoner. Just before the Armistice I was talking to a captured German pilot and he told me that an American had landed on the German side of the lines with motor trouble and had been captured before he could set fire to his plane. But when the mechanics examined the plane they couldn't find anything wrong with it. He couldn't remember the name of the pilot, but I didn't need anybody to tell me who it was.

I ran into George in Paris after the Armistice when he was on the way back from Germany. He came up to me in the Café de la Paix and started to speak to me, but I turned my head the other way and kept on talking to my companion. He stood there a moment and then slunk off. That's the last I had seen or heard of him.

SO you can see why I didn't care about journeying out to Bellefonte to see him. There were four other men he might have asked for, but they were busy pushing up daisies. What had happened to George made no nevermind to me.

The superintendent sent a car for me that took me out to the field where he was waiting. He explained that it was against all regulations, but he'd take a chance if I'd let one of his pilots go along with me in case of trouble. I couldn't object to that, and picked out a two-seater that was on the tarmac. Somebody got me a parachute and flying togs.

The superintendent was very grateful to me.

"There's nothing I wouldn't do for George," he told me. "He's our veteran pilot. He's been the backbone of this route ever since it first started. Keeps the spunk in the youngsters by always making his schedule, rain or shine. Been on the night run for two years."

"I'm surprised to hear that," I told him. "I thought night flying was dangerous."

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CONFIRMATIONS
Continued from page nine

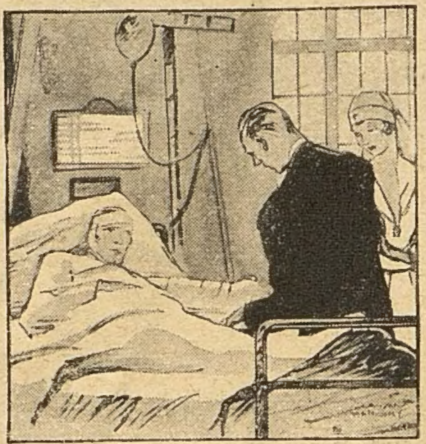
"So it is," the super told me. "He took it up at his own request."

"How'd he get hurt?" I asked.

"We don't know the details," he said, "but it was last night in the mountains west of Bellefonte."

We got the motor warmed up and I was introduced to my passenger. He was a nice young kid who said he'd been flying for three years. He had a map for me and pointed out a few salient landmarks for me to check my course by.

I took off and picked up the course all right, but I didn't do very well about staying on it. It was a long way between landmarks and all the railroad tracks and highways looked just the same to me. I never did have any faith in a compass and wanted something to follow, but every time I'd get off the compass course the kid with me would point me back on it. When I got to the mountains I might as well have thrown the map and compass overboard. Everything below looked like a row of Pike's Peaks with a border of Jungfraus. There was a strong cross wind and I'd have been lost forever without the kid. He seemed to have a speaking acquaintance with every glacier and volcano. I thought to myself that he had a lot of guts to go along with me, or maybe he was too young to realize what it was all about. I used to be that way myself. But you only get scared in the air once—and that's forever. I've never been the same since I cracked up a Spad by laying it on its back downwind.



Let me tell you, that is bad flying country. I'd look down and see a mountain rise up and scrape my wing tip, and then hold my breath until it receded into a valley. I shivered and sweated all the way. For five to ten miles at a time there was no place a jay bird could make a safe landing. I saw a few emergency fields, but it would take more than an emergency to make me try to land on one of them. And it would be a miracle if I got in safely. I got more thrills out of a little thunderstorm on that trip than I ever got out of a dog fight. In a dog fight, if anything goes wrong, you've got a chance to land and be a prisoner unless you're potted, or the plane breaks up or flames. But up over Pennsylvania's Himalayas it was sure death to throw a con rod or freeze a bearing. If I hadn't had that parachute on I'd have turned around and gone back.

I'll tell the cockeyed world my hat is off to the air-mail pilots. I don't care if they only started to fly yesterday by a correspondence course. During the war there was no use flying in bad weather, but these air-mail pilots have to bump their heads on the clouds and their wheels on the mountain tops every day, and regard a fog like a Londoner. Anybody who flies that route regularly has to have something that I haven't had since I crawled out from under that Spad.

And George had flown over that country for two years at night! I couldn't believe it. There hadn't been that much guts in the world since Henry Clay died in Coblenz.

THANKS to the kid, we got to Bellefonte and I made a fair landing. We used to say that a good landing was any landing you walked away from. Well, that's the best you could say of this one.

The super there put me in a car and took me to the hospital. On the way I asked him about George's crash.

"It was certainly a shame," he told me. "But you have to hand it to George. And I guess he's pleased. He'd rather go out that way."

"Is he going to die?" I asked.

"Yes," he told me.

"How did it happen?"

"George was coming east with a cargo of mail and a passenger who had a political pull and a yen for excitement. He got it. The motor cut out over the mountains about fifteen miles west of here. It's bad country and there was no emergency field within gliding range. George unfastened his safety belt and yelled to his passenger to jump and count four and then open his chute.

"But this passenger had lost his taste for excitement. He froze in his seat. George kept yelling to him and tried to pull him out, but couldn't budge him. So George got back in his seat and stuck to the ship. He dropped a flare and managed to pancake in a little ravine.

"The passenger didn't get hurt, because he was still strapped in, but George had unfastened his belt and was thrown forty feet into some scrub pines. His back is broken and he's smashed up inside. He can't live but a few hours."

I began to think I was cuckoo. Anyway, I was sure it wasn't the same George Haskell I used to know.

But it was, all right. I recognized him in spite of the bandages. He saw me and smiled.

"I WAS afraid you wouldn't care to come," he whispered. I had to bend over to hear him.

I took his hand, but it was lifeless.

"It was good of you," he went on. "Do you know why I wanted to see you?" he asked.

"No," I told him, "but don't bother about that now. Take it easy. I had a nice trip over your mountains."

"They are frightful, aren't they?" he agreed.

"But don't you like them?" I asked.

"No," he said. "I'm glad I won't have to fly over them any more."

"Why did you do it, then?"

"I wanted to be a man. I wanted to be like you."

"Sh—sh," I said. "Don't talk nonsense."

"I was a coward," he went on. "But you made a man of me. It took a long time. I wanted to see you again and tell you I was struggling, but I didn't dare. I knew how you felt about me. And I knew I was still a coward. I was always afraid. I was afraid to fly any more, but I went back to it. I was afraid to fly at night, so I did it. I was afraid to die, so I'm going to do it now.

"But I wanted to see you before I went west. I wanted you to know that I was a man now. You made me one. I wanted you to know that I stuck with my ship. I wanted you to get my confirmation. You won't hold those others against me now, will you?"

All I could do was to shake my head. He was getting weaker.

"And when I see Mac Grider and Mert Campbell and Lloyd Hamilton and Jack Frost and the rest of the boys, they won't turn away from me, will they?"

"No," I said. "They're waiting to welcome you. Tell them 'cheerio' for me."

"I tried so hard," he moaned, "but I wasn't like you. I'm glad the struggle is over. I knew it was coming. I had a dream yesterday. I was walking down the street and Sap Withers stopped me. He invited me to go to a party with him. I told him I was sorry but I couldn't go. Then I walked on and Bob Tate stopped me. He wanted me to go to a party with him. I told him I was sorry but I had to fly the mail and I couldn't go to any parties. I walked on down the street and Glenn Wickes came up and talked to me about a party. Then I met Harry Jenkinson and Alex Matthews. Next was Lynn Forster and that kid named Frobisher. They all insisted that I go to a party with them. When I woke up I realized that every one of them was dead. So I knew I hadn't long to—"

He was so weak now I couldn't hear him. The nurse motioned me away.

He died that night.

I stayed over and we took his body to Washington in a big cargo plane for burial at Arlington. I flew it over the mountains and the sun and wind ruined my beak.

Those cargo planes have a high open cockpit and the morning sun was right on me.

THE END

Burton Holmes photo from Ewing Galloway

The paddock at the Shanghai race track. East and West mix in the attire of several of the Chinese in this picture.

The City of All Men

What the "Outer Barbarians" Have Made of Shanghai

By

FREDERICK PALMER

WAS I still in China? Was I seeing a mirage? Was this a phantom city in which I had alighted from the Nanking sleeper in a misty dawn?

Here were luxury shops and modern office buildings and imposing stone bank buildings. The well paved streets were deserted. Business for the day had not yet begun.

Signs were horizontal, in foreign letters of foreign names. Not a pagoda roof, not a perpendicular Chinese sign was in sight.

At first the architecture seemed to be English. But there were also an American influence and a French influence. This city of Shanghai was polyglot Occidental, a city in which more than one western nation had had a hand.

The hotel where the taxi left me was distinctly American, skyscraper model, outside and in. "Have you a room with a bath?"

The question sounded strange after the interior of China.

"All rooms have baths."

I plunged in hurriedly lest the tub should disappear

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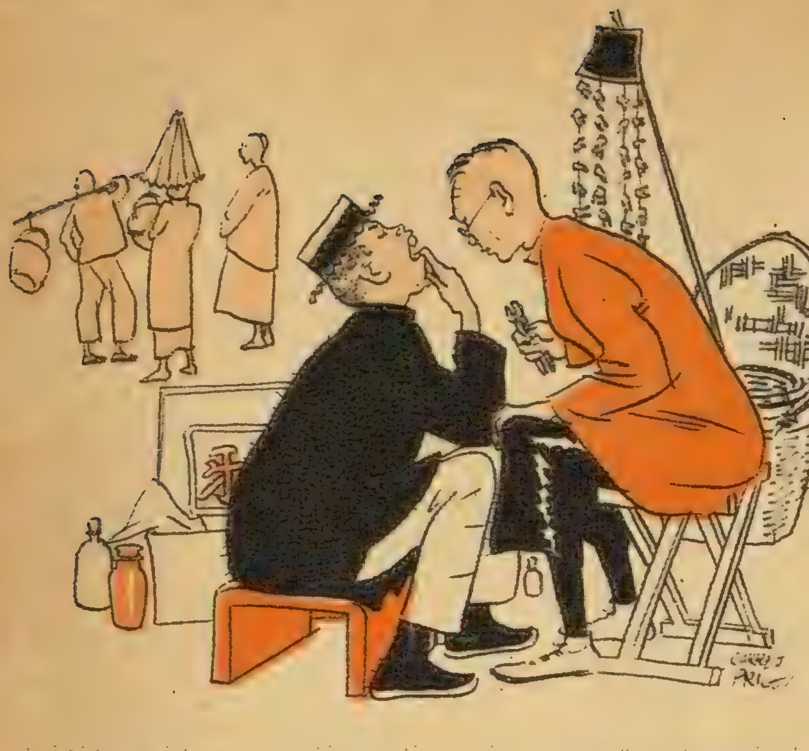


In the streets of the Native City, the public toothpuller operates before spectators.

THE CITY OF ALL MEN
Continued from page eleven

and I should find myself out of this young modern city and back in the leading hotel at ancient Nanking where I had dined the previous evening. Bats had been flying about the dining room.

After breakfast in Shanghai, when I stepped out of the hotel, the human swarm was hiving for the day's work as it does at the same hour in our own cities. The neatest looking Chinese traffic policeman I had ever seen was directing the motor traffic.

But white men were rare in this city of western architecture. Even the peripatetic Japanese were rare. The business army of occupation was Chinese—merchants, compradors, clerks, chauffeurs, coolies, truckmen, telephone girls, and telegraph operators. The westerners are the generals in Shanghai, largest city in China and greatest port of the East.

Each nationality, be it British, American, French, or Portuguese, is represented by all types from beach comber to banker and bishop. Aside from the westerners there are all the kinds of Asiatics from Suez to Japan. Sons of Ham barter with sons of Bagdad.

There may be as many kinds in New York or Chicago; but they are scattered in the mass of population. Shanghai is the world's metropolis of cosmopolitanism in practice.

Here, on an eastern background, all the kinds are rubbing elbows. They cannot escape one another. They are on a squirrel-cage's wheel in a concentration camp of 5,500 acres.

The hope of fortune brought them to Shanghai and made them Shanghailanders. They dream of the day when, with fortunes won, they will go home—wherever that is between Warsaw and Paris and London and San Francisco.

RESTLESS to go and restless to return. Away from Shanghai they hear its call. Shanghai gets in their blood, China gets in their blood. That is a way China has. And there is a saying that anything may happen in Shanghai and does frequently.

You would guess that westernization in the influence of example must stretch out into the suburbs, gradually growing fainter until you were in the China, unchanged for thousands of years, which I had seen on my inland journey. But the fact is, five minutes in a taxi—if you are free of traffic jams—and you are out of the Concession, out of the West into the East. You are in the go-as-you-please press of the narrow streets of the Native City where everybody is Chinese except for the curious tourist, or a white Shanghailander passing in his car. All the ways and thoughts are Chinese.

The public toothpuller operates before spectators without anæsthetic or septic fastidiousness. Ripe smells assail the nostrils. Craftsmen, disdaining machinery, are at work with the same primitive methods as in Confucius' time.

The line of the abrupt change is where the Foreign Concession ends and the Native City begins. In the Native City is Chinese rule; in the Concession, that of a European Municipal Council composed of five British, three Americans, two Japanese, and three Chinese. This is the simple statement of the meaning of "extraterritoriality" which is so much bruited in dispatches from China. The young men of the Chinese national government besiege foreign ministers in Washington, London, and Paris asking for its abolition. Their propagandists belabor Congress and Parliament.

How did it happen? How was it that the Chinese ever permitted the foreign devils to become masters of Shanghai and the other leading ports which are the inlets and outlets of trade?

The answer is money and religion; bullets against pikes; broadsides from men-of-war against stinkpots; machine loom against hand loom; the white man's audacious power against the stuffed shirt of Oriental pomp; invention and enterprise of ambitious younger western generations against the stagnation of eastern ancestor worship.

Again we are reminded that Christopher Columbus certainly started something when he sought a short route to the East. Farther and farther, in the succeeding age of discovery, sailed Spanish and Portuguese navigators pursuing the horizon's rim until they came to where it limited the range of the swarming junks of the China coast. By 1517 the Portuguese were trading at Ningpo and Macao.

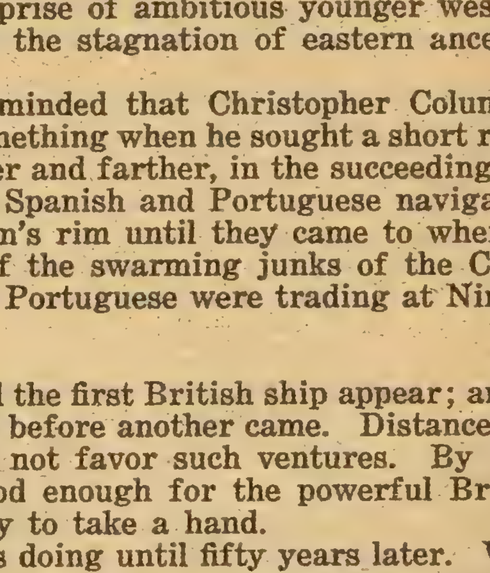
NOT until 1637 did the first British ship appear; and it was many years before another came. Distance and local conditions did not favor such ventures. By 1715 the outlook was good enough for the powerful British East India Company to take a hand.

But not much was doing until fifty years later. With the turn of the next century blue-nosed skippers of New England as well as red-cheeked skippers of Old England were tacking their ships up the river to Canton.

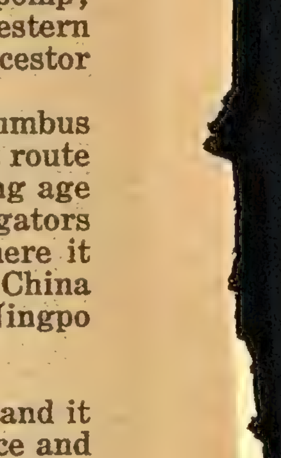
Here, in the great city of southern China, was the market of the tea which the western world had learned to drink and of the silk whose crinkle western women found pleasant about their ankles.

The white traders brought no cargo except Mexican silver to pay for their purchases; for we produced nothing then that the Chinese would buy. Fast clippers raced homeward to arrive first with the new crops of tea and silk. Fortunes were made in a single voyage.

With the Chinese doing all the selling and no buying, the situation was, from their point of view, a mercantile Utopia achieved.



The richest men in Shanghai are Chinese.

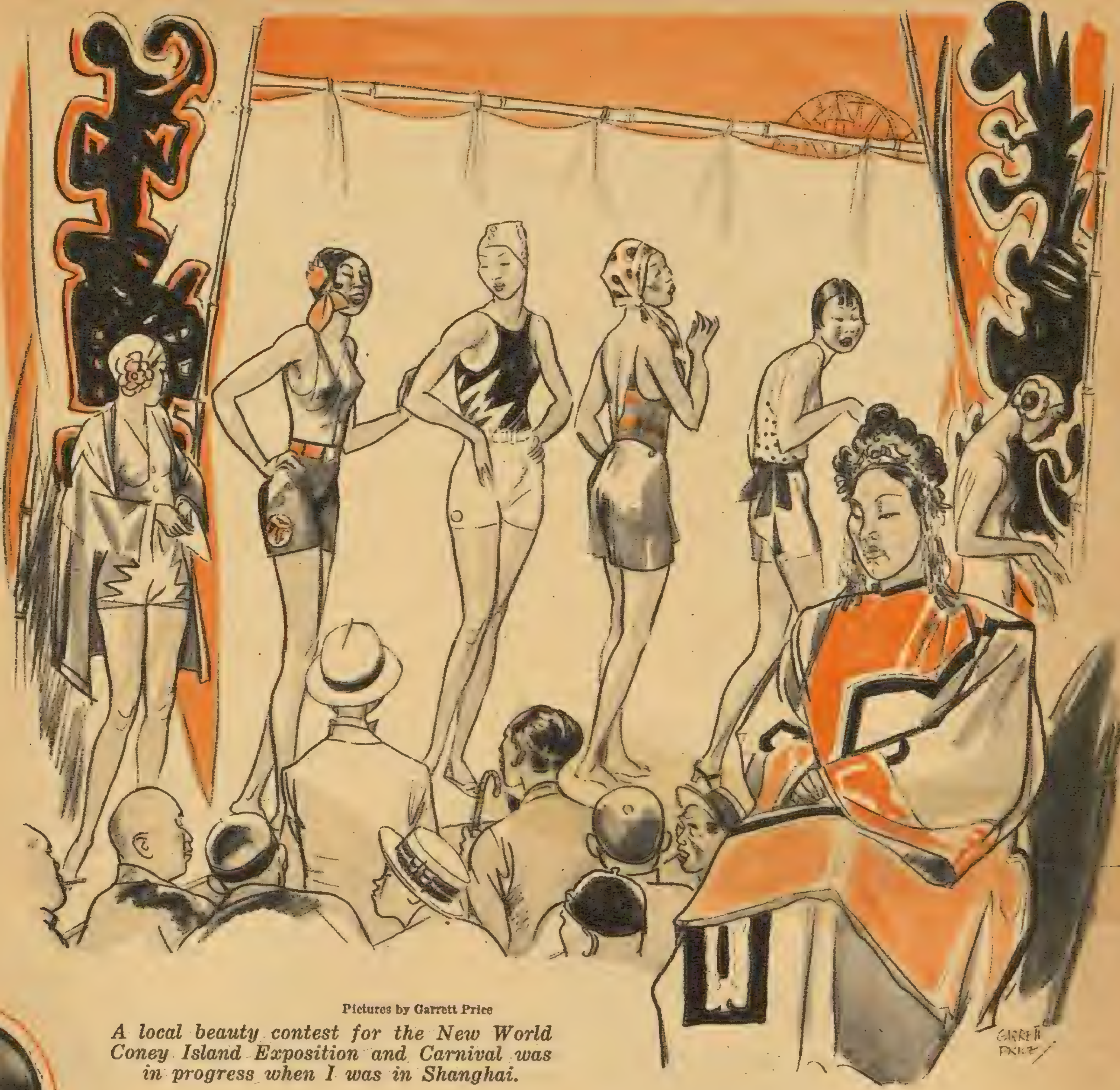


Miss Phœbe E. Wong, a leader in Shanghai's Coney Island's beauty contest.

But the band was not down at the pier to greet a landing party of foreign sailors; and the mayor and councilmen and leading citizens had no Jimmy Walker smile of greeting. Rather the reception given was that suitable for tramps trying to crash an exclusive old family dinner party for a hand-out.

In these white mariners and traders with their seamed and weather-beaten faces the mandarins saw their conception of the outer barbarians fulfilled.

"The great ministers of the Celestial Empire," said a viceroy, in answer to a petition, "are not permitted to



Pictures by Garrett Price

A local beauty contest for the New World Coney Island Exposition and Carnival was in progress when I was in Shanghai.

Miss Yip Chin Chin, a rival of Miss Wong for honors as premier beauty.

have private intercourse by letter with outside barbarians. If the said barbarian throws in private letters, I, the Viceroy, will not at all receive or look at them.

"How flaming bright are the Celestial Empire's great laws and ordinances! Under this whole bright heaven none dares disobey them."

After this preamble the viceroy came to the subject in hand. These barbarians must know that he knew that the "tea, the rhubarb, the silk of the inner dominions" were the sources by which their nations lived and maintained life. If the barbarians did not cease their obstinate demands, "the trade shall be immediately stopped and the commerce cut off."

This was political bluff for local consumption, to emphasize imperial and viceregal power. The Emperor received tribute from viceroys, and viceroys had their squeeze from the merchants who received the silks and tea from the coolies who packed them for hundreds of miles. The foreign devils did bring silver; and silver was bright and pleasant to the touch.

So the barbarians were allowed to live ashore in their warehouses at Canton in a small area which they must not leave except by permission and on the payment of a fee. They were prisoners.

Farther north in immense China were other ports at great river mouths and market places at the ends of caravan routes. The barbarians were sailing up the long coast from Canton to harbors that were ice-free only in summer. The weather, or a viceregal glare of contempt, no more stayed them than Indian braves on western plains stayed the paleface settlers' advance.

At first their governments gave the traders little support. If they wanted to go venturing in the savage unknown or the semicivilized world—as western schoolbooks then called China—they must take the risks.

Then a new element entered into governmental reckoning. Parliament and Congress heard from the bishops. Preach the gospel to all nations!

The heathen, as the outer barbarians saw the people of the Celestial Empire, must receive the Christian faith of the outer barbarians.

Missionaries' prayers and apostolic appeals as well as traders' bargainings were being heard in China. The missionaries' lives must be protected. A western trader or sailor killed by a mob might be a detail, but the death of a missionary was a major incident.

China must come into the international family. She must receive and send ministers to carry on relations. And this meant that the kings and rulers of the outer barbarians expected to be considered as the equals of his Majesty of the Celestial Empire.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE CITY OF ALL MEN
Continued from page thirteen

"Kotow or no business done!" said the Celestial Emperor. Compliance meant western nations would take their menial place with the ten thousand kingdoms subject to the peacock throne under the bright heaven.

"No kotow and more business!" answered the rulers of the barbarians. "Lives may be cheap in China, but we hold those of our people dear, and will protect them."

Warships appeared off the China coast. The "awful celestial thunderbolts" were only propaganda making a face; disciplined fire from landing parties armed with modern rifles had an evident advantage over stinkpots.

If the Emperor would save his face as the source of almighty power with his people, he must not allow the news of defeat to travel too far. He made terms. Thus force inaugurated not only the majesty of foreign rulers but that of the white man individually in China.

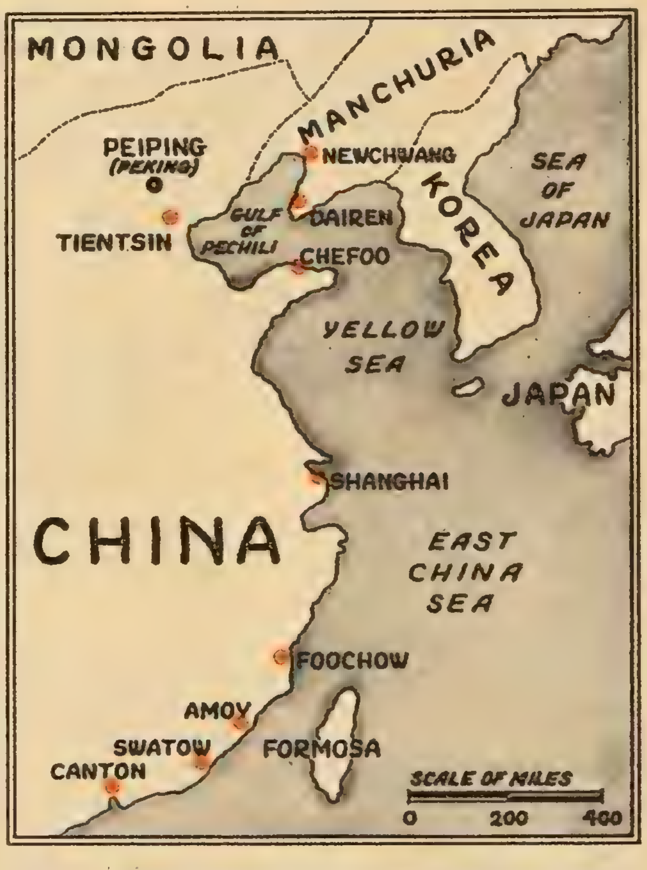
The Chinese precedent set by assigning the barbarians as prisoners to the little island at Canton was now applied in satirical logic by the westerners. They should have concessions on shore at the ports—have them for their own, to live in under their own rule. Hence we have extraterritoriality.

There were many reasons why westerners would not submit to Chinese laws. One was that when a Chinese was killed in a brawl with foreign sailors, the local viceroy would demand that a foreign sailor, regardless of any proof of guilt, should be delivered up for execution.

Thousands of years of pressure of population had simplified Chinese jurisprudence. All the Chinese police had to do was to get someone and issue an order, "Off with his head!"

Midway down the China coast the sea was tinted for miles out by the sediment of the great Yangtze River. Its source was far back in the foothills of Tibet. The sails of junks tacked back and forth across its vast flow. Canals as well as tributaries fed the traffic it bore from all the central provinces, an area which then had more population than France, Britain, Germany, and Italy, or the United States today.

A city at the Yangtze's mouth was relatively in the same position as one on our Atlantic seaboard at the mouth of a Mississippi flowing eastward from the Rockies.



The China coast, with Shanghai and other treaty ports shown in red.

IT was the coming of steam vessels, shortening distances, that speeded action. The British, having declared war on the Chinese, forced the entrance past the antiquated forts at the mouth of the Yangtze in 1842, and British redcoats stormed the infantry positions ashore.

By the treaty of peace which the British exacted, not only the Yangtze, with Shanghai at its mouth, but ports of Amoy, Foochow, and Ningpo, between the Yangtze and Canton, and Canton itself, were opened. John Tyler was then President of the United States. He sent stiff-necked Caleb Cushing to China escorted by a frigate and a sloop of war. Caleb went the British one better in the treaty he made in 1844, in that its first clear definition of extraterritoriality became the model for other nations.

But no treaty port had so uninviting a prospect as that of the new concession of Shanghai, on marshland on the shore of the Whangpoo, tributary of the Yangtze, at its mouth without a hill in sight. The mandarins thought that they had outwitted the barbarians this time. The white men would all perish in those swamps where not even Chinese could live. But the white man is tough when gold or adventure calls him to deserts or jungles.

And the mandarins were puzzled to find that, having the power to hold what they demanded without pay, the British paid the owners for the land. The domineering, venturing, gambling, swearing, and praying outer barbarian was to work the same wonders on that swampland as he did on the shore of Lake Michigan or on the mud flats where he built the linen factories and shipyards of Belfast.

In the greed of gold, Britain was charged with having waged the Opium War, to make China a market for the drug from her Indian colony—which the British historians deny, producing evidence.

Anyhow, Britain took the island of Hong Kong, Gibraltar of South China; and, anyhow, fortunes were made by both foreigners and Chinese merchants and officials in spreading the dope habit in China. Bootlegging opium is still very profitable. Foreigners and Chinese are pointed out on the China coast as having got the start of their fortunes in opium.

FINALLY, the weakening Chinese Manchu dynasty had pretty well learned the lesson that barbarian gunboats began shooting if a missionary in the most remote district was murdered. A viceroy might lose his job, his peacock feather, and even his head if a white man were harmed.

In what we now call the gay nineties, as the Victorian age was singing its swan song, the majesty of the white man reached its zenith in the East.

The force of the foreign Asiatic squadrons was back of the treaties that gave foreign control of the Chinese customs service and harbors and lights, in an honest administration, as relief from the old days of Chinese squeeze. All the white men were of the white-collar class. A clerk who had not been used to having servants in his home country became a nabob. On his pay, so cheap was living and wages, he had an establishment of half a dozen "boys" and a racing pony. He struck coolies with his cane to make them get out of the way.

The first things of importance which the traders sold the natives in part payment for tea and silk were light and raiment. Rockefeller sent the light from the Pennsylvania oil fields. The ranking American merchant of any port was the local representative of the Standard Oil Company.

And the coolie was wearing a new fabric which was cheaper than any for sale at home. The mills of Manchester and New England had found a market for their machine-made cotton goods. The fields of our South, which had then a monopoly of cotton growing, were supplying home and foreign mills with their raw material and also the cotton batting with which the natives of cold North China padded their coats in winter for warmth in place of furs and woolens. And the Chinese learned to smoke. Tobacco is still a leading import into China.

The outer barbarian took toll, too, and still takes it, in the carrying trade both for exports and imports; and in local shipping between the China ports and up the Chinese rivers. Among the names on the big buildings on the Bund in Shanghai are those of the pioneer British firms, and of the banking houses which gave China her first banking system, set the standard of exchange, and profited hugely thereby.

China was stable under the Manchu emperors except for localized riots and famines. The western merchants bargained with dignified Chinese merchants and, as collectors, talked about old Chinese porcelains and paintings over their tea. Both were making money, and that was the object of the alien in China and was what made present comfort and immortality secure for the Chinese.

Native merchant invited friend foreign merchant to gorges of Chinese dinners with libations of old Chinese wine, which lasted for three hours; and foreign friend responded with foreign dinners of eight courses and all the kinds of foreign wines on the list. Soft-footed Chinese boys did the buttling for "mlastas" whom other soft-footed boys valeted.

The honesty of the Chinese merchant was then proverbial, as was the trickiness of the Japanese. In China the merchant had ever been the gentleman; in all Japan he had been at the bottom of the social pyramid.

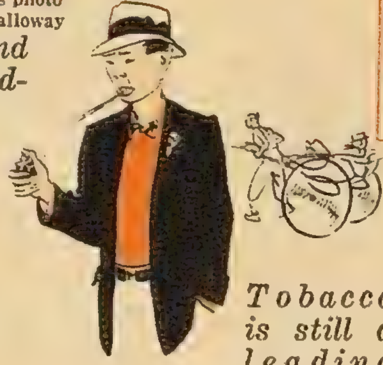
Those were the great days to the old-timer of the China coast, the fabulous days of big profits and leisurely ways. The comprador, Chinese middleman, waxed rich. He set up in business for himself, competing with the foreign merchant. He bought real estate in the concessions when he saw how it was rising in value.

A square foot in Shanghai is today worth twenty, thirty, or forty times a square foot in Nanking. Values drop on the same street across the border from the Concession in the Native City.

Burton Holmes photo from Ewing Galloway

The Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank building on the Bund.

The National City Bank's building in Shanghai.


Tobacco is still a leading import.

Chinese, learning English and foreign ways of accounting, and working cheaper, took the place of foreign clerks and mechanics. Competition among foreigners themselves became keener. Other oil companies, both American and British, now share the market with the Standard.

Gone is the Manchu era with its regulated squeeze (a commission on the bargain from top to bottom). In place of its portly, elderly viceroys in queues and silk robes, nursing their long finger nails, riding in litters, are the short-haired, fractious, foreign-educated rulers of the new China in the agony of a modernization through civil wars which some experts think may mean a permanent chaos.

Where the old China merchant cunningly negotiated about tribute with the old viceroy, he now faces the demand for tribute from the local army commander. He is held up by soldiers in uniform turned highway robbers; he is kidnaped for ransom.

YET Chinese trade keeps on increasing. New needs expand consumption in China as well as elsewhere, if more slowly. New buildings rise in Shanghai, as well as in other treaty ports. It is the British flag that flies from most of the banks and business houses on the Bund, the boulevard that faces the river. For the British were the pioneers who staked the best claims, in the early rush.

America is in the streets leading from the Bund. The National City Bank has sumptuous quarters, as well as the British Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank and the Yokohama Specie Bank; and in all the ports, and in Mukden and in Harbin far up in Manchuria, it has busy branches making the most of the spreading power of postwar American capital and enterprise.

Where there was not one American to four British twenty-five years ago in Shanghai, there are now approximately 3,000 Americans to 5,000 British. When an American company recently bought the Shanghai municipal light and power plant for $30,000,000, the British merchants approved. It committed more American dollars to the defense of extraterritoriality.

Japanese merchants took the same view. They too, as Shanghailanders, have the same interests at stake in investments and trade in the Concession and in their banks, export houses, shipping companies, and plants. With their cheaper labor in Japan they are driving rival European and American cotton goods out of the market. Japanese capital owns Chinese mills which compete with Japanese.

Rich Chinese residents of the Concession who own property there share the apprehension of the foreign merchants lest the governments of England, France, and America shall weaken about extraterritoriality.

Young China, crying out against "imperialism," sees Shanghai as its chief stronghold. If Shanghai yields, then all the other treaty ports fall. Just as the viceroy of old saw the outer barbarians as maintaining life through trade with China, so the young Chinese see the wealth symbolized in the Concession as extorted by force from China.

THEY think China's trade has made the western world rich. It is not yet in Chinese logic to comprehend that the foreign merchants who built on a swamp this foreign city which drew the population of the largest Chinese city to the banks of the Whangpoo are the true apostles of the modernization of the industrial age.

A rich prize invites cupidity. All those foreign banks and business houses, all the foreign residences along Bubbling Well Road, Shanghai's Park Avenue, would pass under Chinese rule.

China would have back her own; the foreigner's strangle hold would be off her gateways. The average coolie thinks that he would be standing in line to receive his share of the profits which "imperialism" had alienated from him.

The Shanghailanders, at least all who have property stakes, think that, although extraterritoriality must eventually go, the time is not yet. Its abolition would leave them subject to Chinese judges and administrators of the type that now rule the Native City. Their fears are warranted by the decisions of Chinese judges in the Mixed Court, where a Chinese may take his case to a Chinese and a foreigner to a foreign judge.

There is the Hong Dah Cotton Mill case. As agents, far back in 1919, Anderson, Meyer & Co. sold a large consignment of machinery to the Chinese owners on credit, with a lien on the property which was to be insured until final payments were made. Or, if payments were not made, the machinery was to revert to the sellers. No payment was made. Forty thousand dollars in lawyers' fees has failed to get satisfaction. Still, by the judgment of the Chinese courts, the Chinese mills keep possession of the machinery, which is in use.

By order of Chiang Kai-shek, President and generalissimo of the Republic of China, the rich estate of the late Sheng Kung-pao was confiscated on the ground that it had been accumulated at public expense. A like case would be the confiscation of the Vanderbilt fortune on the ground that old Commodore Vanderbilt's railroad system had profited by rebates. A characteristic example of the Chinese view of equity was when a junk deliberately, against traffic rules, ran across the bow of a foreign steamer and was rammed. The Chinese lawyer, who could not controvert the evidence, held that if the steamer

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE CITY OF ALL MEN
Continued from page fifteen

had not been on the river the junk would not have been run down.

In view of the Hong Dah Cotton Mill case, it is not surprising that "cash and carry" is the rule of business in China. When a Chinaman buys foreign products he must pay a quarter down on order and the rest on delivery.

Hope, as in the days of the first traders, is still the life blood of Shanghai—hope as western imagination plays with the potentialities of the market of more than four hundred million people. China's trade with the United States is one-fiftieth of our total—but—but—

Then dreams expand. There is the story of the early trader who figured the quantity of suspender buttons consumed by China in a year if every Chinese bought one. But the Chinese do not wear suspenders.

And consider how cheap labor is! Mechanics average about seventy cents a day; day laborers about twenty-five; and factory girls about sixteen. Why should not foreign capital manufacture goods in China to compete with high-priced labor at home? But strikes, lower efficiency, and local squeeze and exactions have broken many such enterprises.

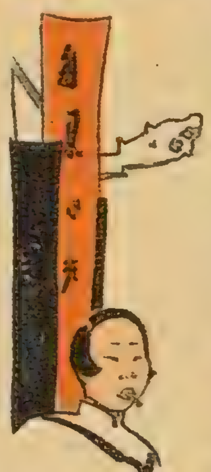
The foreigner's power is in his inventions, his initiative, his methods, and his new machinery. Beginning with the age of fast sailing ships, he has brought all the latest developments from steam to the telegraph and radio to the East, which copies but does not invent. A pioneer no less than the early traders is the salesman who ranges the China coast introducing a new machine or making a market for anything from talkies to cash registers.

In automobiles we easily lead. Not even the Japanese, those faithful copyists, can make their own in competition. Automobiles will bring roads, and roads call for more automobiles, is the familiar selling talk which agents bring to China. There are only 20,000 miles of roads in all China as yet.

A large part is new, as road building is one of the passions of the new government.

Kwangsi has 1,500 miles of roads and only 550 cars. This will never do. All the rival American automobile agencies are conducting intensive campaigns in Kwangsi—dodging bandits the while. One-third of the 20,000 motor vehicles in China are in Shanghai. But sell the idea to the natives! Get behind their poker faces with the news that it is time for China to get aboard the modern band wagon! Every steamer brings some volunteer of fresh energy to hustle the East which wears the white man down.

Yet there is enough of hope fulfilled to keep hope lively in the city of hope. Consider tractors doing the work of the coolies, bearing packs and pushing wheelbarrows! Consider modern farm machinery at work in Chinese fields! Seventy per cent of China's population is agricultural; in America, less than half is.



WITH food won by less effort there would be an increase of urban populations. Labor would turn to making everything from sanitary plumbing and paved streets to all manner of luxuries which would become necessities. Teeming China! What a market! If China ever does get going—well, the prospect of being in on the ground floor for the great event nurtures hope.

When I asked how many foreigners in Shanghai were worth a million dollars, of the first two mentioned, the origin of one was Bagdad and of the other Bombay. The biggest estimate of millionaire westerners was three—fewer than there are in many cities of 200,000 at home. These had made their fortunes out of the rise of real estate in the Concession. The richest men in Shanghai are Chinese, who have also profited in Concession real estate.

Not so majestic as in Manchu days, the white man—but still in possession of the port under his own rule, with gunboats always in the river and garrisons of British soldiers and American marines for his defense.

Far from majestic are the Russian refugees who now outnumber all the other foreign races in the Concession. I saw one refugee land on the Bund after having beaten his way from northern Manchuria.

This man without a country was barefooted, with bare hair sun-bleached. His ragged relic of breeches ended well above his knees. His bare breast, in the big V of his ragged shirt, whose sleeves ended at the arm pits, was leather-tanned. All his belongings were in a frayed bit of Chinese matting the size of a handkerchief. But what did he care? This was Shanghai.

A ramrod-straight, emaciated column of a man over six feet tall, he strode on toward the Russian quarter. He could compete with coolies for a bowl of rice, in a land in which famine keeps population stationary, or he might find a job as guard to a rich Chinese.

ANYHOW, it was better that he was male than female. There is the story of the young Russian countess, lost to friends and family, who threw herself in the river. Some Chinese coolies fished her out, took her to their quarters, and worked their will on her.

She escaped, and the next time her leap into the river was a success. But why should she drown herself, the cynical asked, when some rich Chinese merchant would be proud to have her as a mistress?

Shanghai is used to tragedies, as it is to the rise and fall of hopes with the fluctuations in the news of Chinese political intrigues and of generals turning peaceful or taking to the warpath. Shanghailanders' political concern is any kind of stable government. Out of all vicissitudes they extract a philosophy tinged with a buoyant fatalism that is born of their background.

There are groups within the big group. The Japanese keep very much to themselves. The Germans, driven out by the war, their property alienated, are fast recovering their trade.

There are libraries, churches, race courses, and golf courses. Americans and British meet in the big Shanghai Club, which now has only the second longest bar in the world—first honors belonging to Sydney. Americans have their own club in town. Also a new country club where the same kind of people you meet in the local country club at home dine, or have tea or cocktails on the broad veranda, looking out on the grass tennis courts to the tune of the rush of the water in the swimming pool.

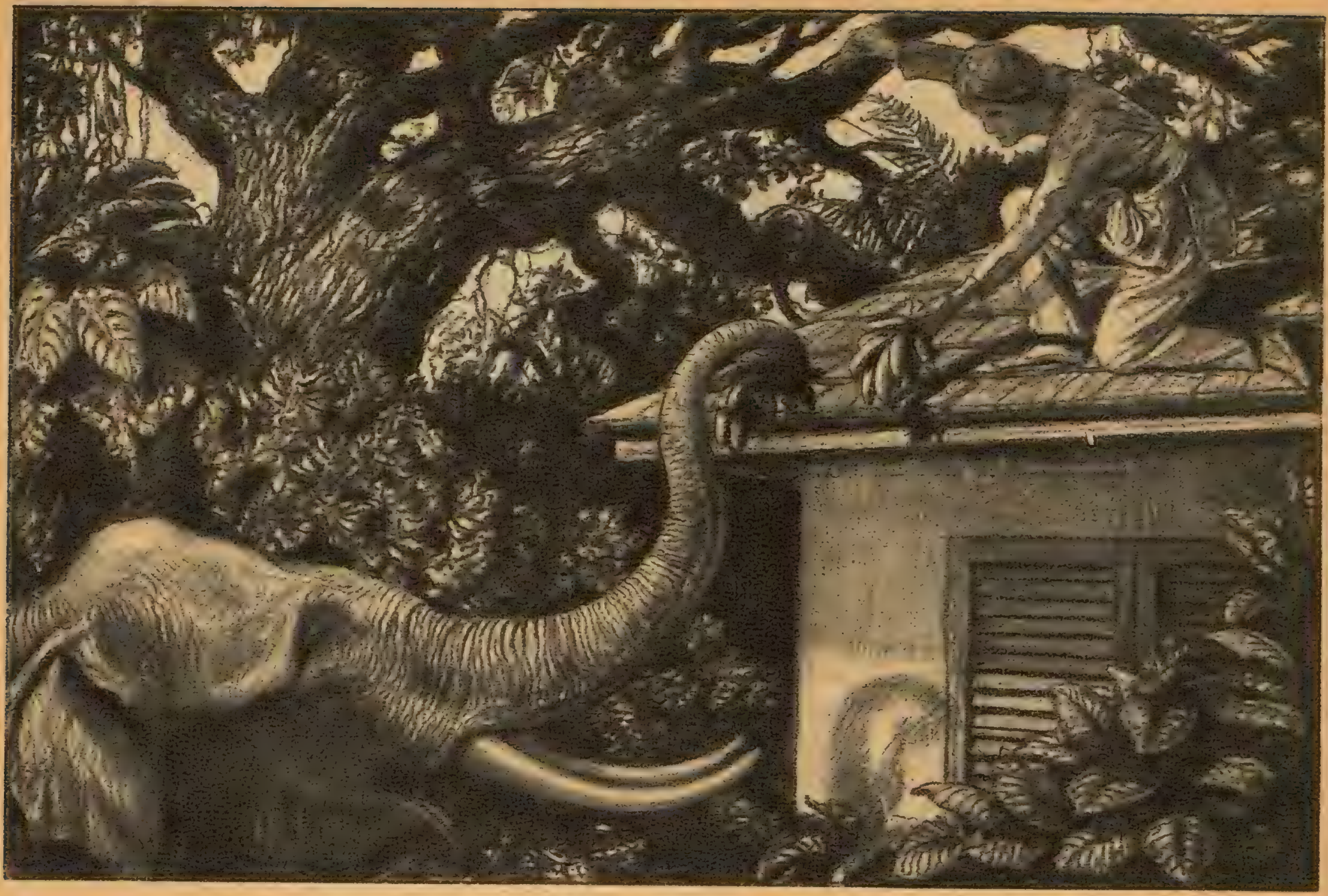
There are Rotary clubs, women's clubs, bridge clubs, welfare societies, and hot social rivalries. Those who are ill go to excellent western hospitals. Those who would dip into night life are offered a variety of Shanghai's cosmopolitanism which ranges over into the Native City, where the speak-easies have forbidden opium. Russian and other beautiful adventuresses are looking for men with well stocked purses, and Chinese and lowly Russian women compete for the favors of the soldiers of the garrison and others of humbler means.

Modernized social China appears at the hotel dances in girls of the Chinese *beau monde* in bobbed hair and Paris gowns whose abbreviation shocks Chinese grandmothers who were brought up to wear pants. A local beauty contest for the New World Coney Island Exposition and Carnival was in progress when I was in Shanghai; and the last I knew Miss Yip Chin Chin and Miss Phœbe E. Wong were alternately leading.

If all Chinese girls were thus modernized, what a market that would make for cosmetics and dress goods—at least until the copyist Chinese began manufacturing their own!

Round and round go the Shanghailanders, pioneers of commerce and westernization, in the business area where tall, bearded, turbaned Sikhs from India, guarding doorways, add their touch to cosmopolitanism. Round and round in games and social life in the 5,500 acres, and out and back on the paved streets to where primitive China, the China where the girls still wear pants, begins on the flats! And every other treaty port the length of the coast is a city of hope on the Shanghai pattern.

More of Colonel Palmer's impressions of the state of affairs in China will appear in an early issue.



MOJI cautiously drew nearer and began to eat the bananas Margaret tossed to him.

On the Road to KANDY

The Story of a Girl's Strange Path to Glory

By

MARY RICHART

who was born on a Georgia plantation and educated in a convent. There she studied music; later she wrote articles about that and other artistic pursuits. Now she works at fiction and lives in California.

Pictures by W. T. BENDA.

I'M still shaking inside like a mold of half-set gelatin. I am perched on the stool in Margaret's dressing closet, by the little round window that opens on the strip of jungle-fringe, the only spot I can find in the bungalow where I can be alone.

Ada has shut herself up in her room, there's a crowd downstairs, and somebody seems to tip in and out of Margaret's room about every five seconds.

Indeed, half of Ceylon seems to be downstairs. There's Sir John and Lady Rupert, the visiting G. A., a number of other English residents, the man in the blue serge suit I saw at the Queen's Hotel, a Kandian chief in a wonderful costume, and outside, in front of the bungalow, are groups of natives and some Georgia students from one of the round-the-world boats that happened to be seeing Ceylon. The students have discovered that Margaret is from Georgia—old Zack, the Negro mahout, is from Georgia, too—and they are yelling, "Rah! Rah! Rah! Georgia! Georgia!"

It's the first time in the history of Ceylon, of course, that a young American girl made the road to Kandy on the back of an elephant. And one, too, that had already killed a man, broken up an automobile, and run the natives off the streets, not to mention the devastated gardens on the road to Kandy—

But I'm telling the end of the story first, and of course the first should come first.

To run back to the time we first met Margaret, she was a sort of mystery from the moment she appeared in our midst. I was getting my Master's at the time at old Carrolton College, and through the Dean's office one day I was offered room and board, in exchange for companionship, by a Miss Margaret Smith, who had bought the old Irving house just four houses north of the campus. I pictured Miss Smith as being indefinitely old, tall and

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angular, and possessing iron-gray hair, hideously bobbed, and withal a little masculine. I found her, on the contrary, a girl three years younger than I, tall and slim, with unbobbed, honey-colored hair, and with the whitest skin and the bluest eyes I have ever seen. We accepted each other instantly.

Although Margaret entered college as a special student, it was through me, of course, that she made our particular campus set. At first no one thought of asking questions. She was delicately lovely and danced beautifully, and, in addition, she had a big, rich contralto voice with a deep rolling resonance that reminded one of Roland Hayes. Looking back to that time, I think it must have been her extraordinary ability to sing Negro spirituals that made her such an instantaneous hit with the campus crowd. When she sang words like these,

Moses, Moses, don't get lost,
Hear de archangels shoutin'!
Stretch your rod an' come across,
Hear de archangels shoutin'!

you didn't feel like smiling. You felt like weeping.

As soon as the newness of Margaret wore off, of course, we began to be personal, and then we were met with a reserve as delicate as a piece of fragile crystal but as formidable as an iceberg. The questions we ached to ask her—but dared not—we asked each other: Where had she spent her life? Where were her people? Where did she get her money? Where did she learn to sing and to dance so beautifully? Who was her grandfather? Her great-great-grandmother?

Of course we learned little bits. She was born in Atlanta, Georgia. She had traveled abroad a great deal—but not in Europe. And she had been educated in convents. But when it came to the what, when, and where of events and conditions, we got nothing.

In our special group there was Peter, our pomologist, who was getting his Master's; Ada Spears, a senior with a lot of money; Dorris Everetts, doing fifth-year work in education; Jim Vandelon, our math wizard; Lloyd Moore, associate professor in English; his wife, Ellen, who was working hard at nothing; Tom Underwood, who stood a good chance of being dean of the College of Commerce by and by; and I, going through college on a shoestring. At that time Ada and Peter were sweethearts, and had been since high-school days; but in the spring, after I'd accomplished my Master's and had begun to plan my doctorate thesis, Ada suddenly electrified us by marrying Jim Vandelon.

WE all thought she did it in a moment of pique to spite Peter, and we all gasped, of course. She and Jim built a delightful Spanish-type house on the Bluffs, and we soon formed a habit of going there ever so often for informal evenings, when we danced or talked or played cards, just as the mood dictated. And of course Peter went too. Just how badly he was hurt over Ada's marriage, no one really knew.

As I lived in the house with Margaret, I was able to see what the others couldn't see—that she loved Peter. Loved him in that deep wild fashion that only quiet, reserved women can love. I believed it to be a hopeless love until I came home one night at twelve o'clock and found Margaret waiting for me with a glorious light in her eyes. Peter had asked her to marry him!

"He has received an offer from his London uncle to take charge of his tea holdings in Ceylon," she said. "It will be half interest, provided he will live there for five years. He has accepted. And I am going with him!"

"Wonderful!" I cried. But I couldn't help but think of Ada. "I am happy for you, darling. When will you go?"

"Friday of next week," she said. "I shall leave the house just as it is for you to rent and continue to live in. Peter and I may come back to it some day, you know."

It was then, of course, that Peter's relatives took a hand. He had three aunts—"upstanding aunts," Lloyd Moore called them—and they called the day after Peter broke the news. On the strength of wild telegraphic flashes from Margaret's eyes, I remained for the "interview." After Peter and Margaret were married and had gone, we had many good laughs over my facetious account of this first call of Peter's relatives. Ada, however, refused to laugh.

"Peter's family have a perfect right to know who Peter is marrying," she said. "As a matter of fact they don't know one definite thing about Margaret. Nobody does. Mrs. Crumpit told me that she saw Margaret alone and asked her blunt questions, but could get nothing. She said Margaret has sealed her years up—deliberately!"

We began hearing from Peter and Margaret as soon as they reached Paris, and from then on they mailed letters at every seaport and finally letters began to come from the little bungalow on the road to Kandy.

I THINK we all felt that Ada began to change from the very moment Peter left for Ceylon, but it was not until early in the second year after Peter's marriage that I saw, one day, how Ada really felt about Peter. Ellen and I were at Ada's for luncheon, and Ellen had brought a letter that she and Lloyd had just received from Peter and Margaret. Margaret always wrote wonderfully well, and the picture she drew now was so sharp and clear that we saw, as with our own eyes, Peter and Margaret, standing in their ten-acre garden in the warm glow of the sunset, listening to the little night things over in the jungle-fringe. Ellen, hard at work on an International Relations speech she was to give next day, left early, and as soon as Ada and I were alone, Ada burst into tears.

"When I think of Peter off in that country with—with only Margaret, I could die!" she gasped. "It spoils everything for me and makes me utterly miserable."

"If it makes you miserable," I said, "then don't think of it."

"But I *want* to think of Peter, even if it does make me unhappy. I expect to think of him as long as I live. Oh, Mary, you don't know how hard it is!"

"How hard what is?"

She sobbed and dug at her eyes with her handkerchief. "Peter—out in that desolate country—with Margaret."

"From their letter I would judge the country is anything but desolate! And don't forget, my dear, that you have Jim. Everybody likes Jim. As for Peter, he has Margaret to take care of him and make him happy."

"Bah!" she said fiercely. "She can't make Peter happy! Peter loves me. He's always loved me. I was angry with him and in a moment of adolescent idiocy I married Jim. On the impulse. Angry with him because he kept raving over Margaret's singing. As if that would have lasted! God, what a fool I was!"

I looked at her, startled.

"For goodness' sake!" I protested. "Why not try to make the best of life without Peter? Peter's married. You're married. Anyway, Peter is now on the other side of the world."

She lifted her head quickly and for a moment gazed at me with a far-away look in her reddened eyes.

"I touched Ceylon that time mother took me around the world," she said. "And I can remember Colombo, the seaport. I remember the road to Kandy. . . . We saw some elephants bathing in the lake. . . . A lovely little lake it was, blood-red from the sky. . . ."

A sudden, curious light flamed up in her eyes, and I think now that it was at that moment that the impulse seized her.

A few months later—in the fall—the crowd came over one evening for a quiet little celebration, for Dorris Everetts and Tom Underwood had just announced their engagement. Ellen had attended to the telephoning for me, so that I didn't know that Ada and Jim wouldn't be there until I asked, towards nine o'clock.

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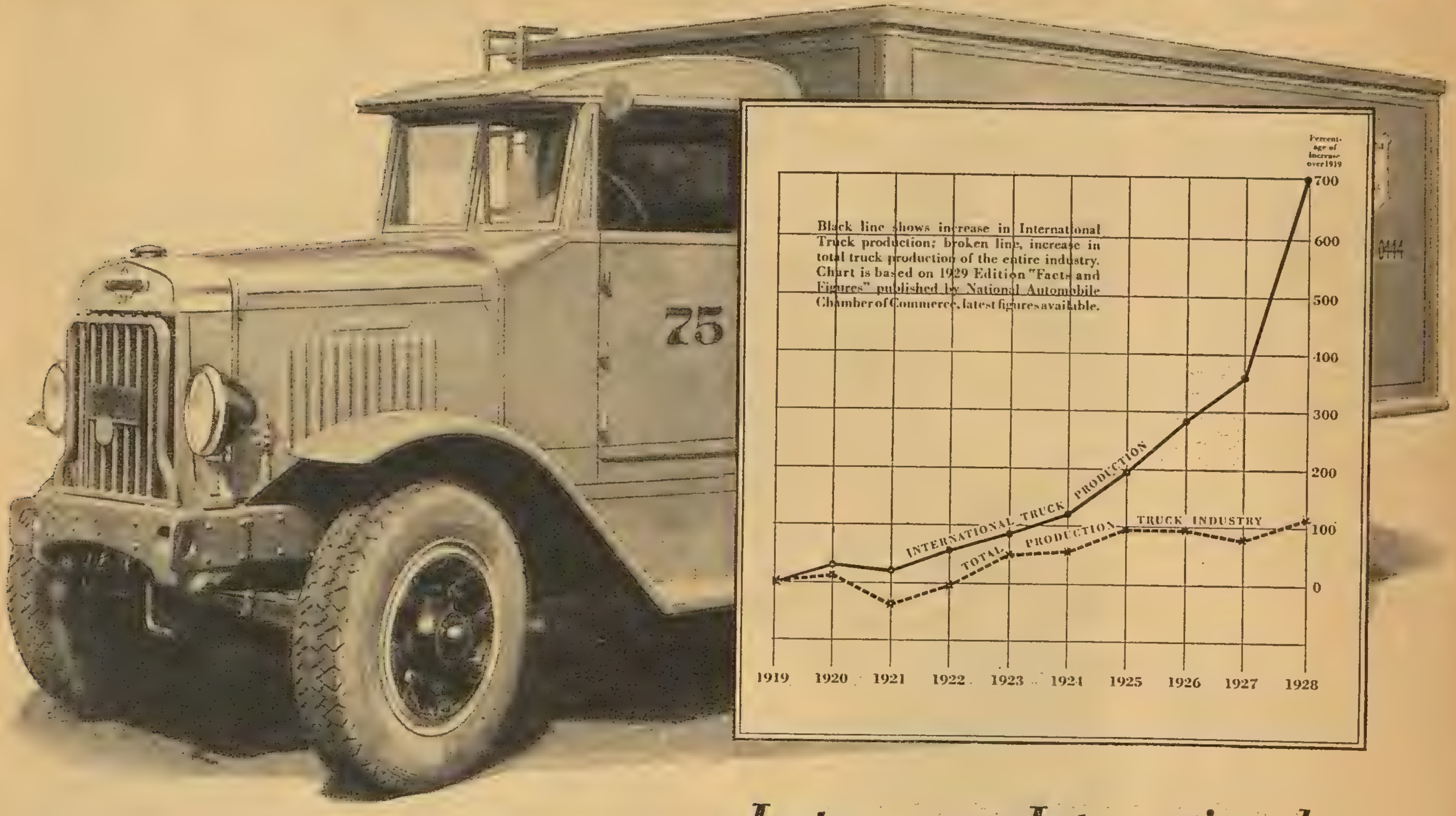
Fast-Growing Popularity


75
Black line shows increase in International Truck production; broken line, increase in total truck production of the entire industry. Chart is based on 1929 Edition "Facts and Figures" published by National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, latest figures available.
Percentage of increase over 1919
700
600
500
400
300
200
100
0
INTERNATIONAL TRUCK PRODUCTION
TOTAL PRODUCTION TRUCK INDUSTRY
1919
1920
1921
1922
1923
1924
1925
1926
1927
1928

In ten years International Truck production has increased Seven-Fold, while the total truck production of the industry has only doubled.

Starting in 1919, with a 15-year record of successful truck manufacture, and a production already well up with the leaders, International Truck production has grown seven times as fast as the total output of the industry.

The steadily rising popularity of Internationals can be seen in every form of trucking from New York to Hollywood and on every kind of highway from the pavements of Pensacola to the back-country trails of British Columbia.

Owners of International Trucks representing every type of business, large and small, are firmly convinced that Internationals deliver the very utmost in hauling satisfaction.

This comparison, indicating the growing preference for Internationals, is offered in no vainglorious spirit but simply as a matter of public record.

Please remember, too, that back of International Trucks stands more than a quarter of a century of automotive achievement and 99 years of experience in general engineering and manufacture.

May we add that what Internationals have been doing for others year after year they may rightfully be expected to do for you.

There is an International Truck to meet your particular requirements. We suggest that you ask the nearest International Branch or dealer to show it to you. There is no obligation.

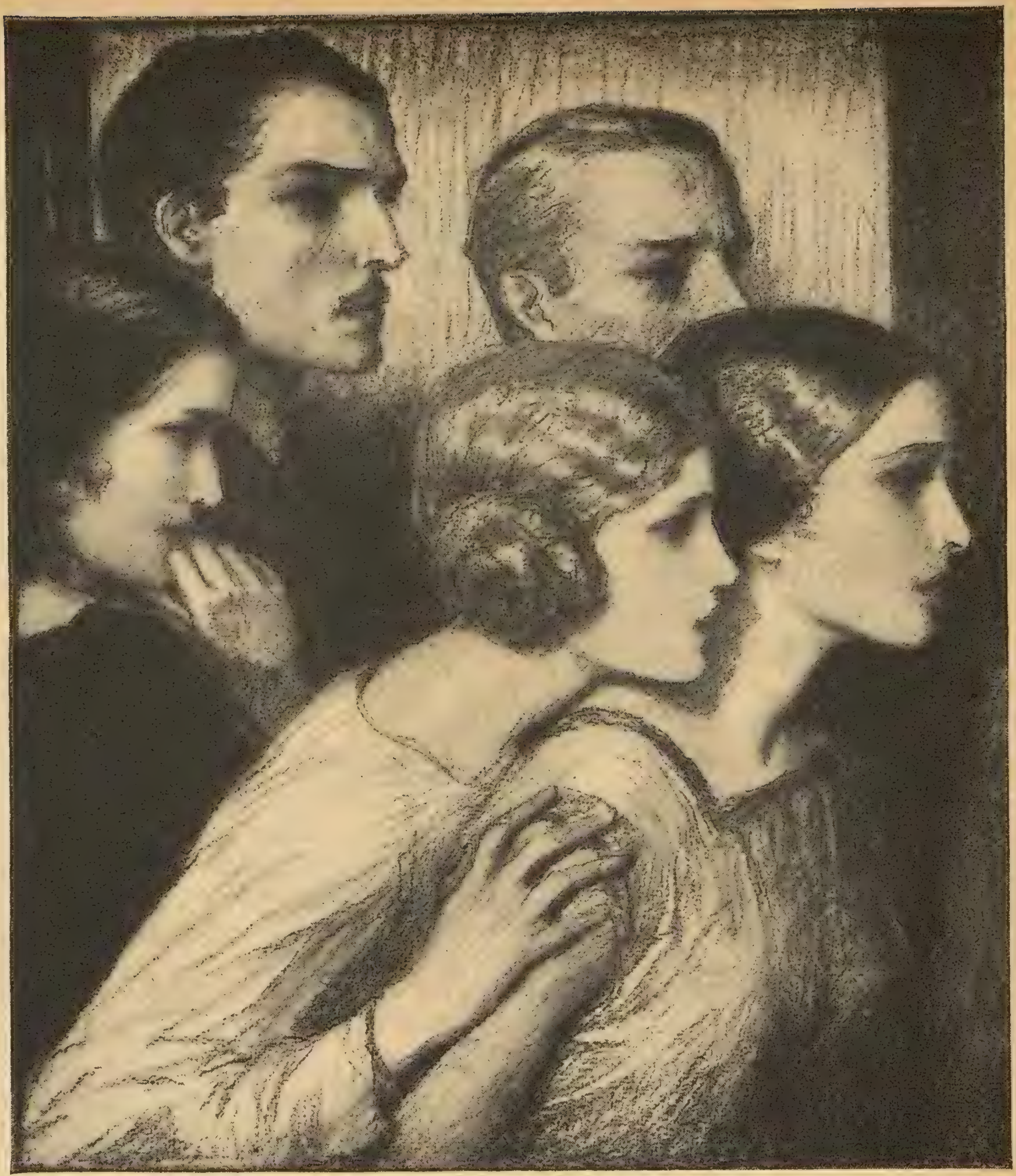
International Trucks include the ¾-ton Special Delivery; the 1-ton Six-Speed Special; Speed Trucks, 1¼, 1½, and 2-ton; and Heavy-Duty Trucks to 5-ton. Company-owned branches at 176 points and dealers everywhere have the line on their display floors for convenient inspection. Catalogs on request.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
OF AMERICA
(INCORPORATED)
606 So. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Illinois

INTERNATIONAL

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

ON THE ROAD TO KANDY
Continued from page 18



In the bedroom about six people were speaking at once.

"Didn't you know?" said Lloyd. "Things are upside down at Vandelon House. For one thing, Jim has started to drinking—regular sponge."

"And who wouldn't drink — the way he's been treated all summer!" exclaimed Dorris, with a love-glance at Tom.

I had been away for two months and didn't know.

"Ada is planning a trip to Paris," sighed Ellen. "She intends to be there all winter. A year at least, she says."

"Meaning," said Dorris, "that Ada will divorce Jim. At least, everybody thinks so."

Ada came over to see me within the week.

"I simply can't stand it any longer, Mary," she said. "There is really no necessity in these modern days of two people trying to keep up a farce. Now is there?"

"No, if it *is* a farce," I said. "It's too bad. Everybody likes Jim so much. But of course—"

I paused suddenly as I thought of Peter and Margaret. I felt a rush of joy that Margaret was with Peter, on the other side of the world, with her "sealed years," as Mrs. Crumpit put it, safely out of Ada's way.

"Of course you always sympathized with Margaret," Ada said, beginning to powder away the traces of her tears.

I turned on her rather sharply.

"I thought you were speaking of yours and Jim's trouble," I said. "What has that to do with Margaret?"

She smiled faintly and closed her compact.

"Nothing, stupid," she said playfully. "I just happened to think of her. Do tell me what you've been doing during the summer!"

SEEING that she wanted to change the subject, I let her do so. She left for Paris shortly after this. At Christmas the faculty issued a formal announcement that Jim had been granted leave of absence. He dropped from sight completely. When Dorris and Tom were married during the Christmas holidays, Ada sent them a charming Dauchez etching from Paris. There was now left of our old group, besides myself, only Dorris and Tom, Ellen and Lloyd, and Jane Richards, a young Ph. D. candidate from Chicago we had taken in. Just six, including Jane. . . .

It was Jane who suggested the foreign trip for the summer months. Since our undergraduate days we had all been secretly planning to see the world as soon as ever we reached an academic and financial breathing point, and Jane's suggestion came at the psychological moment. By May the affair was settled, and the six of us had reservations for early June. When the final arrangements were being made we thought of Peter and Margaret and included Ceylon.

We had not heard from Ada since before Easter, and although none of us wrote her of our traveling plans, when we were in Paris we immediately called at the Hotel d'Argenson, in the Parc de Neuilly, only to find that she had left the hotel permanently. Oddly enough, we ran into her at Florian's Café in the Piazzo San Marco, in Venice. She was so happy to see us that I think we all forgave her treatment of Jim on the spot.

Immediately upon learning that we were leaving in a few days on the Mooltan from Marseilles for Ceylon, she announced her intention to join us.

"I was going the first of September anyway," she said. "They say that September is very delightful in Ceylon, but I wouldn't miss going with you for worlds. I suppose you know I have my divorce?"

We had not known, of course. When she left us to hurry back to her hotel to see about getting reservations, Ellen and Dorris and I looked at each other in dismay.

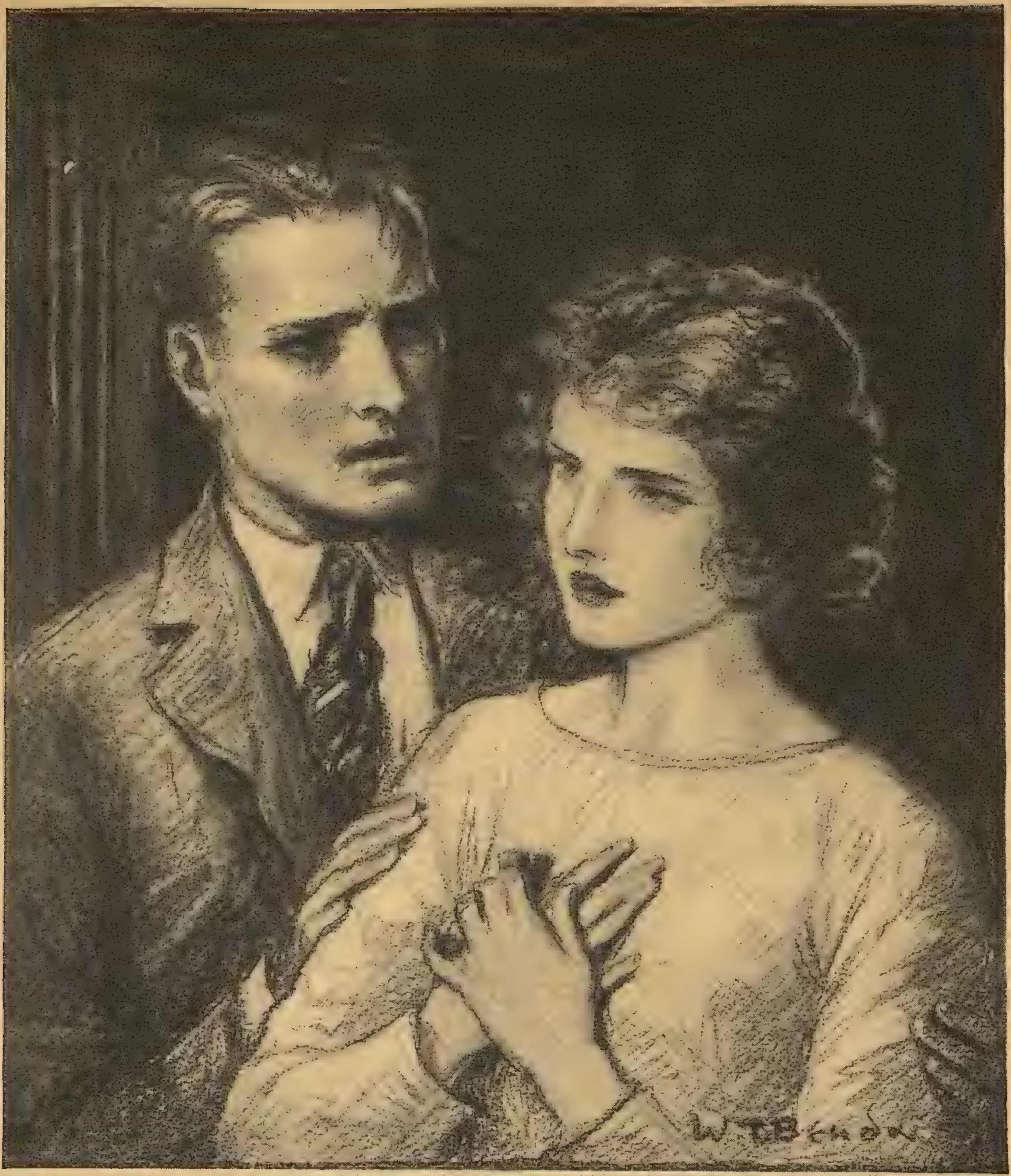
"How could she!" I cried stupidly.

"I wonder if they know she's coming!" exclaimed Dorris.

"I pity poor Margaret!" added Ellen.

"What's it all about?" asked Jane.

"Oh, these girls!" said Lloyd. "Just because Peter and Ada were high-school sweethearts, they immediately smell tragedy in her going to Ceylon to visit Peter. My



Then Margaret's voice: "I rode elephants whenever the notion seized me."

goggles, Peter is nothing more now than an old friend! She's scarcely more than a child anyhow, and I always thought Jim wasn't killed with patience!"

I forgot to mention that we had never seen Ada look quite so stunning—in a gorgeous ensemble that made her appear about eighteen. She looked like one of these pale Spanish beauties just out of a convent!

"Exactly what I thought," said Tom shamelessly. "I think we all ought to rally to Ada and help her forget the past year. I'll bet she's been beastly unhappy! Over here by herself and everything."

"Maybe so," said Dorris, looking at Tom with adoring eyes. "And no doubt we have been too critical. Poor child—we must be kind to her."

"At least give her a chance," said Jane. "From what you've told me, I imagine she'll flirt a little. But Margaret ought to be able to take care of her husband."

TO which sentiment even Ellen agreed. But I knew that they did not know what I knew. They did not know the things that Ada had said to me about Peter and about Margaret. Looking back to that day on the Bluffs when Ellen and I had taken luncheon with her, I remembered the sudden, curious light that had flamed up in her eyes, and I remembered, too, her passionate cry that Peter had never loved Margaret—that he loved only *her!* No wonder I was not as charitable as the others!

It is about 5,000 miles from Marseilles to Ceylon, and during the long, hot trip Ada was like a colorful butterfly—always cool and pretty and vivid and ready to entertain anybody and everybody. Although nothing more was said on the subject, I think we all continued to wonder in secret if Peter and Margaret knew she was coming. However, when I saw Margaret's glance fall upon Ada in the crowd at the Colombo passenger jetty, where Peter and Margaret met us, I knew that they did not know.

"Lord, it's fine to see you!" Peter exclaimed. "And Ada, too! Where's —Jim?"

"Good old Peter!" said Ada, kissing him on both cheeks. "How glorious to see you again! As for Jim and me, I just couldn't stand it any longer. And so we're divorced. We're good friends, of course. But we both agreed to undo a tragic mistake in the best way possible. Such unhappy mistakes are made so many times —don't you think so, Peter? Oh, dear, all I want now is just to stay around quietly with my faithful old friends and be happy."

QUIETLY, almost imperceptibly, from that first hour on the passenger jetty, Ada took possession of Peter. The spirit of possession has been in evidence from the moment she appears at early breakfast in the garden until her door closes upon her at night. Peter would not allow any of us to go to the hotel at Kandy. There are five rooms in the bungalow, with an upper half-story containing two gabled rooms and a small eight-by-ten den where Peter keeps his desk. There is also a screened veranda inclosing the front of the house and the entire side next to the gardens. Peter sleeps on a cot in his den and I share Margaret's room. So there is, after all, plenty of room for the crowd, and with an extra Tamil boy in the kitchen, and a rented car from Kandy, we've been most comfortable.

The first two weeks here at Peter's house have detached themselves from all the other weeks of this delightful trip and will stand out ugly and disgruntled always; for the beauty of Ceylon—its mountains, its moonplanes, its green jungles, its yellow roads, its veil of mystery—has been spoiled by the knowledge that a woman is deliberately trying to take another woman's husband. Old-fashioned? Perhaps. Have I imagined it? No. My version, of course, isn't the version of Ellen and Lloyd, or of Tom and Dorris. Nor of Jane, either. Nor even of Margaret herself. Ada and Jane are rooming together, and I soon saw how Jane felt.

"It's but natural that Ada and Peter are together more than the others," she chided me only last week. "Ada has told me all about their childhood friendship. They had

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

ON THE ROAD TO KANDY
Continued from page twenty-one

measles and whooping cough together, and went through school side by side, and their families are very close. Naturally he is both brother and friend to her."

So that is Jane's version. But it is not the truth. Neither is the version of the others the truth. Margaret's version, I think, is nearest the truth—nearer than mine—so it is her version I shall give you.

There has been a great Buddhist feast, the Perahera, going on until yesterday. Tom-toms were beating, and flags and canopies and colorful umbrellas and fans of peacock tails were everywhere. There are elephants used in all the Buddhist feasts, and one day recently, when Margaret and I had let the others go off on a jaunt without us, I got my first introduction to Moji, the elephant. The beast belongs to a Kandian chief, and when the elephant passed Margaret and me on the way to the lake, old Zack, his mahout—who is a middle-aged American Negro instead of the usual native—was singing in a resonant barytone the strangely familiar words:

"Moji, Moji, donya get lost,
Hear de archangels a-shoutin'!
Stretch your rod an' come across,
Hear de archangels a-shoutin'!"

The elephant looked to be twelve feet high at his shoulders, and as he walked along swinging his great trunk, he picked up his tremendous feet and put them down again to the rhythm of old Zack's song. A half hour later, down at the lake, old Zack showed that he had picked up the extravagant Oriental talk of the native mahout. When his elephant had been bathed and rubbed until his slate-colored hide almost shone, Zack took him by the ear.

"Come, king ob all de beasts from eberlastin' to eberlastin'," he said, "an' lift your heaven-born up to de velvety cushions ob your back!"

Moji, without once losing the rhythm of his movements, lifted his heaven-born, and, without so much as a prod from the rod, turned and marched majestically back the road he had come, and I noticed that all gave him room.

Day before yesterday was the last and greatest day of the Perahera. That night the streets were ablaze with lights and were so full of strange noises that my ears ached. It was on this night that Margaret faced the situation squarely, fought it out, as it were, as she lay on her bed and gazed out on the strip of jungle-fringe that lay transformed in the yellow light of the moon. For the first time she talked to me a little about it. She realized that Ada no longer made excuses to pair herself off with Peter; that she did so now with the casual air of one who has the right.

OUTWARDLY Margaret had gone about performing her duties as hostess with exquisite poise and cheerfulness, but she said that inwardly all had been confusion, inwardly every nerve of her being was urging her to cry out against the woman who clung so tenaciously to Peter, who chatted so incessantly in her thin, childlike voice. . . . Margaret herself had never been able to chatter incessantly. She had never had the subtle gayety that seemed to burn in Ada like a flame. She had never been able to bare her heart and her secret thoughts as Ada seemed able to bare hers. As dearly as she loved Peter, there had been a certain reserve. . . . She had tried hard to match Ada's gayety. But she could not keep up that set smile, that constant chatter, that picture of tranquillity, that smart repartee. As she lay on her bed, watching the moonlight in the jungle-fringe, her mind snapped into a sudden decision.

"I am beaten, Mary!" she said. "It is impossible to go on in this fashion. Nothing in life is worth this pain of jealousy, this agony of suspense!"

There was nothing I could say, although I wept a little. She let her thoughts run on, aloud. Perhaps Peter had never really loved her. Perhaps he was not—*her* man. Perhaps there was an affinity between a certain man and a certain woman that was eternal. Perhaps Peter and Ada had always belonged to each other. If this was true, then nothing she could do would change the fact, and in that case Peter had never really belonged to her. He belonged to Ada. . . . Her mind now was thoroughly made up. She would struggle no longer. She would give Ada and Peter their lives. When the rest of us picked up our boat on the twenty-eighth, she would invite Ada to stay over September. Then, by and by, she would calmly talk the matter over with them.

"You won't have to invite her to stay," I was catty enough to say. "She intends to stay."

Well, no matter. She would go back home. Back to America. She would go to New York and bury herself in work of some kind. For a little while longer she lay with her face close to the screen, watching the myriad fireflies shine among the shadows. We could hear the fretful whine of the flying foxes in the coco palms and the scampering of squirrels on the shed roof of the kitchen. Then Margaret fell asleep and slept until morning.

PETER was not with us today. He was obliged to spend the day at the tea factory. We were ready to sit down to dinner when he finally came in.

"They're having trouble with Sanghamit's big elephant, Moji," he said to Margaret across the half-burned candles. "Old Zack claimed a vacation and went up by train yesterday to Jaffna. This morning Moji began to rage about. Looc told me when I stopped for oil. Moji hates the native mahouts. We heard him trumpeting as we came along."

"Peter tells me that Zack is from Georgia—your state," said Ada to Margaret. "I heard him singing those old spirituals to his elephant. I remember when we used to call you the 'mystery girl' that you sang those nigger songs. Do you still sing them?"

"Occasionally—when I'm alone," replied Margaret.

"Couldn't we run into town and see this funny elephant?" said Ada, turning to Peter. "I've always heard they are such comical things when they are angry about something. I remember such delightfully funny stories Kipling used to write about elephants."

"Moji killed a man the last time Zack tried to take a trip to Jaffna," said Peter. "That was before we came out. So there's really nothing funny about Moji when he goes on a rampage, Ada. They really ought to get a Negro and have Zack train him for Moji." Peter smiled across the table at Margaret. "Zack's wanting to go back to Georgia pretty badly—he'll desert some of these days."

Margaret glanced up, smiled into Peter's smile, and rang the little silver bell for the dessert. As Baku came in from the kitchen there was a loud rap on the front door.

Peter answered the knock, and as Baku was placing the last pudding service Peter came back into the room. He came slowly, his eyes fixed upon Margaret.

"It was a deputy, sent out from Kandy," he said. "Moji has escaped and is headed this way. They are warning the estates. It seems they piled sugar cane in his stall and one of the men tried to entice him in, but he trampled the man and dashed out through the town, smashing everything in sight. Lord—he can destroy ten years' work in one night! They say he is not in must—just mad about Zack."

"Why don't they shoot him!" exclaimed Ada.

"Well, they don't like to shoot elephants in Ceylon, for one thing, and it would probably take the whole army to shoot him now," said Peter. There was a pucker between his brows. "They have rushed a car after Zack, but it will be several hours, no doubt, before they can get him here."

"Peter," said Margaret, "I heard the back door close softly—too softly. See if Baku and Diss—"

She paused as Peter made a dash for the kitchen.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

CAN YOU LOOK TODAY'S CIGARETTES IN THE FACE?

. . . KEEP MOUTH-HAPPY WITH SPUD'S COOLER SMOKE!

Did yesterday's cigarettes make you shy at that first cigarette this morning? Then change to Spud and stay mouth-happy! No matter your cigarette appetite . . . one, two packs a day . . . Spud's cooler smoke obliterates any heavy-smoking aftermath, keeps tongue and throat in moist-cool natural ease. Thus, your tobacco senses are ever alert to appreciate Spud's choice leaf and blend . . . with Spud's 16%-cooler smoke heightening your enjoyment of Spud's full tobacco flavor. And that's your new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment! At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

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"SMOKE 16% COOLER BY TEST"...a little book telling how Spud's greater coolness was proved scientifically and what it means to you...sent gladly on request.

ON THE ROAD TO KANDY
Continued from page twenty-two

"They're gone!" he said, coming back in. "I might have known it. Confound them! The natives believe safety lies in numbers. I wonder what would be the proper thing to do if that beast should pay us a visit! We're quite safe so long as we're in the house, but there's the garden. I don't think he'll do much damage to the fields. It's the jungle he's probably after. But if he gets into the garden!"

"This house would mean no more to Moji than a match box if he once decided to enter, Peter," said Margaret slowly. "Where is your rifle?"

We all turned our gaze on Margaret. Elephants, of course, were the unknown quantity to us. Margaret was a bit white about the temples. As I can realize now, her heart was crying out that Peter knew nothing of elephants. He had told us only a few days ago that while he had done some jungle hiking in the day, he had never gone into deep jungle at night, and that he knew nothing of animals. The rest of us, of course, including Tom and Lloyd, were mere babes. . . .

"Peter," Margaret said again, "get your rifle. And if you should have to shoot—you won't, of course, but we might as well talk it over—but if you should have to shoot, try to get Moji close behind the ear—they charge with their ears lifted, you know. If you're not sure of your aim, then aim for the kneepan of his foreleg. That will keep him from charging. But whatever you do, Peter, don't shoot unless you must."

A chill excitement had surged up like a tide over us all.

We didn't think it odd that Margaret should suddenly take the lead in the group. When you're panicky you don't think of such things.

"I tell you what we ought to do," said Peter. "Make a bonfire along the driveway, and, in addition, light the house—every window. I'll break Baku's head tomorrow! Boys, let's go out and get together stuff for the bonfire, merely as a precaution."

"No, Peter," said Margaret quickly. "Fire is what we would need with an uncivilized elephant, but Moji isn't uncivilized. Remember, he's one of the Perahera elephants and is no more afraid of fire or torches or light than we are. The thing to do, if he should come, is to put out all lights and not make a sound. Get your rifle—and don't shoot unless you have to!"

"You're right! Torches mean nothing to that rascal! Say, you girls run upstairs and pack a bag or two and we'll get the cars out and run you in to the hotel in town. Then we'll get some boys and guard the place until morning if necessary. I—"

Peter did not finish his sentence, for a noise, distant but unmistakable, came in through the screened windows. Margaret sprang to her feet.

"Get your rifle, Peter!" she cried. "We'd better not try to leave. Let's put out the lights—and not a noise!"

OUT went the lights, but after a moment it did not seem dark, as the moon was beginning to shine brightly. At that moment a sudden blast of trumpeting crashed on the air, and a huge black form burst into the driveway from the direction of the road. The trumpeting came in quick, colossal gusts. It is impossible for me to recall what we did first in that moment of panic. After the first chill swept me, I seemed to see everything at once—Peter by the screen, rifle in hand; Ada crouched beside him; Ellen clinging to Lloyd; Dorris clinging to Tom; and in the middle of the floor, in a pool of yellow moonlight, Margaret's empty oxfords. We didn't know it then, of course, but outside a frightened, perturbed, and distracted group of native mahouts and Kandy officials hung in the background, safely behind trees, shrubs, and posts.

My glance had to come back to Margaret's empty shoes the second time before I realized that she was missing. I slipped out of my shoes and went in search of her. I found her on the landing of the stairs, looking out into the driveway. Moji had begun to toss up the young trees that were planted beyond the driveway, throwing them into the air as if they were so many straws, and between throws, facing the bungalow with flapping ears and lifted trunk and bellowing hideously. On the stairway was a door that opened on a short flight of steps that led to the kitchen. Without a word, Margaret took my hand and led me down those steps.

She jerked open a closet at the foot of the steps, tore off her dress, and, slipping into Peter's work trousers, pulled on Baku's dinner jacket. Some claim that when you're in a panic nothing can shock you, but what Margaret did next made me, for a moment, question her sanity. She had lifted the stove cap and with the end of a towel began smearing her face with soot! She pulled on a cap—whether Peter's or Baku's I know not—and emptied a box of cube sugar into her pockets. Then she jerked a half bunch of bananas off the storage shelf.

"HELP me get upstairs without the others seeing me," she said. "I'm going to crawl out the den window and feed Moji, and I want you to slide the bananas to me after I get out."

"You idiot!" I said. "If you do anything foolish I'll start screaming!"

"Don't argue," she said. "We haven't time."

And I didn't argue, because I suddenly thought that, with her face black as Zack's, if she could sit on the roof—I forgot the height of the creature that was demolishing the south side of the house—and throw the beast a delicacy, he might become sufficiently well satisfied to walk out of the grounds and leave us in peace. So I went up with her. I had no idea, of course, what was really in her mind. She locked the door of the den, crawled out the window to the sloping roof, down which she could walk very easily, as a spice tree threw out a great protecting arm over the roof, and I obediently sent the bananas to her, tied to the end of a sheet. Then she suddenly began to sing Zack's old song:

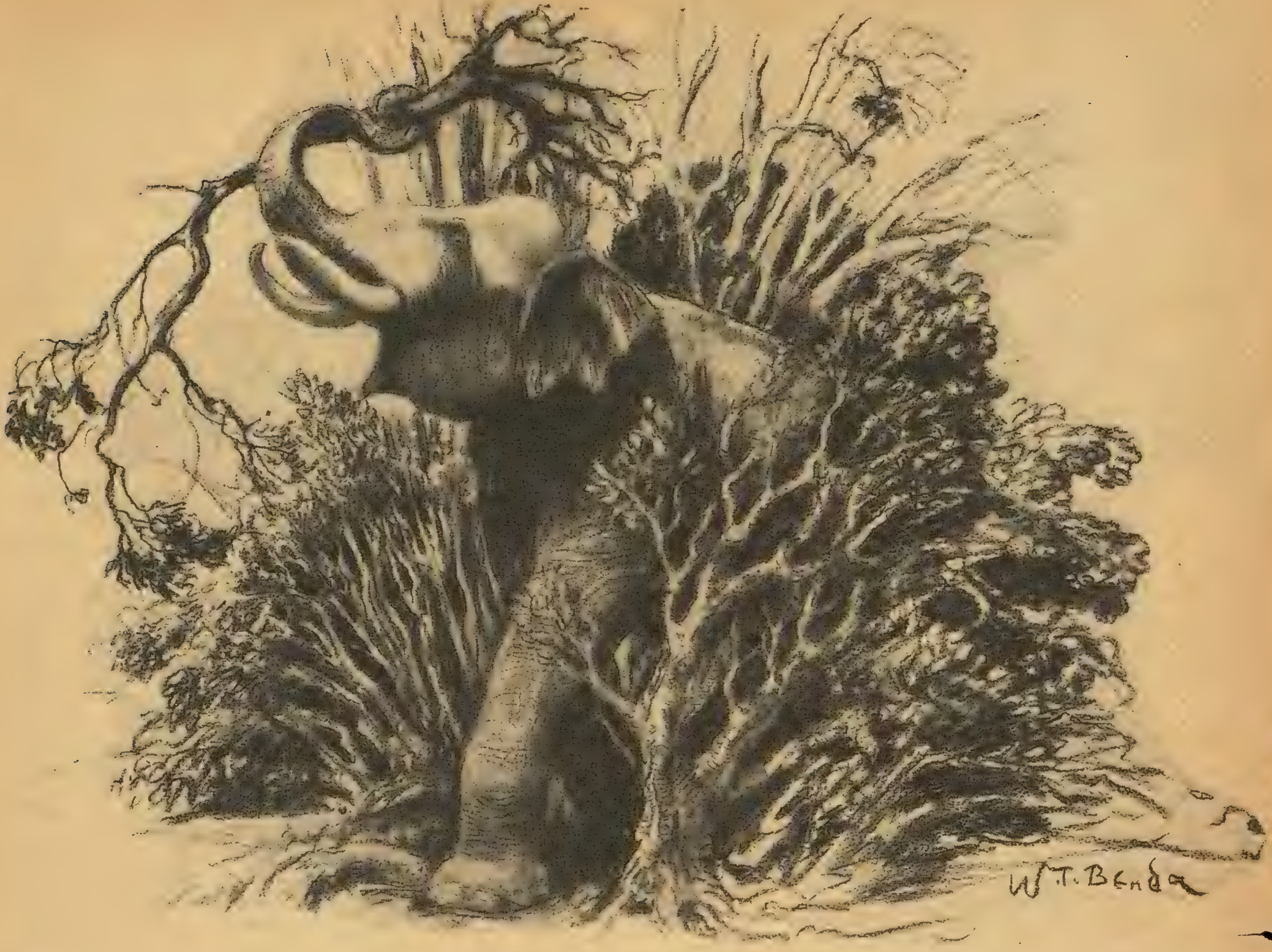
"Moji, Moji, donya get lost,
Hear de archangels a-shoutin'!
Stretch your rod an' come across,
Hear de archangels a-shoutin'!"

And not only did she use Zack's words, but she seemed to use his *voice!*

There was a sudden cessation of bellowing in the front and then Moji's massive head appeared at the corner of the house. For a moment he stood with his huge ears forward, his trunk high over his head, sniffing the air with great suspicion. He gave another bellow or two, then cautiously drew nearer.

I instantly felt a change in Moji's attitude. He seemed to suddenly realize that he was tired and hungry—incredibly hungry, if one could judge by the way he began to eat the bananas Margaret tossed to him. I don't think he was entirely deceived. I think he fully realized that the creature singing the old familiar songs to him was not his heaven-born. Nevertheless, he appeared to be magnificently comforted, and that within the spacetime of sixty seconds and fifteen feet of garden walk. Suddenly Margaret said something—not in English, but in what language Heaven only knows. But whatever the language, it produced a magic effect on Moji. He swung nearer and around, and the next thing I knew, Margaret, still singing of the archangels, had swung down on Moji's neck and the creature was swaggering back to the driveway. I didn't scream. I fainted—and the door locked.

I learned afterwards, of course, what happened as Margaret rode that elephant along the road to Kandy. Evidently Moji remembered the pile of sugar cane that lay in his stall, and which he had spurned earlier, for he shuffled along faster and faster, swinging his trunk to the rhythm of the archangels, while every post, tree, bullock cart, and thatched hut discharged its quota of natives and officials, so that by the time Moji had reached his stall, a hundred people brought up the rear. That I know, because I was there—in the rear—and saw the crowd.



Moji had begun to toss up the young trees that were planted beyond the driveway, as if they were so many straws.

I had recovered from my faint to hear a pounding on the door. It was Peter—Peter inquiring for Margaret.

"Get your car!" I gasped. "She's on Moji!"

I followed Peter to the garage and the others followed me. Soon we were all on the road to Kandy, Ada sitting beside Peter, I in the back of his car, the others following in the rented car. But there was no breaking through the throng on the road, and we were forced to trail behind, held back, in fact, by the officials, while there came back to us snatches of Margaret's song of Moji and the archangels. By and by we lost the song. However, as we brought our car to a stop we saw Margaret coming out of the stable grounds between two walls of people. She had off her cap and had tossed down her honey-colored hair so that nobody would touch her, as they would have done had she been a man. A moment more and she was on the back seat beside me. As Peter turned his car swiftly, we heard a great cheer go up. . . .

ALL the way to Kandy Peter had said not one word. He said nothing now. Even Ada was quiet for the first half mile or so. But not for long.

"Mercy, how could you have done such a foolish thing!" she said, her high-pitched voice almost shrill. "Oh, you look so funny! Like a circus boy! How will you ever get that black off?"

Margaret made no reply. As to me, I was huddled in the corner of the car, quivering inside like, as I said awhile ago, a mold of half-set gelatin

We got back here before the others, and Margaret, still silent, dashed into the house and up to her room. I followed, of course. Just as we had removed the last of the soot from her face, we heard the others coming up the stairs, calling. As Margaret threw on her dress, I stepped in here and sat down on the stool by the little round window. I wanted very much to cry. I was still trembling all over with nerves. And still too amazed to scold her. . . . A breath of bruised spice flowers blew in at the little window and ruffled the thin curtains. In the bedroom about six people were speaking at once.

She had risked her life! How dared she? Madness! Bravery! Idiocy! Heroism! All were heaped upon her head. And then Margaret's voice, cool, detached.

"To one who knows the language of elephants in general and the idiosyncrasies of one in particular," she said, "it is not a difficult thing to master them. Moji's idiosyncrasy is that he loves a wholly black skin and wants the songs that Zack sings. I satisfied both for the moment. Besides, he was getting very hungry. And as to the other—I know elephants. My father was an animal circus owner. I spent half of the years with my father and the animals, and half in the convents. My 'sealed years,' as some have called them. As a child I rode elephants whenever the notion seized me. So, you see, I am a sort of—circus girl!"

Circus girl! Oh, those "upstanding aunts"!

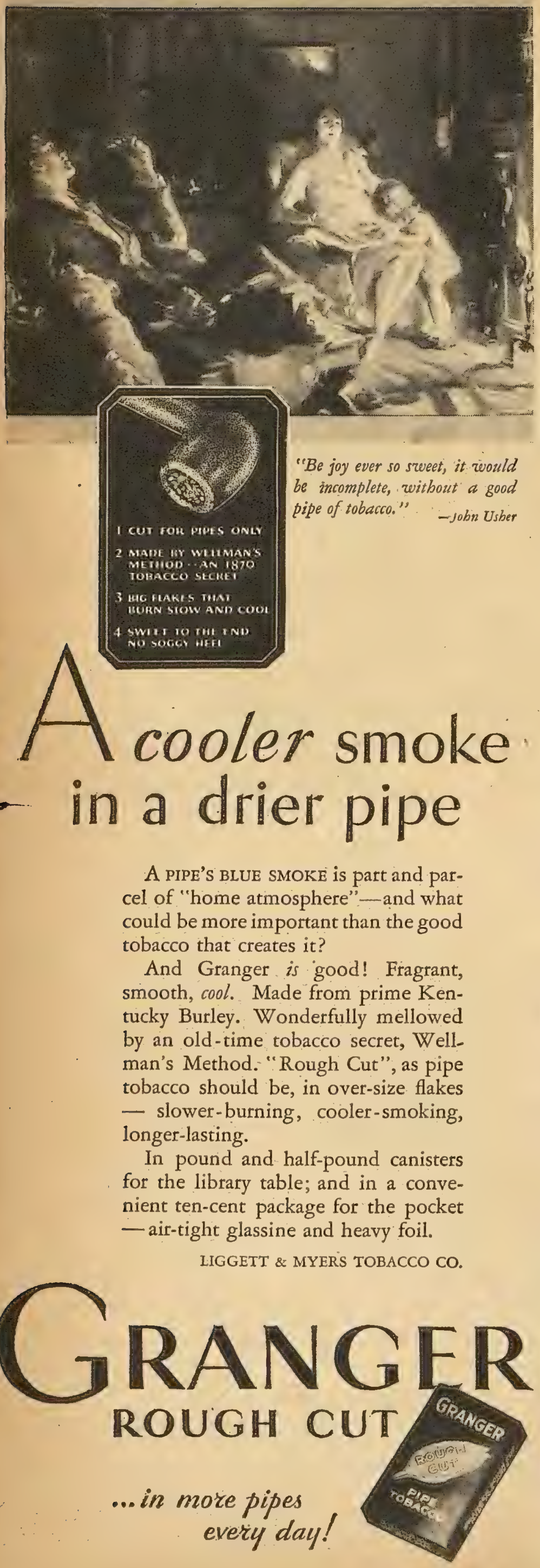
Suddenly Peter's arms seemed to be guiding the others out through the doorway and into the very small hallway.

Then he closed the door.

"Margaret"—his voice quavered like the quiver of a taut cello string—"Margaret, I died when I—found it was you—when I couldn't run down the crowd and—take you. It was like something sharp—cutting through my body!"

There seemed to be a moment of uncertainty. It was Margaret's thought that I felt, of course.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]


"Be joy ever so sweet, it would be incomplete, without a good pipe of tobacco." —John Usher

1 CUT FOR PIPES ONLY
2 MADE BY WELLMAN'S METHOD—AN 1870 TOBACCO SECRET
3 BIG FLAKES THAT BURN SLOW AND COOL
4 SWEET TO THE END NO SOGGY HEEL

A *cooler* smoke in a drier pipe

A PIPE'S BLUE SMOKE is part and parcel of "home atmosphere"—and what could be more important than the good tobacco that creates it?

And Granger *is* good! Fragrant, smooth, *cool*. Made from prime Kentucky Burley. Wonderfully mellowed by an old-time tobacco secret, Wellman's Method. "Rough Cut", as pipe tobacco should be, in over-size flakes — slower-burning, cooler-smoking, longer-lasting.

In pound and half-pound canisters for the library table; and in a convenient ten-cent package for the pocket — air-tight glassine and heavy foil.

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

GRANGER
ROUGH CUT

...*in more pipes every day!*

ON THE ROAD TO KANDY
Continued from page twenty-five

"Peter," she said, "you heard—about the circus life? You heard?"

"Yes, darling, I heard. But even so, how could you have risked your life—so precious!"

"Oh, Peter, Peter! But—Ada, Peter?" There were overtones of fright now in Margaret's voice. "I've seen how it is with you—and Ada, Peter. It's all right. I—mean to—to do what is right by you and Ada, Peter."

"Ada?" Something sounded in Peter's voice like a break-up. "You mean—you think Ada's got me? Darling, darling—"

I shouldn't, hidden as I was in here and overhearing, tell what he said then. Anyway, they could say no more, for downstairs there was a noise of cars chugging on the driveway, of doors opening and voices calling.

"Let's go down, dear," said Peter. "Sir John and Lady Rupert are here—and evidently others."

They went out the door. I got up and powdered my nose. I no longer wanted to cry, but I was and am still shaking inside. I wanted then to purr, like a cat on a warm pillow. I went downstairs for a few moments. I saw Ada fling herself up the stairs to her room. Then I came back. On second thought, I think it is the better policy to tell you what it was Peter said at the last. It was this:

"Darling, darling, Ada didn't get me—but she pretty nearly *got my goat!*"

As I write this the Georgia students, who have been served sweet toddy, have sent up another cheer:

"Rah! Rah! Rah!
On the road to Kandy!
Georgia! Georgia!"

. . . I started downstairs after I wrote the line above about the Georgia students, but I met Ada coming out of her room across the hall. Ada's positively uncanny at times.

"I'm going to ask somebody to mail this letter for me," she said. She looked as fresh as a buttercup. "It's to poor Jim. I haven't written to him for ages! I'm asking him to meet me at Marseilles the first of October. Wasn't Margaret just too brave for words! But of course one can understand it. . . ."

She went down the steps before me. The thin sound of the students' voices, cheering on the road to Kandy, came in through the stairway window:

"Rah! Rah! Rah!
Georgia! Georgia!"

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the modern name of the Hellespont?
2—What is septicæmia?
3—Who was the youngest President of the United States?
4—What metal is liquid at ordinary temperatures?
5—What English queen was the daughter of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn?
6—What is chlorophyl?
7—In what countries is the Rhone River?
8—Of what is putty made?
9—With what are the names Sheraton, Chippendale, Adam, and Heppelwhite associated?
10—How long is a chain, as a measure of length?
11—What is a soporific?
12—What is psychosis?
13—What is necrophobia?
14—How many hours difference between eastern and Pacific standard time?
15—What is quicksand?
16—In what part of the body is the thyroid gland located?
17—What country ceded territory to the United States in the Gadsden Purchase?
18—Are bacteria animal or vegetable organisms?
19—During whose administration was the Spanish-American War fought?
20—What Canadian province originally was called Acadia?

(Answers will be found on page forty)

The 5-Day Week

And How It Works on Liberty

The Experiment: Shorter Hours, Same Tasks, More Time to Play

By SHEPPARD BUTLER
Executive Editor

Pirie MacDonald photo
Sheppard Butler

SINCE the middle of May, 1929, the executive offices of Liberty in New York have been experimenting with the five-day week. That is to say, as far as possible each department has been closed on Friday night and has not been reopened until Monday morning.

The experiment was recommended by the Medill Council, a group of people of whom three are elected by the employees of Liberty and two are appointed by the management. Their recommendation was accepted, and when this appears in print the plan will have been given approximately seven months' continuous trial.

Inasmuch as working five days instead of six is a matter that interests almost everybody, Liberty presents herewith the views of its department heads in New York as to the results of the plan in their own organizations.

The problem of the five-day week for Liberty is somewhat different from that confronted by publications which have contracts negotiated directly with labor unions. Liberty's engraving, printing, and binding are done by firms which have union contracts and make their own terms with the unions according to prevailing scales and working hours. Liberty itself has no mechanical departments and no union labor. Its experiment has been conducted in New York only, and with office staffs only. Obviously it would not have been possible under different circumstances. It would not be possible if Liberty were a newspaper.

And complete Saturday closing has not been possible in all of Liberty's departments. In some it has been necessary to maintain skeleton forces for the transaction of Saturday business. This Saturday work has been rotated, however, the employees "taking turns" so that each is deprived only occasionally of his two-day week-end.

In the editorial department, for which I am directly responsible, the problem is a simple one.

The editorial department buys or prepares the stories, articles, and other features which make up the so-called editorial content and directs their arrangement and presentation in the pages of Liberty. This work does not vary with the seasons. There is precisely as much to be done in summer as in winter. The long-standing custom of Saturday closing in summer has therefore been carried over into the winter months without any special adjustment as far as the editorial department is concerned.

Experience showed us long ago that we did better work in five days than with an additional half day on Saturday. The necessity of "cleaning things up" on Friday night and the desire to prove that we could take Saturday off without hindering the march of events were twin incentives to be prompt, efficient, and fond of our jobs.

The printer, who always hounds the hapless editor for copy, had less occasion for hounding, and the general cheerfulness of the atmosphere was measurably increased.

In Advertising, a "Saturday Skeleton" Seems to Be Enough

By NELSON R. PERRY
Advertising Manager

Nelson R. Perry

THE duties of this department are to present the advertising merits of Liberty to advertising agencies and national advertisers with the purpose of securing their contracts for advertising space.

During the two summer months, July and August, the advertising department reported only from Monday to Friday. This procedure was inaugurated after we found that practically all the advertising agencies and other publications were closing down at this time. No complaints of this procedure have ever been received from agencies or national advertisers and to our knowledge there is no situation in which it has ever worked against the best interests of the company. During these two months, even though some few agencies and advertising departments have been kept open, in most cases it has been for cleaning up detail and not for the purpose of contacting or receiving publishers' representatives.

Since the middle of September the main office at New York has maintained a skeleton organization on Saturdays. By this is meant that the Advertising Manager or Eastern Advertising Manager has been on hand, together with one salesman, one secretary, and one office boy. This personnel makes it possible to render decisions immediately and officially, to receive calls or send out a salesman on any emergency situation, if one should occur. Each Saturday about two telephone calls on detail matters have been received. So far no calls have come in which necessitated sending out a salesman. Occasionally salesmen come in of their own accord, when a special situation has made a Saturday contact advisable. Because salesmen's remuneration is based chiefly on commissions and their own income is always at stake, it has never been found necessary to force any such contacts on them.

Occasionally one or two of the men have found it necessary to stay an hour or so after office closing time in order to clean up correspondence. This, however, is a normal situation even during a six-day week. Very few calls were ever made by the salesmen on Saturdays. Theoretically it was a day which was to be used by the salesmen to clean up their desks, but in reality very little actual work was ever accomplished.

Because the advertising department is run under continual high tension, it seems that the two-day holiday affords a worth-while break, and I believe the men are in much better mental and physical condition when they report on Monday. Holding them in the office until one o'clock Saturday generally spoiled the day for them for going out of town to outside golf courses and other recreation points.

Reports to date indicate that the five-day week for the department is working out successfully, but under no circumstances would I favor operating without a

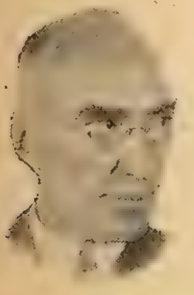
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE 5-DAY WEEK
Continued from page twenty-seven

complete skeleton organization capable of handling any emergency and making official decisions. With the skeleton organization I have described we have no record of any situation arising which has caused the five-day week to inconvenience accounts or make the department itself fail to function efficiently.

The Illustrators' Problem

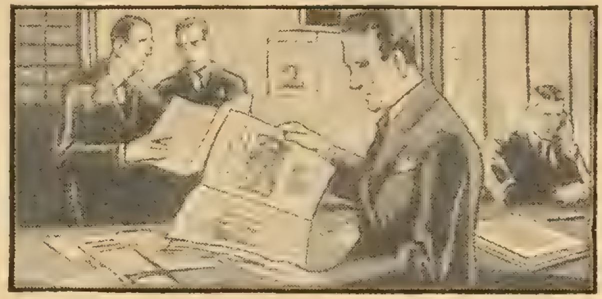
By M. B. ALESHIRE
Art Director



M. B. Aleshire

THE art department receives and reads the manuscripts of all articles and stories, assigns manuscripts to artists for illustration, and buys such photographs as may be needed to illustrate the articles. Sometimes as many as a thousand photographs are looked over in making a selection of five or six with which to illustrate one particular article.

After the material — photos and illustrations — is in, we make rough placement layouts. These are nothing more or less than rough sketches, drawn to scale, that combine art, type headings, blurbs, and captions together in the printed page. This stunt is what is called "making up the physical appearance of the page."



After the placement roughs are made they are turned over to the layout men and are then transcribed in terms of mathematical accuracy in duplicate—one set for the printer, another for the engraver. So that when the cuts are ordered and the type has been set up there is no overset or space to fill.

Liberty's stories and articles start on one page and continue on succeeding pages until the end of the story or article is reached—there are no jumps and continuations to the pages in the back of the book. Therefore, there is need for accuracy.

Our work is the highly organized handling of "peak load" piece work. We have five issues going through in various stages at one time. We are never through with one issue before we have started work on another.

When it was proposed to close the office on Saturdays the question was put to each man, "Are you willing to stay down any night and finish up when necessary and are you willing to do overtime?" All said yes. We now finish up by Friday night the work we used to wind up on Saturday at 1 P. M. and so far this has been accomplished with very little overtime work being necessary.

Getting Out the "Book"

By G. F. HAMBRIGHT
Production Manager

G. F. Hambright

THE production department makes up Liberty from a mechanical standpoint, and in conjunction with both the editorial and advertising departments places the various advertisements in the book. All advertising copy appearing in Liberty passes through this department, and all matters pertaining to copy, plates, electrotypes, follow-up of copy, printing, etc., are handled by us. The production department must also see that all mechanical dead lines of our compositors, engravers, electrotypers, paper manufacturers, and printers are observed and met by all parties and that Liberty is published and the deliveries of completed books made to the circulation department on schedule so that Liberty will be on sale each week on the release date. The production department finds that the five-day week has been successful so far as its own work is concerned. When we remained open on Saturday mornings there was a tendency on everyone's part to use this morning as a sort of clean-up day. Now the entire work is speeded up and our week is completed on Friday evening.

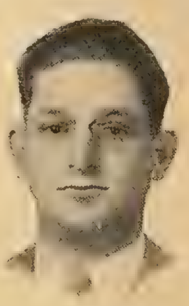
We have been given fine coöperation by the advertising agencies and a large majority of them get their material for advertisements to us by Friday night instead of Saturday noon. Previously, when we remained open Saturday mornings, it was noon, or closing time for our union composing room, before they received the material and Monday morning before it was worked on. Now that it is in their hands Friday evening a great deal of it is completed and returned to us in proof form the first thing Monday. This has been of considerable advantage in taking the peak load off the composing room the first part of the week and distributing it over the formerly slow week-end period. It has also helped to level out the electrotype foundry work. The employees of the production department are extremely grateful for the extra half holiday on Saturdays, and coöperate to the fullest extent by remaining some evenings if necessary or coming earlier in the morning.

As a safety factor, one executive of the department comes in every Saturday morning (except through the summer, when practically all our allied interests are also closed). During the last six months there has been only one occasion on which an emergency arose that needed an immediate decision on a Saturday morning.

Circulation Experience

By IVAN ANNENBERG
Manager, Dealer Sales Division

THE circulation department of Liberty directs the distribution of 2,500,000 copies a week. This distribution must be done in such a manner that simultaneously throughout the United States and Canada Liberty goes on sale Friday morning week after week.



Ivan Annenberg

The home office controls the activities of more than 100,000 news dealers, 30,000 boys, 1,500 distributors, and 500 salaried representatives who are important cogs in the distribution and sale of our 2,500,000 copies, and prepares promotion matter as well to make these workers' activities more fruitful.

Since the five-day week was inaugurated, Liberty has added 360,000 copies to its circulation, which entails greater office work than ever, yet the work goes on smoothly and capably.

The employees of the circulation department have proved by their work during the five-day week that the two-day holiday makes for greater efficiency, for more deftness in handling the work, for greater speed and understanding of the problems to be solved.

The five-day week was installed with the understanding that if the work could not be completed in five days employees would be obliged to come in and work Saturday. Yet, we have not found it necessary to take this step.

We maintain a skeleton force at the office Saturday to handle telegrams and important incoming telephone calls. This skeleton force is rotated so that a few different people are used each Saturday for this purpose and nobody is required to come in more than one Saturday in two months.

The five-day week has been a great success in the circulation department. It has created a great stimulus in the office and has increased efficiency to the best interests of the organization.

A Modern-Minded Idea

By GEORGE MORRIS
Director of Promotion and Research

THE functions of the promotion and research department are to prepare Liberty's own advertising for the sale of advertising space and for the promotion of circulation; to compile material for advertising salesmen and for advertising promotion covering circulation, markets, advertising records, trade surveys, etc.; to maintain mailing lists; and to handle the production of advertising material.

George Morris

In this department the five-day week has been a spur to increased effort over a shorter period of time. The plan apparently has worked out successfully. We have reduced waste motion, worked with greater enthusiasm, and have accomplished more without increasing the staff.

In production, the shortened week has resulted in actual speeding up of our work. Promotion material which formerly reached the printer Saturday noon, or later, now gets to him Friday night. Proofs which formerly would get back to us Tuesday or Wednesday now come in on Monday.

No person is ever asked to stay overtime to finish a job, for everyone takes it upon himself to complete his work, staying with it to the finish whether it means evenings, Saturdays, Sundays, or holidays. A capable representative of the department is in the office every Saturday, to take care of any matters that may come up.

It has been the aim of the promotion department to impress national advertisers with the fact that Liberty is the great exponent of changing times—the magazine of the modern-minded. Liberty's adoption of the shorter time schedule seemed to us an indication that Liberty is recognizing this change, not only externally in its relations with the reading public, but in the general conduct of our magazine.

In Dollars and Cents

By S. W. STUBBINGS
Secretary and Auditor

THE duties of the auditing department are to coöperate with and give service to all other departments, keep accounts, prepare financial statements, handle mail, prepare vouchers and pay rolls, and sign checks.

This department, operating on a five-day-week basis, is functioning smoothly. Our operations under this plan, however, are absolutely dependent upon what the editorial, advertising, production, and circulation departments do.

In our mail cage, we operate on Saturdays with a skeleton force only, with a view to covering any emer-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

The TONIC

Prescribed in 58 Countries

THE chief physician of a military hospital in Paris, the professor of surgery at a royal university in Milan, the head of a state clinic in Vienna . . . from all over the world, leading physicians write in praise of FELLOWS' Syrup. Based on their clinical experience with this fine old tonic, they scientifically report the gains scored by patients.

They tell of its efficiency in cases of nervous depression, and of recovery from wasting illness. They cite improvement in appetite, in restful sleep, in vitality and vigor both physical and mental. These are the reasons why physicians in 58 countries prescribe it.

If you are under par, on the border line between health and illness, or in need of a general builder, remember that FELLOWS' Syrup is unlike artificial stimulants, that it acts solely by replenishing the body's vital mineral elements in addition to supplying two dynamic ingredients. Your own family physician is probably among those who prescribe it.

FELLOWS' Laxative Tablets, a vegetable compound, are mild and effective.

John E Eremann M.D.
Rx
at each meal
OPEN CAREFULLY.
FELLOWS'
Compound
Syrup
THE TONIC

FELLOWS' SYRUP

WHY BALD At 40?

Lucky Tiger Corrects

Scalp Ailments and stops falling hair, like Whyte-Fox No. 2 knocks piles, head colds and skin irritations. Used and endorsed by millions. Money-Back Guarantee. A toilet necessity. Valuable booklet free on request. *At Barbers, Druggists, Beauty Parlors.*

Kansas City, Mo. Dept. E LUCKY TIGER REM. CO.

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.

The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

World's Lowest Priced Quality Home!

$493

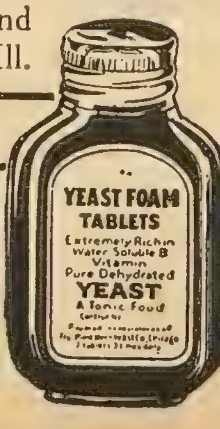
Buy direct from Mill at wholesale prices. Save $200 to $800. Price includes all lumber readi-cut, millwork, windows, doors, interior woodwork, hardware, roofing, glass, nails, paints, varnish and stains. All materials shipped in a sealed box car by **prepaid freight.** Safe arrival guaranteed.

BUILD IT YOURSELF

Aladdin's famous Readi-cut System saves 18% lumber waste and 30% labor cost. All lumber is cut-to-fit at the Mill on huge labor-saving machines, instead of on the job where labor and lumber waste costs dearly. Complete instructions and drawings enable you to build an Aladdin yourself if you are handy with tools.

FREE Catalog shows many designs in Homes, Summer Cottages and Garages. Overflowing with interest. A revelation to prospective home builders. Write for it **today.** No obligation. Address nearest office. Ask for Catalog No. 985.

THE ALADDIN COMPANY, Bay City, Mich.
Wilmington, N. C. • • **Portland, Ore.**



If you are run down....fagged out constipated, and in fact only half there

EAT YEAST MODERN IN FORM

"I'd like to eat yeast, but I can't stand the taste of it." If you are one of the thousands who have thought or said this, just try Yeast Foam Tablets and learn how good real yeast is. This yeast is pure, concentrated into easy-to-eat tablets, convenient to swallow, good to chew. No water, no starch, no other ingredients—just yeast. And high in its corrective powers.

Try these tablets for constipation, indigestion, skin disorders, "nerves," run-down conditions. There's nothing like them. That's why they are used by leading universities and by the U. S. Government. Send for free sample package and descriptive circular. Northwestern Yeast Company, 1750 North Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

ON THE AIR . . .

Every Wednesday 7:00 P. M. Central Standard Time, the melodious "Yeast Foamers," through N. B. C. Blue Network. Also Milwaukee, Duluth, Minneapolis. Tune in!

THE 5-DAY WEEK
Continued from page twenty-nine

gency which may arise and one mail is delivered to each department, provided someone is there to receive it.

The expense of this department has not been increased by this change. Under the five-day-week plan, our employees are not allowed overtime under any consideration. They have to be here the necessary hours to complete their work, should they be behind.

S. W. Stubbings

After analyzing our circulation pay rolls covering overtime, where there would be any possibility of increase, my findings show as follows:

During the period of March 2 to June 1, 1929, the amount of overtime paid was $198.99 for an average number of 43 employees; whereas during the period August 3 to October 26, 1929, covering an average number of 61 employees, no overtime was paid.

The change in other respects has not affected us, for the reason that our pay rolls have been prepared and salaries paid on Friday, each week, for the past three and a half years, so this has not created any more work.

More interest is being shown in this department and punctuality has improved 98 per cent. There are fewer absentees than we have ever had, which tends to increase efficiency and coöperation in our organization.

It is certain that our employees are appreciating being absent from the office on Saturday mornings, from the fact that they have performed the same and even more work during the past three months, and accomplished it more efficiently.

In conclusion, we venture to say: Saturday closing has been a great stimulus in this department, for when our employees came in Saturday morning and left at 1 P. M. they could not get home before 2 or 2:30, which completely spoiled the day.

Where Credit Is Due

By P. K. BROWN
Credit Manager

THE duties of this department are as follows: pass on credit of all advertising orders received; acknowledge these orders; record them and compile and maintain a record classified as to agencies and salesmen; render billing for advertising; operate the advertising ledger; figure salesmen's commissions; assist the research department in preparation of advertising figures; prepare a record of all western orders for the western office, etc.

This work has been carried on without interruption during the five-day-week period. There have been a few instances where it was necessary to spend an hour or so overtime at the close of the day. This time, however, was given without hesitancy by the employees as an expression of their appreciation of the time given them by the company on Saturdays. Without exception, the employees in my department appreciate the benefit of being off on Saturday, and I believe that they are willing to and do extend themselves during the five days so as to make this sixth-day holiday a possibility.

P. K. Brown

This department has been operated for the past ten months with four employees less than were previously employed.

It has been the policy of the advertising department to maintain a skeleton organization on Saturdays to take care of any advertising or agency matters that might arise. The employees in my department have been called on to augment this skeleton organization and have given their services without hesitation.

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

We've Heard That Kind

My boy was going to speak a piece in the Sunday-school entertainment.

"Be careful, dear, to speak with expression," I warned him.

On his return I asked him how he got along.

"Oh, mama! I used so much expression you could hardly hear the words," he told me.—Mary Bishop Ladd, 156-15 Kissena Blvd., Flushing, N. Y.

* * *

Just One of Those Things

Discussing with a woman recently (with her daughter, Linda, listening in) the lack of friendliness in a certain church, I stated no one had noticed me. A few days later I met Linda. She asked me if I had gone to prayer meeting Wednesday evening. Upon replying yes, she said, "Did anyone shake hands with you?" I said, "No, Linda."

She said, "Well, you will just have to get used to that kind of thing."—J. B. Irving, Hotel Roanoke, Roanoke, Va.

* * *

Clairvoyant?

Mr. Joyce was dead and his widow was standing by the casket while friends came in to offer sympathy. Pattie, who lived next door, knew they were saying something, but didn't know what.

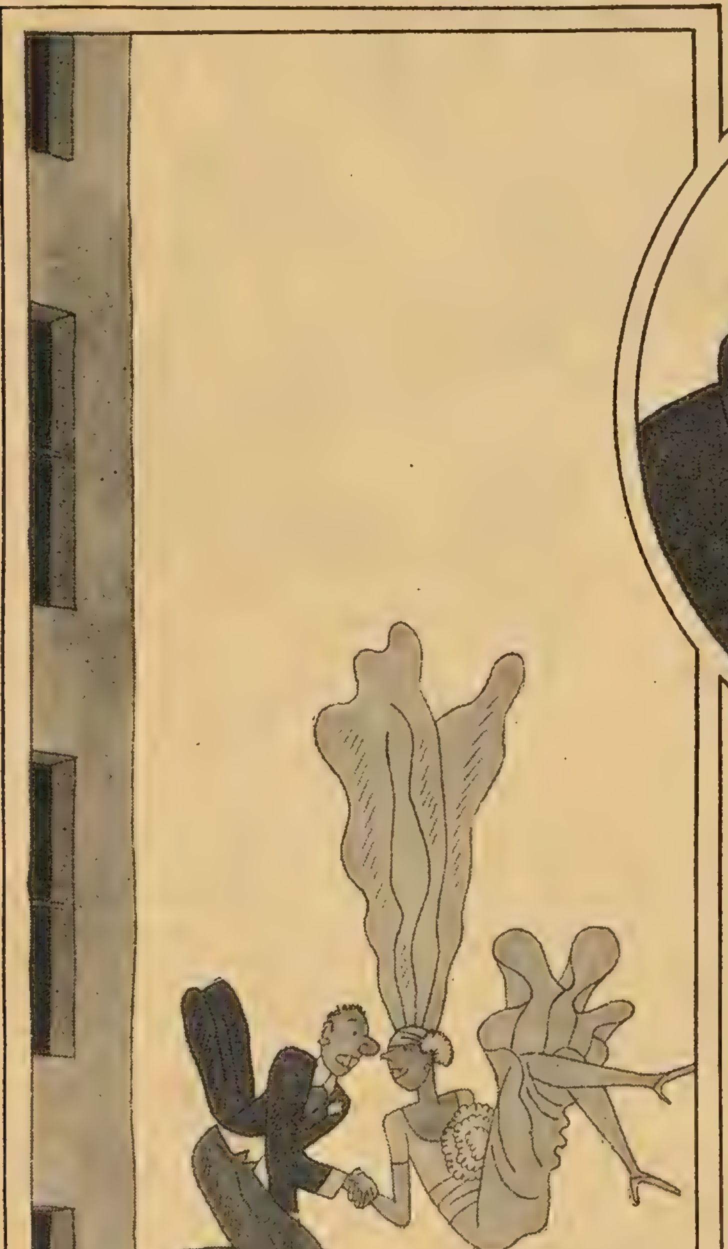
So, wishing to be polite, she too came to Mrs. Joyce. Giving her her hand, she said:

"Congratulations, Mrs. Joyce."—Mrs. Wm. Isenhower, 100 Wisconsin Ave., Oak Park, Ill.

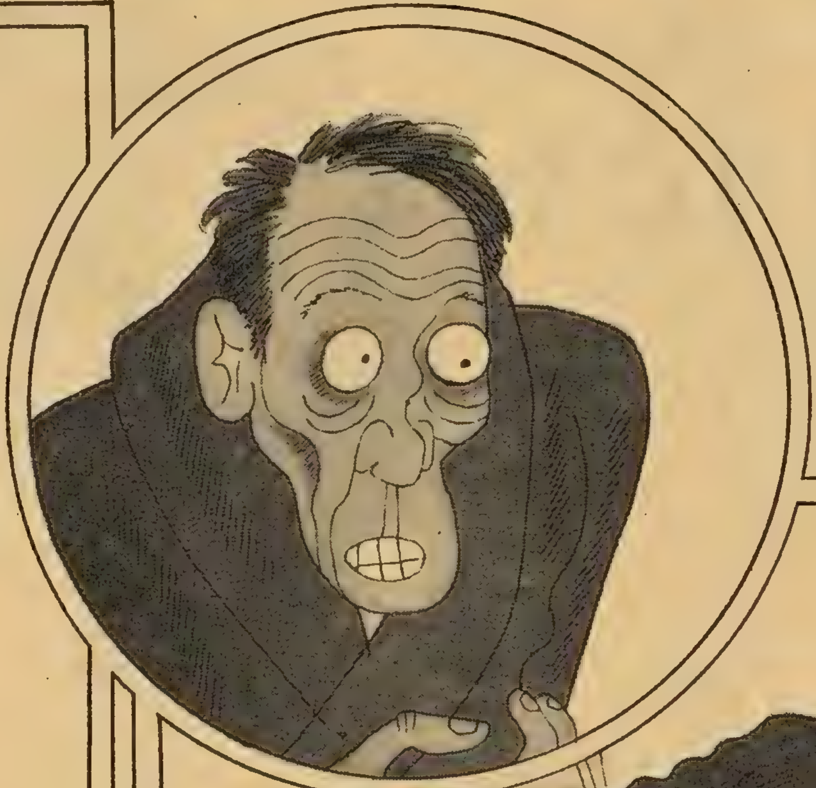
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

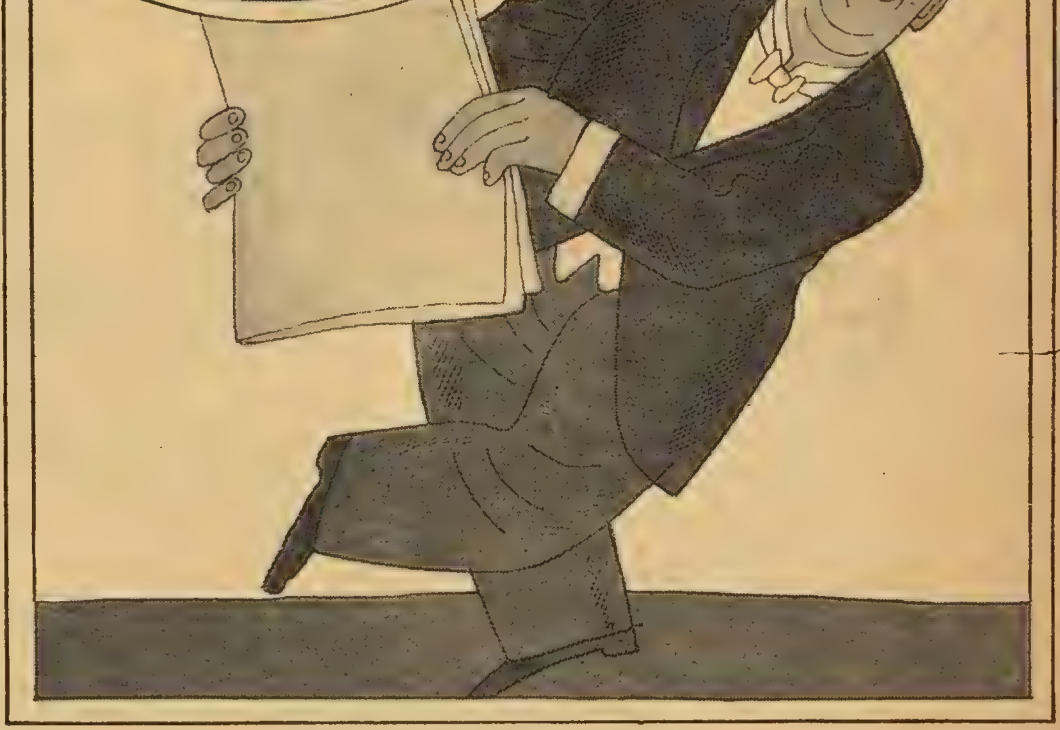
By RALPH BARTON



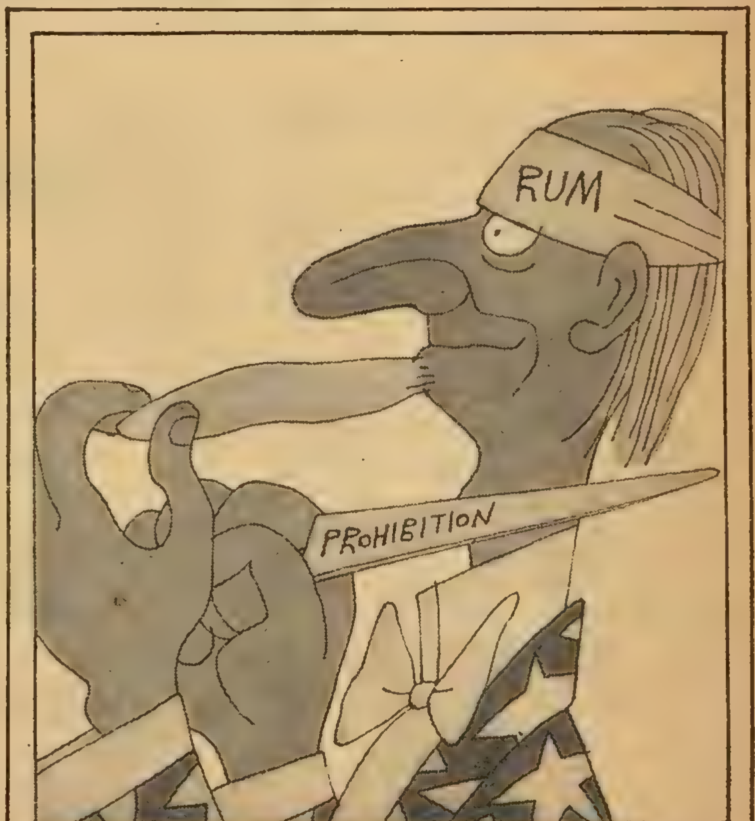
YOUNG MANHATTAN COUPLE go out for the World's Record Short-Duration Marriage.



BENEFICIAL RESULTS OF PLENTY OF EXERCISE IN THE OPEN AIR. Portrait of a college football player at the end of the season.



WILBUR G. VOLIVA of Zion City, only living man who knows that the world is flat, reads of Commander Byrd's flight along the edge.



UNCLE SAM GIVES THE WORLD A LESSON in the surest way to cure a headache.

The Movie Year in Review

A Tabloid Survey of People and Pictures in 1929

By

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald in The Love Parade.

Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe, with a double armful of "it," in The Cock Eyed World. Lily Damita is the "it."

FILM productions reviewed in Liberty in 1929: 175.

Stars allotted: 386 (one star meaning fairly good, two stars good, three excellent, and four extraordinary).

Average stars per picture: 2.2.

Thus the screen year of 1929 averages slightly better than good.

Four stars were given eight photoplays during 1929: The Love Parade, The Cock Eyed World, Welcome Danger, Bulldog Drummond, Hollywood Revue, In Old Arizona, Hallelujah, and The Passion of Joan of Arc.

The ten best of the three-star films (personal selection): The Lady Lies, They Had to See Paris, The Shopworn Angel, Alibi, Gentlemen of the Press, Half an Hour, The Letter, The Valiant, Drag, and Fashions in Love.

The twelve best box-office efforts of the year: The Cock Eyed World, Welcome Danger, In Old Arizona, Sunny Side Up, Rio Rita, The Trespasser, They Had to See Paris, Hollywood Revue, Broadway Melody, Show Boat, The Desert Song, and all of Greta Garbo's films.

The best selling stars at the end of the year: Greta Garbo, Harold Lloyd, Clara Bow.

Nearest to meteoric popularity: Maurice Chevalier, due to his work in The Love Parade, and John Boles, following his hits in The Desert Song and Rio Rita.

Players who disappeared during the twelve months: Emil Jannings, Thomas Meighan (despite his good voice), Lon Chaney (illness and refusal to do talkies), Baclanova (dialect trouble), Adolphe Menjou (because he couldn't get the stellar salary he wanted), and Camilla Horn (no spik English).

Three sharers of honors in the tense talkie, Bulldog Drummond: Lilyan Tashman, Joan Bennett, and the debonair Ronald Colman.

Most sensational hit of year: Bebe Daniels and the unveiling of her unsuspected voice in Rio Rita.

Most marked slipping: John Gilbert, bad microphone voice. Al Jolson, who seems to have exhausted the mammy-and-sonny appeal.

Most rapidly climbing: Nancy Carroll.

Holding steadiest through ups and downs of tough talkie year: Richard Barthelmess.

Most versatile player: Walter Huston, who did a newspaper man, a Western bad man, and a philandering lawyer in rapid succession—and all of them excellently. Second, Warner Baxter.

Most consistent good work: William Powell, George Bancroft (this lad is climbing!).

Biggest comeback: Gloria Swanson in The Trespasser.

Most praiseworthy performances of the twelve months: Maurice Chevalier in The Love Parade, Mlle. Falconetti in The Passion of Joan of Arc,

Mlle. Falconetti (with clipped hair) as Joan, in The Passion of Joan of Arc.

Greta Garbo.

Harold Lloyd.

Nancy Carroll.

Ruth Chatterton in Half an Hour, Warner Baxter in In Old Arizona, Nancy Carroll in The Shopworn Angel, George Bancroft in Thunderbolt, Richard Barthelmess in Drag and Young Nowheres, Jeanette MacDonald in The Love Parade, Paul Muni in The Valiant, Ann Harding in Paris Bound, Claudette Colbert in The Lady Lies, Jeanne Eagels in The Letter, Chester Morris in Alibi.

Most promising new faces: Miss Colbert (a star, if I ever saw one), Mona Maris in Romance of the Rio Grande, Joan Bennett in Bulldog Drummond, Loretta Young in Fast Life.

Nice work all year: Bessie Love, Marian Nixon, Gary Cooper, Richard Arlen, Lila Lee, Mary Nolan.

Most interesting directorial adventure: King Vidor's Negro study, Hallelujah.

In 1928 Vidor took first place under this head for his picture, The Crowd.

A scene in The Hollywood Revue.

BEST direction of year: Ernest Lubitsch, for The Love Parade; Vidor, as noted above; Richard Wallace, for The Shopworn Angel; Josef von Sternberg, for The Case of Lena Smith and Thunderbolt; Richard Jones, for Bulldog Drummond; Raoul Walsh, for The Cock Eyed World; Edward Griffith, for Paris Bound; and Roland West, for Alibi.

Best single musical interlude: Turn on the Heat, in Sunny Side Up.

Best movie songs of 1929: Singing in the Rain, in Hollywood Revue; The Wedding of the Painted Doll, in Broadway Melody; Aren't We All, in Sunny Side Up; The Pagan Love Song, in The Pagan; and Weary River, in the film of that name.

Most concentrated "it" of 1929: Claudette Colbert as the mistress of the penthouse haven of The Lady Lies.

Warmest love scene: Ina Claire and Henry Daniel in the boudoir reconciliation moments of The Awful Truth.

Tenderest love scene: Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in Lucky Star.

Best original screen story: Edmund Goulding's The Trespasser.

Best adaptation: The Love Parade, by Ernest Vajda and Guy Bolton.

Best camera moment: The superimposed ballet of Paris Bound.

Best comic moments: Harold Lloyd in the Dragon's den of Welcome Danger. Secon
Buster Keaton as a soldier of the c
South in Spite Marriage.

Best talkie speaking voices: Ro
ald Colman, Maurice Chevali
Richard Barthelmess.

Best singing voices: Bebe Da
iels and John Boles.

The tragedy of 1929: Death
Jeanne Eagels.

The year's vogue in storie
Hoofers with breaking hear
cabaret hostess
with breakin
hearts, song wri
ers with breakin
hearts.

Next year'
Costume drama
with the gad
zooks and odd
bodkins spoke
into microphone
More song-anc
dance revues.

Things that di
appointed me mo
in 1929:

The departu
of Emil Jannin
to the fathe
land.

Eric von Str
heim's acting
The Great Gabb
and the fact tha
his directorial g
nius is going
waste.

That they ma
little Janet Ga
nor sing.

THE END

Warner Baxter and Dorothy Burgess in the romantic talkie, In Old Arizona.

The Jersey Lily

The Life Story of the Lovely Langtry

By

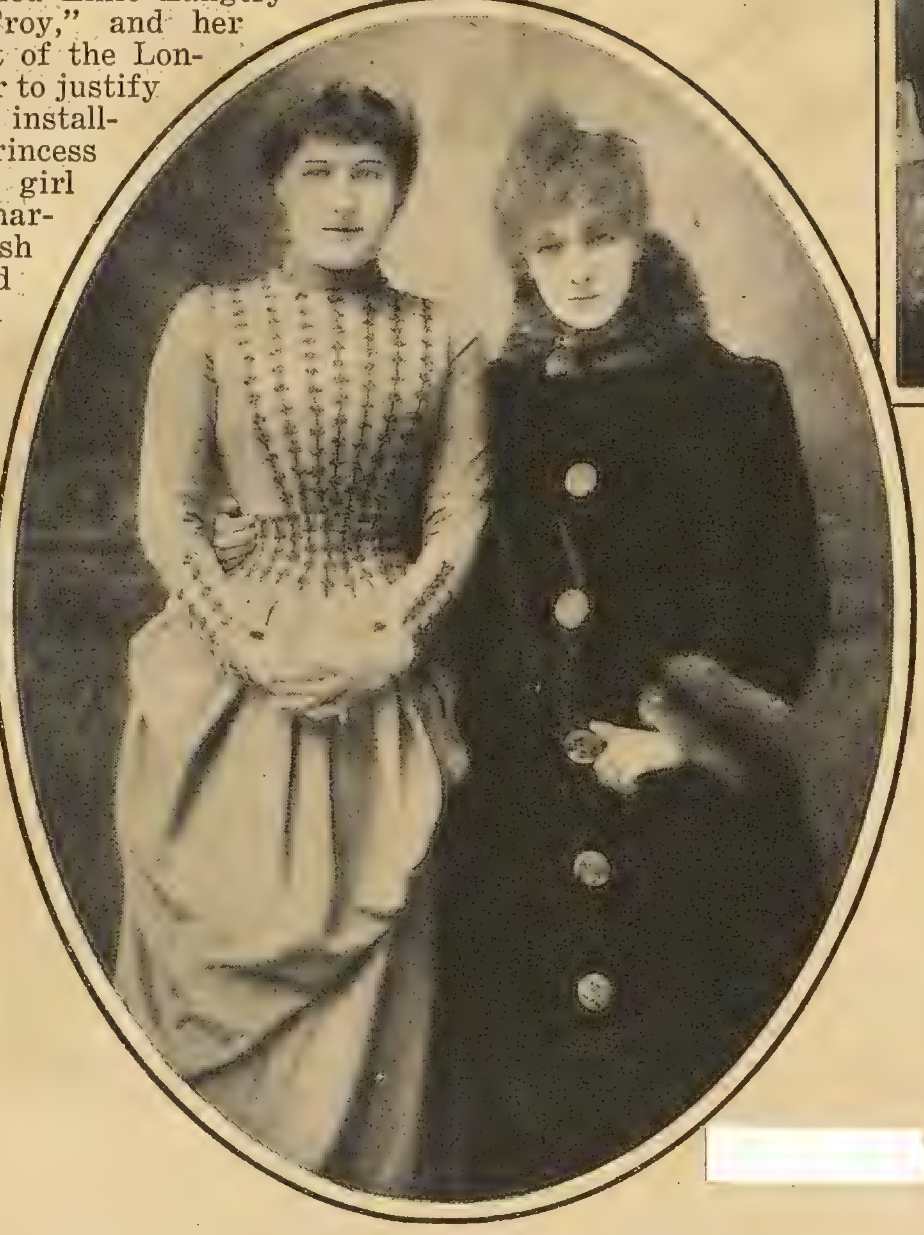
PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

Lillie's drawing-room in London
Notice the framed photograph o

A POET, Oscar Wilde, called Lillie Langtry "the new Helen of Troy," and her eauty's sensational conquest of the Lonon of fifty years ago went far to justify ne comparison. In previous installnents of this biography Princess ropotkin has told how this girl rom the island of Jersey, maried at nineteen to an Irish ountry gentleman, enchanted he Old-World metropolis on ght—and captivated royal, with the result that, when iscarded, she found herself otorious and bankrupt. In ast week's installment Henietta Hodson, a resolute riend in need, took charge f her and, by main trength, made an actress f her. After a successful tage début in London, she ame to the United States, here she proved a good x-office attraction and on formed a profitable if andalous friendship with n American millionaire lubman, "Freddy" Gebard.

PART FOUR

THE SQUIRE'S "WHITE LADYE"



Lillie Langtry with Sarah Bernhardt, the great French actress, who was one of her few women friends.

N his novel, *Mlle. Dax, Jeune Fille,* Claude Farrère, the French author, lls of the life of a well ducated girl of the respectle middle class who beomes a courtesan. Most nteresting is this record of he development of the eroine's taste and personlity as she acquires and reflects the tastes of her different overs.

So Lillie Langtry acquired various tastes through her concts with the men who attracted her.

Her open-air life with her madcap brothers in Jersey left a asting fondness for the country. From Edward Langtry came er love of yachting. Royalty left its mark on her inclinations several ways, a snobbish predilection for high society being erhaps the strongest, though her desire for variegated knowldge was also a legacy from that experience. But Lillie's taste r money came from her association with Gebhard. In merica Lillie sampled for the first time all the luxury and randeur that lavish extravagance can create.

There is no doubt that somewhere in her active brain Lillie egistered a vow to secure for herself real comfort and financial ecurity—a resolve which from this time on she carried out xtremely well, acquiring money in diverse ways. Her actual arnings from the theater were, on the whole, ably invested, though she did miss making millions from New York real estate.

Lillie's level business head, and her power of cool calculation, impressed Sarah Bernhardt. When the great French actress heard that Lillie was about to embark on a stage career, she made this comment: "With that chin of hers she will go far." Sarah foresaw how Lillie would turn to account all the opportunities with which the stage provides lovely women.

THE mutual admiration of these two women—the one famous as a truly great actress, the other chiefly as a great beauty—is a pleasant page in Lillie's history, for her friendships with women were rare. It is hard to blame her for this, for she showed herself extremely loyal to the few women friends whom she had. Her appreciation of Bernhardt was unstinted.

Lillie herself, with her tiny waist and abundant shoulders, was the perfect figure of her period. Not so Sarah, who was emaciated to the extreme, refused to wear corsets, and had the lithe movements of today. It is much to Lillie's credit that she realized the grace and elegance of a woman whom many considered ugly.

In summing up her opinion of Sarah's looks, Lillie reveals her own estimate of beauty. "Like all true beauty," wrote Lillie, "it did not blaze upon one's vision, but grew upon acquaintance. And hers, being a combination of intelligence, of feature, and of soul, remained with her until the end of her life." In those words of Lillie's one can almost detect a hint of veiled resentment toward such beauty as may "blaze upo one's vision."

It is a fact that Lillie felt some bitterness about her own beauty. People were inclined to treat her as a spectacle. Too intelligent to miss this attitude, when she became an actress Lillie exhibited a stubborn and almost fanatical resolve to wring appreciation for her ability in emotional parts.

t the height of her magnificence. her that stands on the end table.

olerance or even praise which as accorded on the ground that e was beautiful to behold became more distasteful to her than adverse criticism of her performance.

From the beginning of her theatrical venture in America she worked incessantly to improve her acting. Her second season showed gratifying results. The critics meted out some encouragement and praise. Belasco, who met Lillie soon after her arrival here, remembers her attitude in this matter very well.

"The critics held the key to her happiness," he said in an interview. "If the criticisms were good, she sang with happiness. If there was a single unfavorable one among them, her day was clouded and gray."

LILLIE'S lack of preoccupation with her looks, her disdain of preening before the mirror—what other famous beauty ever ignored the looking-glass?—and her dislike of cosmetics are among the greatest proofs of her intelligence. This refusal to rest on the laurels of her beauty—a freak of fate, so she considered it, not a personal achievement—sets a unique record in the history of famous loveliness.

In her deep old age, the remarkable preservation of Lillie's looks was due in no small measure to her active and brilliant mind. In a day when health was the most ignored asset to beauty, Lillie—far ahead of her epoch—realized to the full the paramount importance of abstemiousness in eating and drinking, just as she realized the value of air and exerc

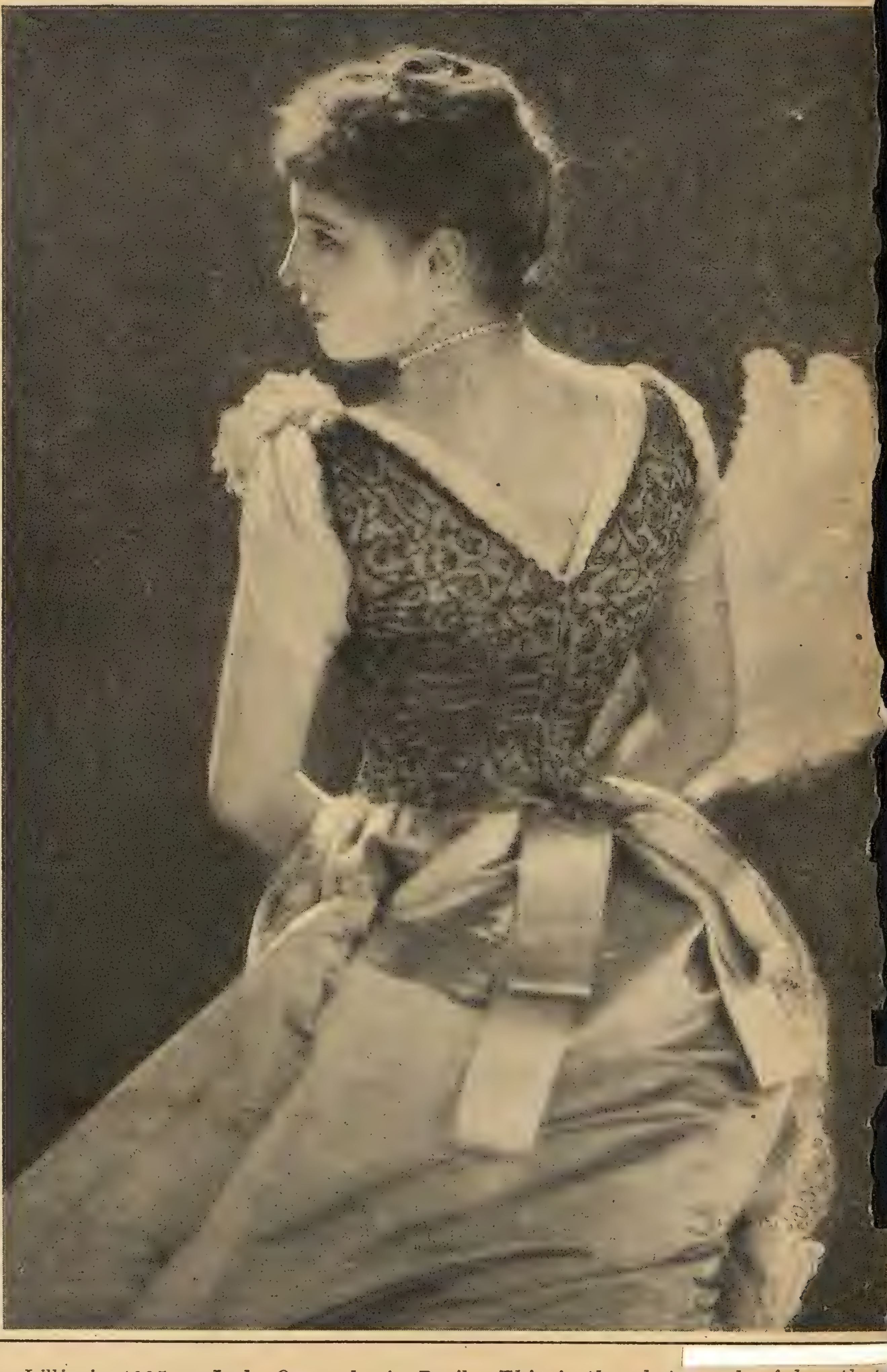
"Woman's beauty," said Lillie once, "is measured to a great extent by her tality—by her health. The foundation of every successful life is good health." S was her somewhat arbitrary dictum.

By the time she was fifty she had discovered the assistance thought could give preserving youth. Her secret recipe for youth—"the profoundest secret of keep my looks," as she called it—"is that I have learned to keep my thoughts young." rules for living, she gave these: "Work, sunshine, exercise, water, and soap. Pla nourishing food. Lots of fresh air, and a happy, contented spirit. There is working rule for youth. Youthful spirits and youthful looks."

Though it demanded a certain spiritual state, that working rule by no means ne lected physical methods.

Lillie's day began at 8 A. M.—an almost unchangeable habit, this. When she to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Lillie in 1885 as Lady Ormonde, in Peril. This is the photograph of her that appears in the accompanying picture of her drawing-room.

THE JERSEY LILY
Continued from page thirty-five

racing and owned stables, she often rose before seven. maid brought her a cup of China tea and one piece of asted bread. Sometimes the cup would contain choco- e, never coffee. This light breakfast she took in bed. uring its consumption she read her mail and glanced rough the morning papers. Upon rising, she performed rious exercises for thirty or forty minutes—a habit quired in America. After this—brr!—straight into bathtub full of ice-cold water! Summer and winter! nd she loved it.

As demonstrated by Lillie, the results certainly were iraculous. Following such an exhibition of what, to st women, must seem like superhuman courage, she essed leisurely. In recounting her habits she stressed e importance of leisure in dressing. Relaxation during at process she considered infinitely more beneficial an haste and strain. But leisure to her never meant nseless dawdling.

Her ritual of beautification was the simplest. Water d bland soap for the face at night. Ice-cold water and dust of powder in the morning. Even when make-up came almost as necessary as clothes, Lillie used it but tle. As to face creams, a cleansing cream during the y was the only one she favored. Her beautiful hair ither knew nor needed irons. It was naturally wavy. d, though a maid brushed it, Lillie herself arranged —taking less than five minutes to do so.

Never a woman of the negligée habit, she dressed mediately after her toilet was complete. Sensibly wned, wearing short skirts long before other women eamed of them, Lillie went for a morning walk shod in v-heeled walking shoes. Her walk might cover any stance upward from five miles. She could accomplish enty miles with ease. Ten was a usual jaunt.

Lillie's meals were extremely simple. They were gov- ned neither by fad nor by predilection, unless her dis- e of elaborate dishes be classified as such. And— ange as it may seem in one who lived as lively a life Lillie—late hours were taboo. An eight to nine hour ep she considered essential for her health and looks. ll my life," she told a friend, "I have never been able keep awake late at night."

spite all her traveling, she naged always to get her pre- ribed amount of sleep. A less ethodical woman could never ve maintained such a rigid utine of life, for during each her American tours Lillie red between 50,000 and ,000 miles.

ER first American visit— broken by a couple of short ps to England—lasted five ars. Many interesting ex- riences fell to her lot in merica, but none more flat- ring than that of having a wn named in her honor.

A Canadian, one Roy Bean, nderer and adventurer, fted into southern Texas ia Mexico. He it was who unded this town. As the t settler, he had the right name it. He called the town gtry, after his ideal of ely womanhood. Mr. Bean's town throve, and when Southern Pacific Railroad came that way, Langtry, exas, got a station. Roy Bean wrote to Lillie, urging er to visit the place. In her answer Lillie deferred the isit, but expressed a wish to present the town with a inking fountain as a token of her gratitude for the nor accorded her.

Bean's reply was prompt: "Come some other time, ut fountains are no use around here. The only thing don't drink in Langtry is water."

lie's tour brought her within easy dista of Langtry, Texas, and a stop-off there was arranged. The town turned out in force to welcome her. Roy Bean was no longer living, but a huge, red-bearded citizen elected to add warmth to what he considered too much formality. "I guess what she'd like is what all the girls like, and that's for someone to kiss her," said Red Beard. "I got a good mind to do it myself," he added, stepping forward. But at that moment Roy Bean's pet bear escaped during the ceremony of being presented to Lillie, and created a diversion which saved her.

Langtry, Texas, differed in no way from a thousand other one-horse western townlets, except that it had a "Jersey Lily" saloon, made famous by Judge Roy Bean's own method of administering justice. Here he reached such classic decisions as fining a dead traveler forty dollars—found in one of the corpse's pockets—for illegal possession of a pistol found in another pocket. The revolver with which Roy Bean had kept civic order was presented to Lillie, appropriately inscribed. Through later years this weapon always hung on the wall of her home in a place of honor.

NOT everywhere, however, was Lillie so welcome as in Langtry. There were people to whom she was a "scarlet woman," to be driven and harried as such.

This campaign against Lillie did not start until many years later—until the late '90s, in fact—when her name had been linked with the names of many men besides Gebhard. At that time she was presenting The Degenerates, a play by Sydney Grundy, depicting the life of the smartest, fastest London set. Scandalous, The Degenerates was considered. It was milk and water, of course, compared with even the mild plays of today, but it afforded an excellent opportunity for attacking Lillie, whose life, some said, it represented.

Philadelphia crusaded to special distinction in this matter. One Philadelphia newspaper published an article in which Lillie was criticized through the medium of opinions on the play. These criticisms appeared under such headings as: What a Pure American Woman Thought. What a Mother of Innocent Children Thought. What a Minister of the Gospel Thought. And so on.

Instead of starting a libel action—which Lillie's lawyer advised—she and her able manager, Edward Michael, thought out a much subtler plan. Michael was dispatched to New York to invoke the aid of the Herald, whose owner, James Gordon Bennett, was a friend of Lillie's. Seeing good copy in the row, the Herald editor fell in with the plan. The subtlety lay in the fact that Clement Scott, the English dramatic critic whom the Herald invited to defend Lillie, had already cut her play to ribbons in a criticism he had written of it in England. Scott accepted the invitation, and promptly lashed himself into a fury of indignation at such unjust methods as those pursued by the Philadelphia paper.

The Haymarket Theater in London, of which Lillie was at one time lessee.

His defense of Lillie in the Herald turned sentiment in her favor throughout the country. "You can lead American audiences, but you cannot drive them," was Lillie's comment on this experience.

Upon no other of her American days did she look back later with such pleasure as she did upon those spent on the ranch in California which she and Freddy Gebhard acquired jointly during her first visit.

The purchase of the ranch—a costly investment—was prompted, so Lillie declared, by a desire to make money. Not only did she and Gebhard believe the land would increase in value: their project also included breeding ble race horses. A reason equally potent, though unadvertised, was Lillie's desire to establish an American residence with a view to instituting divorce proceedings against Edward Langtry. This she did, but the action was opposed by Langtry, so that she did not obtain her decree till several years later, when the possibility of marrying Gebhard had fizzled out.

The ranch was situated in Lake County, California, near Calistoga. It comprised some 7,000 acres in all, with lush grasslands, mountain heights, peach orchards, and an excellent vineyard. Two houses were built—for Mr. Gebhard a Moorish-Mexican hacienda, for Mrs. Langtry a ten-room cottage called The Homestead.

"Freddy" Gebhard.

All the building operations were supervised by "Doc" Abbey, an able ranch overseer and horse trainer, who had charge of the entire place. Nominally, Lillie owned 4,200 acres, Freddy the rest. However, there was no line dividing the property, which cost over $125,000 all told.

About $60,000 more was invested in horses. Gebhard donated the famous St. Xavier, and Lillie supplied Friar Tuck, a piece of horseflesh almost equally celebrated. Besides these, there were some thirty brood mares from Kentucky.

EVERYTHING was ready and set in order on the ranch, and Lillie and Gebhard started on their way there for a visit. Ahead, to prepare for their arrival, went Beverly, Lillie's imported English butler—a superperfect specimen of the imperturbable British manservant.

Beverly was a regular Ruggles of Red Gap. His determination never to venture out of doors, afoot or on horseback, without his correct derby hat, created a sensation among the cowboys. Lillie found on her arrival at the ranch that they were infinitely more interested in Beverly than in herself. Beverly fascinated them. Perhaps he also told them tales of Lillie's London life, for the ranch mascot—a bulging-eyed goat of gay temperament, previously known as Billy—was renamed His Royal Highness.

Lillie thoroughly enjoyed her primitive life on the ranch. Arrayed in shirt and breeches—forty years ago, this—she rode from morning till night exploring the property. But, while she took to the free life in the open as a fish to water, she remained as British as Beverly. To the profound wonder and amusement of the cowboys, both Lillie and Beverly dubbed as "poachers" all who fished or shot game on the estate, even when the spoils were presented to them as gifts.

This visit to the ranch lasted only a couple of weeks, for Lillie had to continue her tour. A projected visit some years later never materialized, owing to a tragic accident. A trainload of horses with which Doc Abbey was preceding Lillie to the ranch fell through a trestle bridge into the stream below. The accident occurred at Shohola Glen, Pennsylvania. Lillie rushed there in a special train from her country home at Long Branch, New Jersey. She found Doc Abbey with an arm broken and a leg broken. He had fallen into a pool of water, with a horse, St. Xavier, lying across his broken limbs in a tangle of débris. For hours Abbey had lain there helpless, petting the horse to quiet it until relief came.

Iole, a $50,000 animal, was killed, and in all $300,000 worth of horses perished in the wreck. Lillie remained to nurse Abbey and others in an improvised hospital. Tender, kind, and efficient, she exhibited a devotion which her patients never forgot.

"I've known one angel on earth," said Abbey, after the break-up of the ranch, "and that was Mrs. Langtry."

From that accident dated the beginning of bad luck

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THE JERSEY LILY
Continued from page thirty-seven

for the ranch. An enormous amount of money was sunk and lost in it, chiefly by Gebhard, who eventually quarreled with Doc Abbey. The auguries of the fatal journey which ended at Shohola Glen were ominous enough—the train had thirteen cars, the engine was No. 13, and the trip had started on the 13th of the month.

For the rest of his life Abbey touched no food on the 13th, keeping that day as a day of sorrow and fasting.

Lillie never visited the ranch again. Though she and Gebhard owned it for nine years in all, they drifted apart long before they at last disposed of the property, Freddy to marry a Baltimore belle, Lillie to startle London by new extravagances greater than any she had achieved in America.

Finally the ranch was sold for considerably less than it was worth. It became a grain farm. Now only golden corn plumes wave where a perfect miniature race track once flaunted the Langtry-Gebhard colors—and where vineyards bore purple fruit for that wine which carried Lillie's picture on every bottle. (It is said that some of the vintage still exists under government bond.)

Lillie maintained that she had lost a large sum of money through the ranch. But her savings about this time were estimated at half a million dollars—a goodly fortune to have amassed in five short years. Gebhard was certainly the poorer after his devotion to Lillie. His rôle in her life can be summed up in a phrase she once uttered during her association with him.

"Men," she said, "are born to be slaves."

She was to find that there are exceptions to all rules.

Lillie Langtry as she appeared in As in a Looking-Glass.

At a supper party almost immediately after her return to London, Lillie met Abingdon Baird, one of England's richest and wildest young bachelors.

"Squire" Baird was one of the few Scotch spendthrifts on record. Son of an Ayrshire ironmaster, besides properties in four Scotch counties Abingdon Baird inherited a fortune variously estimated at anywhere from $25,000,000 to $30,000,000. In his prodigal hands an odd five millions was of little consequence. A hard drinker, a hell-raker of the old Georgian school, more ruffian than gentleman, his closest associates were hostlers, jockeys, boxers, and the toughest of sports. A backer of prize fights, a lover of horses and of women, he had for his best friend a certain Sir George Chetwynd, a former companion of Edward Langtry's. Rumor credited Sir George with being Lillie's first unconventional flame. And it seems likely that he introduced Baird to her.

So brief and to the point were the Squire's methods of transacting business that they are remembered even to this day.

One night Chetwynd gave a dinner in his very charming Mayfair house. Baird took a liking to the house. He liked everything in it. He liked it so much that he wanted it—and right away, too.

"How much?" he asked his host.

"Go to the devil!" said Sir George.

"How much?" Baird repeated—and went on repeating the question until Chetwynd named an exorbitant price.

"Done," said the Squire. "Let's have an agreement."

There at the dining table Sir George, Baird, and their companions drew up a document. The terms stipulated (1) that upon receiving Baird's check Sir George should leave the house; (2) everything on the premises to stand exactly as it was; (3) Baird to remain as full owner and master. This program was carried out to the letter. Chetwynd pocketed the check and walked out. Baird and the others embarked upon an all-night carouse.

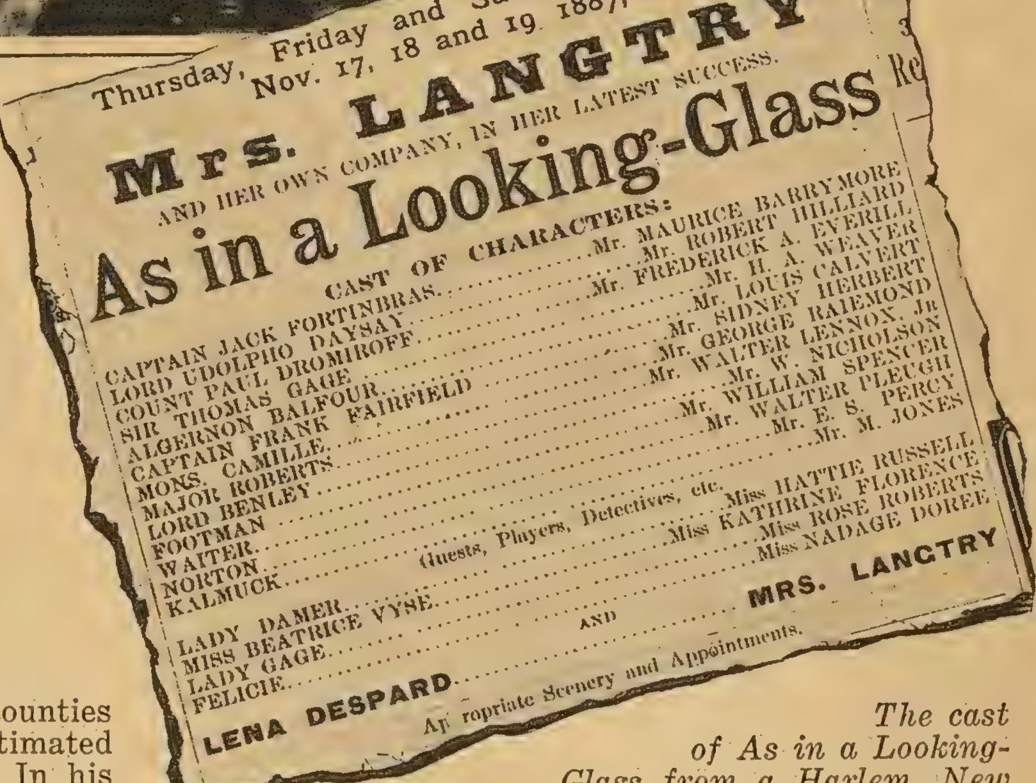
Late next day Baird awoke in a strange room. In answer to his bell his own valet appeared.

"Where the devil am I?" queried the Squire.

"At home, Squire, in your own house," answered the valet.

Baird flew into a rage. "What the hell do you mean?" he roared. "This ain't my bed!"

The poor valet had a bad half hour reviving Baird's memory of the preceding evening.



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ALGERNON BALFOUR.......Mr. LOUIS CALVERT
CAPTAIN FRANK FAIRFIELD.......Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT
MONS. CAMILLE.......Mr. GEORGE RAIEMOND
MAJOR ROBERTS.......Mr. WALTER LENNOX, Jr
LORD BENLEY.......Mr. W. NICHOLSON
FOOTMAN.......Mr. WILLIAM SPENCER
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FELICIE.......Miss NADAGE DOREE

AND

LENA DESPARD.......MRS. LANGTRY

Ap ropriate Scenery and Appointments.

The cast of As in a Looking-Glass from a Harlem, New York City, theater program of 1887.

Baird's amorous exploits were many and expensive. For eloping with Dolly Tester, a former ballet dancer, he paid her husband, the noble Marquis of Aylesbury, $500,000 damages. He went to court once as corespondent in a divorce suit, and again as the defendant when a notorious demimondaine sued him for knocking her down.

Tall, somewhat florid of complexion, famous as a boxer and sprinter, Baird was a handsome male.

"The finest horseman I ever saw," Lillie called him.

He fell for Lillie the moment he beheld her. All that first evening he stayed at her elbow, wooing tempestuously, as was his manner. So overwhelming and rapid were his methods that Lillie escaped from the party by a ruse and rode home unaccompanied in a hired hansom cab. Yet she liked Baird. Only, her liking was tinged with fear. An entirely new sensation for her.

What she saw in this big, coarse man is hard to say. Perhaps the very fact that she would never make a slave of him appealed to her. She might profit by his lavish gifts—she meant to; but to gain her ends she must wheedle this man. Rule him as she had ruled Gebhard, she never would. He would dominate her brutally, by the power of his masculinity.

As a lover Baird attracted Lillie enormously. His great fortune made her whim doubly pleasant. On the other hand, while Lillie's position in society was extremely doubtful already, companionship with Baird and his wild friends would do her no good.

Thus Lillie argued when Baird pressed his courtship. But if Lillie was shrewd, he was honest. He loved written agreements. And the strangest of pacts was drawn up before he set forth to accompany Lillie on her tour in the provinces.

According to their paper—which was signed by witnesses and deposited with a lawyer—Baird agreed to deposit £2,000 to Lillie's credit in her bank before they started on their journey.

Unorthodox as their relationship may have been, there were valid reasons for it. Baird wanted to marry Lillie. Unfortunately for this project, her several attempts to divorce Langtry while in America had been unsuccessful. Langtry opposed them on the ground of his nonresidence in the United States. And in Jersey there is no divorce. So began Lillie's affair with Baird.

FOR several years London hummed with choice titbits of gossip about them. Lillie led a life of great extravagance, and paid for it—so evil tongues averred—by getting her eyes blacked when she displeased the Squire.

A one-time groom of Lillie's drew a picturesque sketch of her as she was in those days.

" A real lady," John pronounced her; " for her scent fair took me breath away, so it did, when I used to 'elp her into the carriage."

The house in Eaton Square was run on a grand scale. " Servants running about like rats, and French poodles with ' L. L.' marked on their backs," to quote John again.

" She could fascinate any man, she could," he declared, " but her own 'ead was screwed on tight enough. We 'ad the finest cattle ever trotting in London. Eight 'undred guineas the Squire paid, at Blackman's in the Brompton Road, for the prettiest pair of bays you ever laid eyes on. Me lady was that stuck on them she'd come and rub their coats with 'er white kid glove to make sure they'd been groomed proper."

The Lily in Sydney Grundy's play The Degenerates, which scandalized puritanic theatergoers of its time.

Baird showered gifts on Lillie—jewels, race horses, money. But the costliest gift she received from him was the famous 750-ton yacht, the White Ladye, valued at £35,000. The most palatial yacht afloat at that time, it had been built for Lord Ashburton and purchased from him by Baird. Lillie wanted that boat very badly, but seemed out of luck, for Baird refused to part with it. Then came a quarrel between the lovers. A bad quarrel—so bad that Lillie fell ill as a result of Baird's manhandling, so her friends asserted. In plain language, it was said that he had beaten her up.

Lillie lay ill with peritonitis. For several days her life was despaired of. The Squire was frantic. He haunted the house. He threatened to fight the doctor who would not let him see Lillie. He vowed he would kill himself if she died. He raved and raged until she was on the road to recovery. Then he saw her and threw himself on his knees, begging her pardon. Love and repentance prompted him to present her with the White Ladye—and to add an enormous sum of money.

So Lillie got the yacht for her own, one of the greatest wishes of her life being thereby gratified. By the ribald, the White Ladye was referred to thereafter as the "Black Eye."

Baird, it is said, spent over half a million dollars a year on Lillie. He is supposed to have run through twenty millions in eight years.

Always lavish and careless with his money, he had a habit of carrying large sums of cash in his pockets—$15,000 was an ordinary amount for him. A story—now a chestnut—which has Baird as its original, gives some idea of his irresponsible and sacrilegious ways. On

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE JERSEY LILY
Continued from page thirty-nine

a drunken party he bet whatever money he had in his pocket—without counting it or knowing how much he had—that his companion could not say the Lord's Prayer. "For what I am about to receive may the Lord make me truly thankful. Amen," said the other drunk. "Hand your money over, Squire."

"By gad, I didn't think you could do it!" Baird marveled, and $3,000 changed hands on the strength of his pal's impious bluff.

During these years Lillie clung as tenaciously as ever to the stage. Various first-class London theaters were leased by her, including the Haymarket, the St. James, and the old Princess Theater. She produced two Shakespeare plays, As You Like It and Antony and Cleopatra, besides modern comedies. Baird apparently backed some of these ventures. Her seasons were successful on the whole, as were her provincial tours.

She had gained experience; her acting was smoother, more finished, her emotional capacity incomparably greater than during her previous English appearances. Even the critics now admitted this. With simpler folk she was a definitely established favorite, and even a small amount of technique went a long way when the actress was so beautiful.

That she was completely out socially seemed not to bother Lillie one jot. For associates she had moneyed men, men of good society, men who found her entertaining as well as beautiful. At Trouville she went around with old Leopold II, King of the Belgians and monarch of roués. But of women—respectable women—there seemed a complete dearth in Lillie's circle.

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We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

Her own home island administered one of the worst social snubs she received. It was one which she did not expect.

CRUISING aboard the White Ladye with a party of friends, Lillie suddenly wished to visit Jersey. There lay her magnificent yacht, anchored in the harbor of St. Helier—the same harbor from which Lillie, as Edward Langtry's bride, had sailed away in his little craft nearly twenty years before. But although there was merriment on the White Ladye, with Lillie's private band playing every night, and although the plain folk of Jersey walked out on the jetty to hear the music and gape at the shining yacht, not a soul called on Lillie. Long-memoried and resentful, the island folk no longer counted her as a Jersey woman. She was become a stranger, and an unwelcome one, at that.

Not until a week had passed did Lillie manage, by hook or crook, to get the governor of the island aboard. The victory was a meager one, for nobody followed in his steps. Daunted, Lillie sailed away.

This incident roused all that was Jersey in her—all her Norman obstinacy and shrewdness. She'd had her fun—now she was paying for it; but how much must she pay? Somehow she must strike a bargain with life. The idea was growing in her mind. She was cruising in the Mediterranean when news of Baird's death reached her.

He had gone to New Orleans to back John L. Sullivan in a fight—and to drop thousands of pounds, incidentally. At New Orleans, Abingdon Baird succumbed to pneumonia.

Back to London hurried Lillie. In deepest mourning she visited the executor of Baird's estate.

"And to what do I owe the honor of this visit?" asked the attorney, a certain Mr. L.

LILLIE intimated her grief. But Mr. L., though he listened patiently, left it to Lillie to broach what he felt was the true purpose of her visit. Finally she put the question only: "What about the will, Mr. L.?"

"The will? Well, really," Mr. L. said blandly, "if you will permit me to say so, that is a family matter."

Lillie nodded vigorously. Mr. L. put the tips of his fingers together with care. "Precisely," he murmured. "I see you understand. No strangers are mentioned in Mr. Baird's will. No strangers at all, Mrs. Langtry."

Not only was Lillie left out, but Baird's relatives sued her for the possession of a valuable young colt, Milford, which she alleged the Squire had given her. She retained Milford, but during this litigation her mourning garb was relegated to her theatrical wardrobe, so gossip says.

Baird's death left Lillie in an unenviable position. The stage would continue to provide her with a comfortable income, but such luxuries as the Squire had given her were at an end. Her affairs with Gebhard and Baird had ruined her socially. So long as she had fun and money she did not mind. But Baird's death apparently sobered her—that, or his will, in which she did not figure.

She took stock of her position. Snubs which she had received rankled. Her financial position, though good, was not what she had hoped it might be. The tolling bell which marks the passing years—Lillie was nearing forty—made an ominous accompaniment to these thoughts. She decided that her house must be set in order. Either she must recapture her social status or, at any rate, regain enough foothold to insure herself against such snubs as had come her way of late.

A decision with Lillie meant action. Thinking of ways and means, she smiled cynically. One can always buy one's way back into society—through sport or charity. Tolerance can be purchased with the coin of success. The most popular way to be successful? Lillie knitted her brows. Ah, racing, of course! Sport of kings. Sport of costers. She would stage her comeback with flying colors—her own racing colors, they must be, borne in triumph by her own horses in the great classics of the English turf: the Derby, the St. Leger, Ascot!

In next week's installment Princess Kropotkin will tell of the Lily's success, including a considerable social comeback, as the hard-headed owner of a racing stable.

Answers to Twenty Questions on page 26

1—The Dardanelles.
2—Blood poisoning.
3—Theodore Roosevelt.
4—Mercury.
5—Elizabeth.
6—The green coloring matter in plants.
7—Switzerland and France.
8—Whiting and boiled linseed oil.
9—Furniture.
10—Sixty-six feet.
11—A narcotic.
12—A functional mental disorder.
13—An exaggerated fear of death or horror of dead bodies.
14—Three.
15—A deep mass of loose sand mixed with water.
16—The neck.
17—Mexico.
18—Vegetable organisms.
19—William McKinley's.
20—Nova Scotia.

TESTIMONY

A Short Short Story

By

PAUL GALLICO

sports editor, column conductor, and critic of pugilism on the New York Daily News. Column conducting is a family tradition with him; his father-in-law was the late "B. L. T." of the Chicago Tribune. He has written numerous articles on sport, but this is his first Liberty fiction.

Picture by HERBERT F. ROESE

THE FACT: William Thompson, 26, colored, a pugilist, died at 5:25 this morning at the Hospital of the Sacred Heart from the effects of a severe beating received in a boxing match with Sammy Pellegrino, white, a lightweight boxer, at the Commonwealth Athletic Club last night. Thompson was floored many times during the bout, but collapsed in his corner at the finish. He recovered in the dressing room sufficiently to leave for his home, 491 East 141st Street. He was found lying unconscious in the street at 4 A. M. this morning by Patrolman Moynihan and taken to Sacred Heart. His opponent is being held for questioning.

THE TESTIMONY:

HIS MANAGER: The Boogie was yellow like all boogies. He wasn't hurt or I'd 'a' stopped it. I always stop it if we're getting hurt. You can't hurt them boogies around the head. He was goin' down without bein' hit, the yellow b——. He musta got crowned after I left him. He was all right.

THE WATER BOTTLE: In the third round he set his teeth around my neck and sucked at me. His jaw was trembling.

HIS GLOVES: His hands inside of me were sweaty and broken. One of them swelled up so that it stretched at a seam. They were hot.

A SPECTATOR: Yeah, he fell down right where I was sitting once. His head hit the deck so hard I thought he'd busted it—the deck, I mean. You can't hurt a nigger's head. I seen his eyes roll.

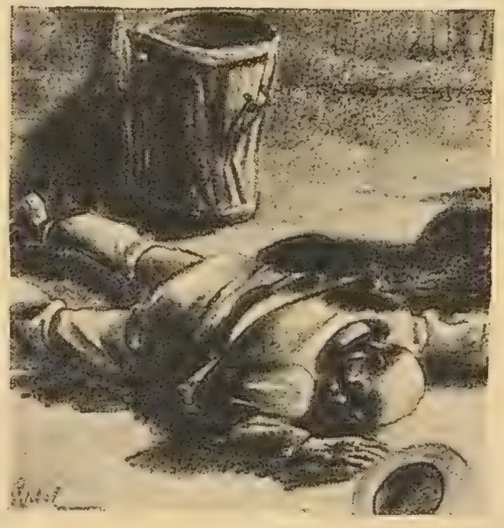
THE RING ROPE: In the sixth round he must have been trying to escape. I felt his back pressed up against me. It was black, shiny, and quivering. I lacerated it.

THE REFEREE: Nah! He wasn't hurt. You can't hurt them dinges. I was watching close. I was gonna stop it once, but he give me the all right. He was stalling.

THE REFEREE'S SHIRT: In the fourth round he used me for a towel. When he was done, I had a red spot. His eyelid was cut. My wearer grew angry and pushed him.

HIS WIFE: He tol' me he would stay the limit because we need the money. He only get paid how long he stayed.

HIS OPPONENT'S LEFT HAND: I drove into his mouth until I was sore. When I got his eye cut, I kept at it and slit it wider and wider until he could no longer see.



A TELEGRAPH INSTRUMENT: He leaned out over me a moment. Two drops fell on me. My operator said: "Hey, take him over on the other side!" and wiped me with a piece of copy paper.

HIS SON: Papa always brought me something.

THE CANVAS OF THE RING FLOOR: He lay on me seven times. The last time he pressed his mouth against me and left a stain. I dusted his face with white rosin powder and when he got up everybody laughed. Sometimes when he fell to me I could feel him shaking.

HIS OPPONENT: He hit me low a couple of times. He was tough so I give it to him good. In the fifth, he says: "White boy, lemme stay." I says: "Come on and fight, you lousy nigger!" and give it to him.

HIS OPPONENT'S RIGHT HAND: When I crashed into his jaw he flew from the end of me to the floor where he rolled over. Once his nose went soft to my touch, and when he came in close I pounded his neck until he shuddered. His belly was softest and when I dug into it his mouth flew open.

A JUDGE: It should have been stopped.

THE PROMOTER: I certainly hope they don't close my club just on account of a dinge.

THE RING LIGHTS: Once, flat on his back, he stared up at me and into me with eyes that showed only white and saw nothing.

THE CROWD: Give it to him! Down below! Downstairs! Never mind his head! Give it to him in the guts! He don't like it there. Another one. That's it! That's it! He won't take many more of those. . . .

A SMALL BOX OF SAWDUST IN A CORNER: Once he fell near me and stopped with his head at my side. He looked at me and said: "Oh, God, I got to get up! I got to . . ."

HIS MANAGER: Sure he was all right. He says to me: "I'm all right, Mr. Levy. Gimme my money, I want to go home. . . ." So I give him forty dollars, his half, and he beat it. He was all right. If he wasn't feelin' good he shouldn't of been so cheap and should of taken a taxi. . . .

A REPORTER: "Sammy Pellegrino of the East Side, 135½, beat William Thompson of Harlem, 132, in the first eight. The colored boy was down eight times. How long are they going to feed Sammy suckers?"

A FLAGSTONE AT LENOX AVENUE AND 139TH STREET: He fell forward on his face on to me. He said: "I can't go no further. I can't get up again." Then he lay still.

PATROLMAN MOYNIHAN: Yeah, I thought he was drunk first till I rolled him over and seen his face. He says: "Don't hit me no more. I can't get up. . . ." Then I called the ambulance.

THE INTERNE: Sure, I could tell right away he wasn't going to live. Wasn't much use undressing him and wasting a bed.

THE REPORTER: Say, we had a tip you had some fighter or something brought in here. . . . Oh, a nigger? Yeah, just a bum! O. K. What's the cop's name? Thanks.

THE NURSE: He asked me what happened. I did not know. Then he asked me whether he had gone the route. I did not know what he meant. Then he said that he could get up again, but that he was all hurt. I tried to quiet him. Then he asked me how much money he had. I told him, and he said that it was for his wife. The doctor gave him a morphine injection, but said there was no use stitching his eye or doing anything else. I tried to make him more comfortable. . . .

THE OFFICE BOY: Yes, ma'am, the fight's been over an hour. No, ma'am, Pellegrino won. No, ma'am—decision!

THE HOSPITAL ORDERLY: Say, I think that guy in twenty-eight is out. Better call the doc.

HIS PILLOW IN THE EMERGENCY WARD, SACRED HEART HOSPITAL: He turned and buried his face in me. He said a prayer. It was: "Oh, God, oh, Father, let me come to you. Let me walk with you. I can't go no further alone." Then he said no more.

HIS GOD: One of my children has come unto me.

THE END

Vox

In Which the Lordly Male Ventures a Couple of Mouthfuls

Atlanta, Ga.—In the December 7 issue, Grace Robinson's "The Job of Being a Wife" hit me hard.

I feel so dirty and low-down now, lugging a transit through icy water and brier thickets, sketching contours with frozen fingers, and indulging in other similar outdoor sports from daylight till dark, while my poor li'l' wife at home stays by the fire.

Said fire requires fuel (I bring it in). So we also have the little woman in the rôle of stoker—worth $100 per mo.

She also writes most of our letters—stenographer, $100 per mo. She usually drives the car (I rarely see it)—chauffeur, $150 per mo. This $350, with the $385 mentioned by Grace, easily raises her valuation to $735 per mo. Ain't I lucky?—*Geo. W. Race.*

New York, N. Y.—I have just finished Miss Grace Robinson's article, "The Job of Being a Wife."

So! A man marries and immediately procures $385 worth of service a month for $53, or words to that effect. Well, let me tell you something. I'm a young newspaper man and know whereof I speak. For many a month I have been eating more or less regularly, sleeping in a bed which I don't make, having my laundry done on time with repairs thrown in, having my suits pressed, also repaired, and all on considerably under $200 monthly.

Alas, I have no children, that I should care to acknowledge, who require the attention of a governess-nurse.

Aside from the material statistical discrepancy of Miss Robinson's article, observe the following:

1. I have no one to say, when I arrive at my domicile—after having, or not having, been working hard on a story—at 2 A. M., "Why don't you get a job so that we can live like other people?"

2. I have no one to say at any time, "Bill Jones just bought his wife a fur coat and I'm simply ashamed to meet her."

3. I have no one to say, when I suggest making mild whoopee at an inexpensive Greenwich Village joint, "Oh, I haven't a thing to wear!"

4. Coming home with a blond hair on my coat, that the girl in the Bronx Express let fall, I have no one to call me all manner of vile names.

5. Nearly all my male companions who are married make more money than I do and have less in their pockets.

Now don't tell me that I am a woman-hater and don't know what love is. Without wishing to appear conceited, there are three women in this town in love with me tonight. Also, being normal, I am specializing on one at present. But suppose I married that one. Where am I? Sunk, that's all—just sunk.

My expenses are tripled. My clothes cost about $750 a year. But how about her clothes budget? You'll say a woman can be well dressed on $500 a year. At least, you have said it! Yeah, and the clothes look swell in the Sears-Roebuck catalogue out in Oscaloosa!

I need twice as many rooms, at least, to live in. My tonsorial attention may come to a buck a week, haircuts once a fortnight. But how about the young couple? Look up the statistics on toilet preparations and you'll see how that item goes up 400 per cent.

And what do I get that I'm not getting now? Well, you were young once. Answer it yourself. Correct. Nothing!

Will some husband with experience in "keeping up with the Joneses" take his life in his hands and reply to this scurrilous scrivening of Miss Robinson's?—*R. V. P.*

Crazy About Us, Eh?

Alton, Ill.—Recently a straw vote was taken of all the popular weekly magazines at one of our large state institutions. Over 95 per cent of the inmates voted for Liberty. The institution I have reference to is located in Upper Alton, Ill., and is known as the Illinois State Hospital for the Insane.

I have read every issue of your magazine to date.—*Creve.*

Well, We Gotta Take the Rain with the Sunshine

U. S. S. Camden.—It has been my good fortune to read every issue of Liberty since it first came to the news stands. I've followed your short short stories—yes. And in several other weeklies, too. But of all the stories I've read, "Heavy Sugar Daddy" not only takes the cake but the whole bakery.—*R. E. T.*

Portland, Ind.—The best thing that can be said of the story, "Heavy Sugar Daddy," is that it is short. Other things that can be said are that it is too long and it is rotten. I could write a better story myself, and would, but I don't think the editor of this section of Liberty would appreciate a really good story.—*C. P. Robinson.*

Houston, Tex.—Your short short story, "Heavy Sugar Daddy," by Frances Bolton, was splendid. The unexpected ending was worthy of O. Henry.

But your page of women's styles is a distinct hair in my eye. For Pete's sake, show us some of the kind of clothes the average woman wears. I'll bet you two bits not one out of a hundred of your women readers ever wears those floppy, extreme, ultramodern things you show us.—*Mrs. S. E. K.*

The More We Ponder This, the Less We Like It

Chicago, Ill.—A temperance lecturer asks which would be the choice of a donkey—a pail of water or a pail of beer. A voice answers: "Water."

The temperance nut says, "Why?"

"Because he's an ass," comes the voice again.

Now, Ed., I was thoroughly of the opinion that you would choose the water also. But after reading "Inside the Ropes with Lou Magnolia," by Sidney Sutherland, I am inclined to give you the benefit of the doubt and, just for the sake of politeness, assume that you would choose the beer.—*J. E. Andersen.*

What's Your Number?

New York, N. Y.—I sure am interested in Lou Magnolia's stuff, and it brings back them dear dead days to lamp the pictures of Steve Brodie's dump. Many's the drink I had across that bar, and listen, editor—I'm having 'em yet. The bar's doing duty in a speakeasy not four blocks from the Grand Central Station. Ring me up some day and we'll drink lunch there.—*C. A. Freeman.*

Accolade

Baltimore, Md. — Lou Magnolia's story, told to Sid Sutherland, is interesting. I have the greatest regard for Magnolia and his judgment and ability to handle a ring contest. He's without a peer at his business and gives you a safe feeling when you see him in there.

Lou has handled many battles that I have been closely connected with and showed the greatest class and honesty in so doing.—*Eddie Ross.*

Note to Erring Mothers

Chicago, Ill.—I should like to answer that Old-Fashioned Mother who said, in Vox Pop, that she spanks her two daughters, who are fifteen and seventeen, and that she caught them smoking cigarettes and whipped them for it.

I'm sixteen, fairly pretty, quite popular with the right crowd, but very unpopular with the "fasties" as they are rated. I have lots of girl friends and never lack good, intelligent company.

The Old-Fashioned Mother gives me one big, healthy pain! Spanking a fifteen or seventeen year old girl!! She's punishing them for her poor training of them when they were younger.

Smoke? I have, but not as a practice. Anyway, what great detriment is smoking if one wants to?

Any mother ought to know that resentment can be hid for a while, but it'll come out sooner or later. She'll be one of those mothers with ungrateful children. She herself needs the spanking, not her daughters. I'm thoroughly disgusted with her.—*Just Me.*

Pop

That's Just Dandy

Brook, Ind.—Regarding that statement in my piece, " Football Now and Then," about Purdue not losing any games in the Stadium, the simple explanation is that I was mistaken. Northwestern did win a game there but when we were checking over the games we overlooked that one. I did not mean to falsify the returns.

It strikes me that the article was timely in view of the fact that Purdue has won the Big Ten championship, has scored eight victories in a row, has not been beaten or tied this year, and the only Big Ten team that scored against it was Michigan. Yesterday I was at Bloomington and saw the boys clean up on Indiana University by a score of 32 to 0.

We have had a remarkable team this year and we are all very happy over the showing that has been made.—*George Ade.*

Faddist, Spare That Calendar!

New York, N. Y.—The thirteen-month year calendar, as shown in your article, " A Thirteen-Month Year," has just been brought to the attention of the writer, and I take this opportunity to write you entering my protest against any change in our present calendar.

The thirteen-month idea seems to me to be another faddist's idea, in spite of being advocated by various Chambers of Commerce, Boards of Trade, etc.

The confusion resulting from a change such as suggested would be about five thousand times as bad as the income tax when trying to solve what should be and should not be included.

Furthermore, it would mean that the 4th of July, the Independence Day of America, would be changed, as well as Memorial Day and several other national holidays.

Possibly some would be omitted and this seems to the writer to be a pity.

Our ancestors fought hard for Independence Day and to change the name and the day of month takes away from the honor and sentiment of same, because future generations will not have the same understanding we have.

The memory of Lincoln and Washington has always been revered, and if celebration of their birthdays were omitted people would fail to impress on children how nobly they served America, and what influence their lives have had on America.—*A. C. Listen.*

March of Civilization

Muskogee, Okla.—No doubt the world is not any more rotten today than it was yesterday, but it's a cinch they did not have magazines such as yours in the past to suggest worse things to the people than they already knew.—*Henry Wigley.*

Lines, Mostly Lyrical, on Mr. Chambers

Los Angeles, Calif.—In reading Liberty of November 23, the novel by Robert W. Chambers, " The Rake and the Hussy," suddenly unfolded like a spring flower and overwhelmed us with a flood of real love, passion, and human emotion.

The story had wandered along with the usual range of an ordinary story, somewhat interesting, sometimes impossible, sometimes dull, and as often reaching heights of imagination quite exciting and almost amusing, but never spearing the emotions with real genius.

However, in Part Nine, after a very interesting description of Indian warfare, our author suddenly became inspired and treated us to a reunion and a love scene seldom equaled in romance. He played with a master hand on the heartstrings, sounding the depths of human emotion, waking the most blasé to a realization of real love, as beyond passion, in a scene in which the vibrant love of a shrewd, experienced, and passionate woman waked a complacent, egotistical, but really manly man to an understanding of what it means to love and be loved.

Go to it, friend Chambers! You are now giving us an exciting glance into human life as it is.—*Charles H. V. Lewis.*

Chicago, Ill.—If ever there were two people who could build up vivid and interesting characters and make 'em live for their readers, Bob Chambers is *both* of them!—*J. A.*

Oklahoma City, Okla.—Sa-ay! Mr. Editor! Don't you think that Mr. Chambers is going too far? Gee whiz! I have a habit of using my imagination when it comes to a crisis, so don't you really think Mr. Chambers is—aw, the devil! Let's have more of Robert Chambers.—*Rose.*

What Do You Suggest?

Philadelphia, Pa.—I have just read the editorial on parity in the November 30 issue of Liberty.

Even though absolute parity in tonnage, gun range, and cruising radius could be attained between the United States and Great Britain, this will not prevent a coalition of powers attacking us, which, in my opinion, would be the case should we have another war. There is also to be taken into consideration the vast merchant tonnage of Great Britain. Her merchant vessels could readily be converted into naval auxiliaries in wartime.

What does it profit a nation if it achieve parity with another and still faces the possibility, even probability, of a combination of navies against her?—*R. B. M.*

Gloria and Adela

Chicago, Ill.—Why do you have to spoil my whole week by publishing such rot as " Madame La Marquise," by Adela Rogers St. Johns?

Her stuff about Rudolph Valentino was terrible, and now it's Gloria Swanson. As far as we are concerned G. S. is just a clotheshorse, and she is far, far from being an actress. But why should Adela write up all the other things about her? Wouldn't we like Gloria more if we did not know so much about her past?

Of course A. R. St. J. has a good imagination but don't give us any more of her.—*Mary Lowell J.*

New York, N. Y.—I quote from Adela Rogers St. Johns' article on Gloria Swanson in the November 30 issue:

" Later exquisite young beauties of the films weep in the dressing room as they powder their noses and say, ' Oh, I wish I looked like Gloria Swanson! ' "

" The proud poise of that head reminded you of a thoroughbred going to the barrier on Derby Day."

" His father had been a king until the people decided they didn't want any king. Still, he was a very elegant person and knew the crowned heads of Europe by their first names. He fell for Gloria before the boat was out of the harbor."

" But soon she was Miss Swanson again. If she married the Prince of Wales it would be the same."

And they say that Liberty is devoid of sophisticated humor!—*Only Slightly Nauseated.*

St. Louis, Mo.—The movie stars that Adela Rogers St. Johns has written about are lucky. Darned lucky. They might have been written about by somebody who saw only the outer, superficial aspects of their characters and careers.

Instead, an artist in words who knows the human heart looked into their souls, and told us what she saw.—*F. Hopkins.*

Mitchell Gains; Paper Loss, 5c

New York, N. Y.—At last you're getting some good articles. By that I mean the one written by General Mitchell called " Getting Down," in which he so thoroughly tells about airplanes.

A majority of the people are interested in aviation, and they just eat up articles like that. Let's have more of them.—*William Kolis.*

Three Rivers, Mich.—Please accept my appreciation of General William Mitchell's article " Getting Down."

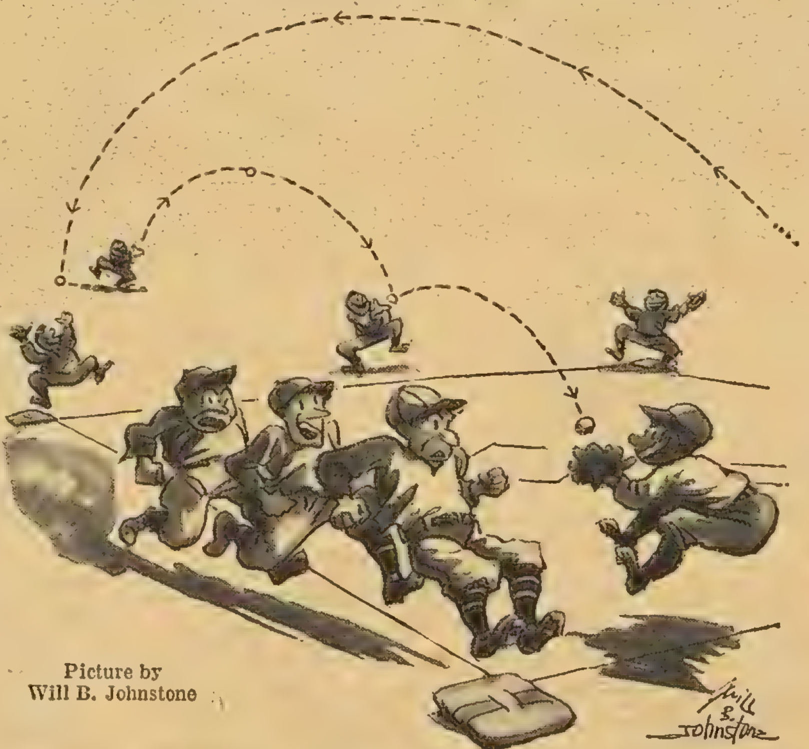
That story alone doubled the worth of Liberty and, being an honest (?) man, will inclose the extra jitney.—*C. E. Warner.*

P. S. I forgot the nickel.

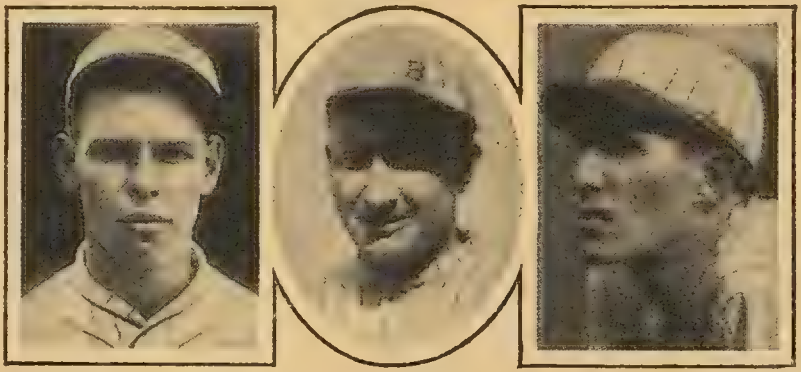
Famous "BONEHEAD" Plays

A Tour of the Hall of Dumb-Bell Fame in Sports

By GEORGE TREVOR



Picture by Will B. Johnstone



Brown Bros. photos

The famous Brooklyn "bone"—when Vance, Fewster, and Herman arrived simultaneously at third base, Herman's triple resulting in a double play which retired the side. The culprits from the left to the right are Babe Herman, Dazzy Vance, and Chick Fewster.

THIS is the first anniversary of a blunder into fame. It is a year this week since Roy Riegels, University of California center, immortalized himself by running seventy yards the wrong way, with the result that his team lost the New Year's Day game in the Rose Bowl at Pasadena to Georgia Tech.

Overnight his name became a national household word. It continues to be one. Athletic sports of all varieties have completed their twelvemonth's round since then; a fall football season has come and gone, and boners—as coaches will agree!—have been pulled. Yet nothing has eclipsed that wrong-way run. It remains the 1929 classic, and the topic of its kind which, coming up in fanning bees, sets sports enthusiasts to cudgeling their memories and digging in the annals for parallels.

Of these there is no lack, since the annals are studded with just such O. Henryan incidents—abrupt twists, defying explanation, that have transformed potential heroes into something more like capped-and-belled buffoons.

"Bonehead," "dumb-bell," "boob," "pansy"—those are samples of the epithets showered upon the unhappy young athletes who do the wrong thing or leave the right undone in time of crisis. Yet few of them deserve such scathing comment; few are guilty of downright stupidity. Mostly they are victims of circumstance, "more to be pitied than censured," as our Mauve Decade forbears used to sing of a maiden who had succumbed to a mustached deceiver's wiles.

Press and public treated Riegels with chivalrous consideration, as if to atone for their verbal stoning of such classic goats as John Anderson, Heine Zimmerman, Fred Merkle, and Denny Clark. This revulsion of feeling found expression in the tidal wave of sympathy which engulfed Riegels upon the morning of January 2. Instead of lampooning him, editors and sports writers rallied to his defense. As for his teammates, they elected him their captain for 1929.

Today is the era of ballyhoo. Twenty years ago that backward run might have blighted Riegel's career. He never would have been allowed to forget it. Today the publicity may be making rather than breaking the California center. He was a comparative unknown on the last day of 1928. Two days later his name tripped off the tongue of every traveling salesman from Montauk Light to Point Loma. Roy could have capitalized all this on the vaudeville stage. He had offers of marriage galore. Everybody was pulling for him.

"My smartest player," says Nibs Price, California coach, of this same Riegels. "It was an accident that might have happened to anyone." Roy spun around like a pinwheel while dodging three Georgia Tech tacklers. Air Service candidates, subjected to an equilibrium test in a revolving chair, will understand how Riegels lost his sense of direction.

BENNY LOM, who chased his teammate down the field, finally yanking him up short on the two-yard line, might have retrieved some of the ceded yardage had he snatched the ball from Riegels and circled back in the right direction. There was plenty of time for this maneuver, since Georgia's nearest tackler was still ten yards away when Riegels finally halted.

Contrary to popular belief, Riegels would not have registered an automatic safety had he actually crossed his own goal line. To forfeit the two points it would have been necessary for him to be downed back of the line. As a matter of fact, Riegels did not directly score the fatal safety.

That score was merely a by-product of his reverse run.

Had Lom's punt not been blocked, Riegels would not stand responsible for the loss of the game. In this respect his case differs from that of Denny Clark, Michigan's "man without a college."

It was Clark's misfortune to play football in a grim, tight-lipped era when victory was a matter of life and death to the interested parties.

Michigan boasted an "unbeatable" eleven in 1905. Behind "Bull" Curtis and "Octopus" Graham crouched the inimitable Willie Heston, Garrells of Olympic fame, and other Wolverine immortals.

The University of Chicago conquered these Michigan invincibles 2 to 0. Denny Clark, an obscure halfback, was the reason. An error of judgment by this Michigan substitute enabled Chicago to do what the broken field wizardry of Walter Eckersall could not achieve.

Chicago's maroon-jerseyed linemen, playing over their own heads, fought Michigan's Titans to a standstill. Heston's rat-hole plunges were stopped. Michigan in turn blanketed Eckersall's hip-weaving dashes. The game resolved itself into a monotonous punting duel, Garrells against Eckersall. Finally one of Eckie's towering kicks sailed over the Michigan goal line into the arms of Denny Clark. Everybody expected to see the latter touch the ball down, thereby automatically securing possession on Michigan's twenty-five-yard line. Clark did not do the obvious. He glimpsed a patch of open country to his right and figured that he could dodge Mark Catlin, Chicago's end, and possibly get clear. It was a neck-or-nothing, death-or-glory gamble. Clark lost and paid the cruelest penalty ever visited upon a college player.

As he darted across his goal line in this audacious attempt to run the ball out, he was hit high by Badenoch, Chicago's giant guard, and tackled low by Catlin. They whipsawed the little Michigan substitute over the goal line for the safety that won the game.

"Clark 2, Michigan 0," stared at Denny from wolfish headlines that night. He was ostracized on the Michigan campus. His sensitive feelings were flayed by press and public. Broken in spirit, Clark left college within the week. He sought seclusion in Michigan's north woods. There, in a lumber camp, Clark lived a hermit's life, denying himself even to his family, refusing to be consoled, brooding on the break that had wrecked his career. It wasn't until years later that he could be coaxed out of voluntary exile.

Less poignant was the fate of F. J. O'Brien, who played left end for Harvard in the 1913 Yale game at Cambridge. Brickley, a drop-kicking machine, had just booted Harvard into a 3—0 lead when O'Brien pulled the boner which gave rise to the suggestion, prompted by Eli wags, that he be formally awarded his Y.

Guernsey of Yale kicked off, the ball striking the left upright of the Harvard goal posts and caroming on to the playing field. Standing on his own seven-yard line, O'Brien snatched the bounding leather. A bright idea struck him. Why not escort the pigskin behind his goal line, touch it down, and thereby automatically obtain possession on the twenty-five-yard line?

THIS little stratagem, O'Brien believed, would gain eighteen yards for the glory of Fair Harvard. It was a case of being too smart for his own good. O'Brien outwitted himself, proving that an end rush shouldn't try to think.

In justice to him it must be said that his strategic retreat had the Elis guessing. It wasn't their fault that they had two points thrust upon them. They made frantic efforts to lay him low. but a bullheaded Irishman is not easily stopped when his mind is fixed on something. This was O'Brien's pet idea and he meant to see it through. He did.

"Two points for Yale," announced the referee, explaining to the befuddled O'Brien that a kick-off put both teams on side, with the privilege of recovering the ball at any point on the field or behind the goal. "Harvard 3, Yale 2," confirmed the score card.

Happily for O'Brien's peace of mind, his boner had no effect on the final score, Harvard winning handily, thanks to Brickley's enchanted toe. O'Brien's little venture into the higher strategy was soon forgotten. Had his mental lapse presented the game to Yale, O'Brien would have been elected to membership in the Amalgamated Order of Goats, a lodge restricted to those athletes whose boners have had decisive consequences.

Fred Merkle never lived down his quite excusable failure to touch second base. Today his exploits at the bat and afield, his gameness under fire, are forgotten. He is remembered only as "the guy who didn't touch second."

You recall the circumstances: New York versus Chicago at the Polo Grounds, September 23, 1908; victory for the Giants meant the pennant; last half of the ninth; Merkle on first, McCormick on third, Bridwell at bat.

Blooie! — Bridwell whanged a whistling line drive over second, a clean single if ever there was one; "Moose" McCormick lumbered home, Merkle trotted halfway to second, saw the crowd swarming on to the field, and cut for the clubhouse.

Nimble-witted Evers, Cub second baseman, called for the ball. Hofman, playing out in center, retrieved it and ferried it to Evers, who appealed to Umpire Emslie, claiming that Merkle was out and the run didn't count.

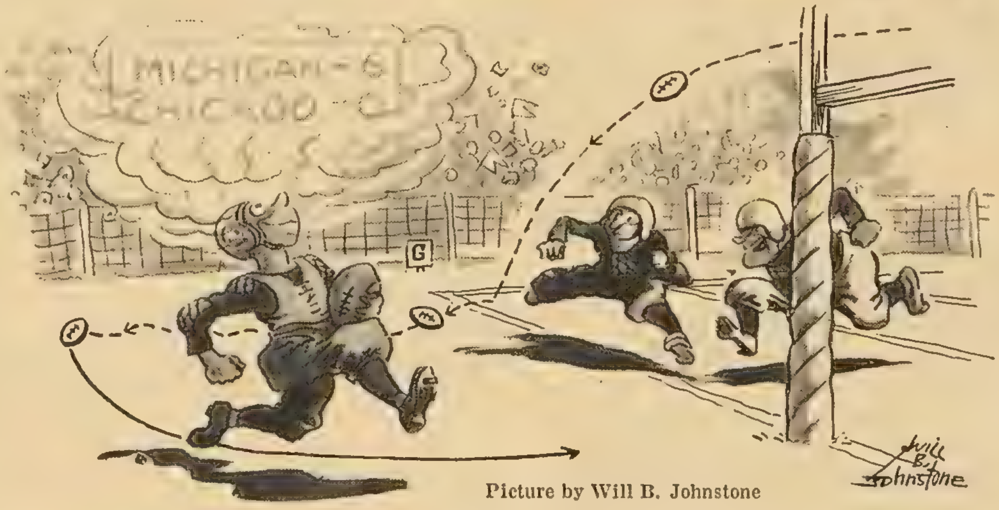
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

International photo

Roy Riegels, California center, who leaped to fame a year ago by running seventy yards toward the wrong goal.

P. & A. photo

Denny Clark, Michigan half, whose neck-or-nothing gamble turned out disastrously in 1905 and resulted in his leaving college.



Picture by Will B. Johnstone

Clark, catching a punt behind his goal line, decided to run it back. Two hard-tackling Chicagoans hit him simultaneously and forced him back over the line. Result: Chicago 2—Michigan 0.

FAMOUS "BONEHEAD" PLAYS
Continued from page forty-five

Emslie passed the buck to Hank O'Day, umpiring behind the plate. O'Day called Merkle out.

O'Day anticipated this particular play, which explains his quick grasp of the situation and his unhesitant ruling. Hank is not a clairvoyant. He guessed what Evers was up to because "The Crab" had attempted the same legalized chicanery in a game at Pittsburgh a few days earlier. On that occasion O'Day had been caught napping. He had disallowed Chicago's claim on the ground that he hadn't seen the play.

This time O'Day smelled a rat—or should I say a goat? In cutting for the clubhouse after running only halfway to second, Merkle was following a long established custom. It was an unwritten law that you didn't have to reach the base ahead after the winning run had come in. Evers, a "money player," took no stock in this "players' agreement." The baseball code was on his side. For once The Crab, who despised official authority, was determined to have the letter of the law enforced.

The board of directors of the National League must share responsibility for the ensuing hue and cry against Merkle. That august body rather callously characterized Merkle's act as "an inexcusable, reckless blunder." The wolves took their cue from this official dictum—a judgment as needlessly harsh as it was patently superficial. Merkle was hanged, drawn, and quartered at the bar of public opinion.

At the most, Merkle was the victim of a petty technicality, a decision which, while preserving the letter of the baseball code, ran counter to the spirit of the game. To concede that Evers executed a brainy trick in a desperate emergency is not necessarily to admit that Merkle pulled a boner. McGinnity, then a Giant coach, always claimed that the ball which Hofman threw to the infield was not the one which Bridwell hit. The former New York pitcher says he threw the original ball into the grandstand when he saw what Evers was up to.

John Anderson's steal of second base, with three men already on, remains baseball's classic boner. John concocted this surprising maneuver on the old hilltop grounds of the New York Yankees a quarter of a century ago. Clark Griffith, then manager of the Yanks, still laughs boisterously when he visualizes Anderson pounding down the path to a base already occupied. To this day the name John Anderson is a synonym for bonehead.

IT remained for Dazzy Vance, Chick Fewster, and Babe Herman of the 1926 Brooklyn Dodgers to collaborate in an act that made Anderson's phantom steal seem a pretty tame affair. Brooklyn was playing Boston at Ebbets Field. Vance was on second base and Fewster on first when Babe Herman caught a slow-breaking curve on the end of his bat and hammered the ball toward the exit gate in right center.

Vance, unaccustomed to life on the base paths, decided the drive would be caught. He hovered timidly in the vicinity of third base. Much may be forgiven a pitcher who fans as many batters as Dazzy does.

There was nothing timid about Herman. He put his head down at the crack of the bat, rounded first like a banking plane, and dug out for second. If you know Herman you know that lack of self-confidence isn't his weakness. The pitcher had fed him a fast one in the groove. Herman gets nothing worse than triples on that sort. There was just one idea in his single-track German mind—to get to third ahead of the relay. What price base runners when Herman is on the loose?

Forced off second, Chick Fewster was compelled to head for third. He didn't make a move until Herman came snorting toward the bag, for Vance was backing and filling on the third-base line, obviously undecided which way to run.

And now this baseball variation of a Mack Sennett comedy reached its hilarious climax. Herman wouldn't stop; Fewster, caught between the upper and lower millstones, couldn't stop; and Vance wouldn't move. The ball dropped safe in deep right. The outfielder relayed it to the second baseman who shot it to third just as Vance, Fewster, and Herman arrived simultaneously. It was old home week at the grange, a heart-warming reunion. When the dust cleared, Fewster and Herman had been tagged out. Vance was in solitary possession of third base—but the side had been retired. Babe Herman had tripled into a double play. Try and match that one.

Fred Merkle has never lived down the sobriquet "The guy who didn't touch second."

Johnny Evers, Chicago second sacker, who caught Merkle napping.

Hank O'Day, who called Merkle out. Hank knew his book that day, for Evers had tried the same thing in Pittsburgh a few days before.

Brown Bros. photos

WHEN it comes to pulling dumb ones Heinie Mueller, the little German-American outfielder, can give Babe Herman a close rub. Heinie used to play center for the St. Louis Cardinals when Doak was their crack pitcher.

"When you get the signal for a slow ball, come twenty feet nearer the infield," Manager Rickey instructed Mueller. "Go back toward the fence when a fast ball is called for."

St. Louis was playing Chicago some five years ago. Mueller, out in center field, was alternately retreating and advancing as he caught the catcher's signals to Doak. The bleacher crowd, a baseball-wise gang at Sportsmans Park, got hep to what was happening. "Slow ball," the rooters would chant in unison as Mueller sidled in, and vice versa. It got on Heinie's nerves.

Finally, with the bases crowded, a fast ball was signaled. To Rickey's consternation, Mueller advanced instead of retreating. The batter drove a fly over Heinie's head, breaking up the game.

Rickey, the theorist, never shows his anger. "What was wrong, Heinie?" he asked when the inning had ended. "Didn't you get the fast-ball signal?"

"Sure, Mr. Rickey," said the irrepressible one. "I got the signal O. K., but I thought I would cross that gang in the bleachers."

Doak's expression was something to see. Finally he blurted out:

"What chance has a guy like me got? I'm only trying to cross the batters—Mueller there is trying to fool the crowd!"

It was the same Mueller who slammed a drive over the fence with a man on first base and got himself put out for tearing hell-bent past his own base runner as the latter hesitated, fearing the drive might be caught.

Before we leave the diamond to seek bonehead plays in other branches of sport we mustn't overlook Heinie Zimmerman's memorable chase after Eddie Collins, an episode that enlivened the 1917 World Series between New York's Giants and Chicago's White Sox.

The sixth and, thanks to Zimmerman, the deciding game of that series was played at the Polo Grounds, October 15, 1917. In the fourth inning Collins got a two-base life on Zimmerman's wild throw. Eddie moved up to third when Robertson muffed an easy fly. Then the fun began.

Felsch drove a puny handle hit to Pitcher Rube Benton. The latter wheeled, forced Collins back toward third, and threw to Zimmerman. Collins was trapped. At least he was trapped until Catcher Rariden, advancing too far up the third-base line, left the plate exposed. Rariden later admitted frankly that the real blunder was his. His confession made no difference. The experts, scenting a dramatic story, chose to make Zimmerman the goat.

Collins thinks on his feet. Spotting the uncovered plate, he staked everything on a sprint home. Rube Benton made no move to cover for Rariden. Zimmerman, ball in hand, really had no choice but to chase Collins. It was funnier than a comic strip, this Australian pursuit race. Collins had wings on his heels; Zimmerman had lead in his brogans. The gap widened as the heavy-set Dutchman lumbered after the Chicago flyer. Collins scored standing up as 50,000 raucous rooters bestowed upon disconsolate Zimmerman a wreath of wild razzberries. He was tarred with the bonehead brand for life.

The University of California's football season of a year ago was successful enough, but it might have been positively brilliant but for mental lapses by Riegels and Phillips. The world and his wife know what Riegels did, but how many football followers have heard how Captain Irvine Phillips deliberately batted down a Stanford pass instead of catching the ball, thereby giving the Cardinals a chance to tie the score?

International photo

Aldrich of Yale, poised to toss a forward in 1921, obligingly shot it to Chapin of Harvard when the latter shouted, "Here I am, Mac!"

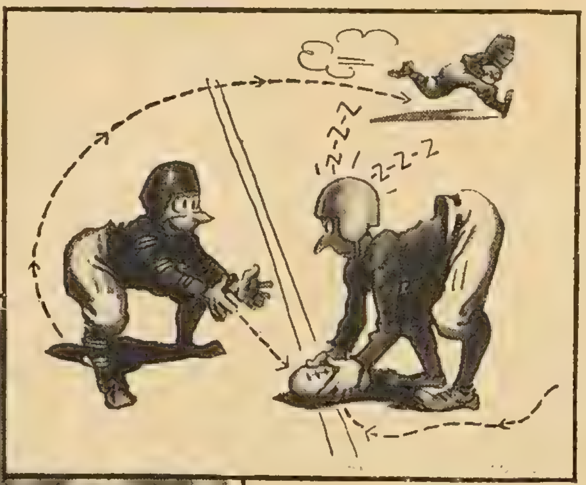
California led Stanford 13 to 7 a year ago last October, with barely a minute to play. The Cardinals were resorting to that orgy of forward passing which marks the last convulsive spasm of a hopelessly beaten team. On third down the harried Stanford passer pegged the ball squarely into Phillips' hands on a short, flat toss.

Phillips made a fatal miscalculation. Thinking it was fourth down, not third, he purposely batted the ball to the turf so that California might get the leather at the spot from which it had been put in play instead of at the point of interception. He supposed that he was gaining twenty yards for California. Actually he had given Stanford another life.

There remained time for just one more play. Even before the ball was snapped, Phillips realized his blunder. Petulantly he tore off his helmet and threw it on the ground. Stanford cashed in on that last-shot chance. A spectacular pass to Frentrup was completed for the tying touchdown.

FOOTBALL players soon discover that it doesn't pay to believe everything you hear. For some reason Yale men appear to be particularly gullible. In the 1925 Yale-Princeton game at New Haven, Wadsworth of Yale punted high into the teeth of the gale. Captain Joss, the Eli tackle, picked up the ball and touched it down. As he did so, Slagle of Princeton remarked, "Give me that ball, old man—it's ours."

It was Princeton's ball, of course, since Joss, being offside, could not legally recover his own team's kick. But the wily Tiger told only part of the truth. He didn't think it necessary to explain that the ball wasn't dead. Having grounded the oval, Joss calmly walked away. Instantly Slagle grabbed the ball and darted toward Yale's goal. He covered fifteen yards before the befuddled Elis nabbed him. Joss felt like a yokel city-slicked by a confidence man.



Picture by Will B. Johnstone

"Give me that ball, old man—it's ours," said Slagle of Princeton. The Eli captain, Joss, who had just recovered a Yale punt, did so, and Slagle slashed off fifteen yards.

In the 1921 Yale-Harvard game, the big Blue Tank crunched its way to the eight-yard line. Here Harvard's linemen dug in their cleats. Captain Aldrich of Yale switched to aërial tactics. Fading back, he stood poised like a Greek javelin thrower, trying to spot an uncovered Yale receiver.

It was canny Chapin of Harvard who helped Aldrich out of his dilemma.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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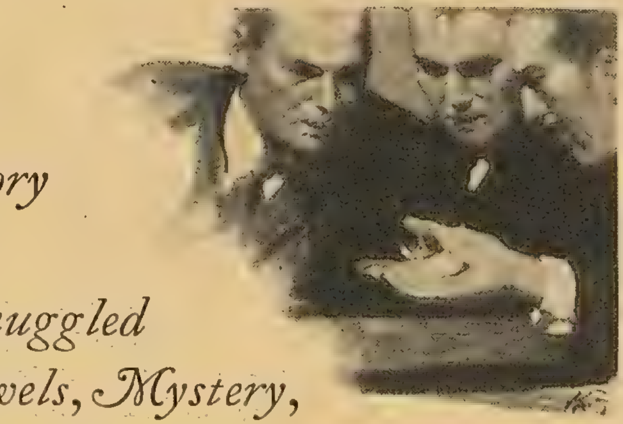
FAMOUS "BONEHEAD" PLAYS
Continued from page forty-seven

"Here I am, Mac!" the Crimson halfback shouted to the Blue captain. "Throw me the ball!" Aldrich obliged. He shot a perfect pass to the guileful Chapin who murmured "Thanks" and raced forty-eight yards up the field before Aldrich partially retrieved his own boner by nailing him from behind.

A Story of Smuggled Jewels, Mystery, Love, and Adventure—



THE DIAMOND EYE

By

EDWARD DOHERTY
(who wrote The Murders on the Roof)

Begins in Liberty Next Week

Why do so many dumb bunnies wear Yale blue? When the final whistle interrupted the 1925 Yale-Harvard game, three Eli backs were holding an acrimonious debate on Harvard's two-yard line. The argument concerned who was to take the ball across for a touchdown. Nobody did. Bunnell, Kline, and Caldwell were still in conference when the timekeeper called a halt.

At Cambridge in 1919 Yale paraded eighty yards to Harvard's six-inch line. One down remained. Burly Jim Braden, the human pile-driver who had been pounding out two yards at a clip, was given the ball. He missed his signal, plunging blindly into a stone wall at center when the play called for a stab outside left tackle. Dickens and Rinehardt had opened up a gap big enough for Jess Willard to have waded through. That was one bonehead play which the spectators missed entirely.

In the 1928 Yale-Harvard game Elliot Putnam, Harvard's agile-minded quarterback, caught a punt near midfield. McEwan, a Yale end who seems to have more brawn than football brains, bore down on the redshirt. "Didn't you hear the whistle blow?" Putnam asked pleasantly. McEwan, a trusting soul, promptly stopped, whereupon Putnam resumed his interrupted journey and traveled forty yards before he was downed. P. S. The whistle had not blown.

Princeton began taking advantage of Yale's confiding nature as far back as 1889. "House" Janeway, Tiger guard, discovered that when the Yale quarterback pinched Center-rush Morrison on the leg, the latter snapped the ball.

Janeway tipped off "Sport" Donnelly, Princeton end, that a fumble was coming. To make good as a prophet, Janeway reached over the Yale line and surreptitiously pinched Morrison. The ruse worked. At the bogus signal Morrison snapped the ball before his backs were ready, Donnelly slid through, picked up the fumbled pigskin, and ran for a touchdown.

THERE ought to be a law against picking on Yale. In 1921 Buell of Harvard adopted the policy of fair-catching every Yale punt. The Yale ends got so they expected this maneuver. Late in the third quarter Buell switched tactics. Anticipating the usual fair catch, Hulman of Yale checked his downfield run prematurely. Foxy Buell crossed him, speared the kick at full speed, and wriggled to Yale's eleven-yard line. "I'm not hurt, Tom," Buell replied to Referee Thorp's solicitous query, "but I'm damned disappointed."

Many a man besides Roy Riegels has run the wrong way. "Snooks" Dowd of Lehigh set the fashion in the rock-'em-and-sock-'em '90s, but his bonehead play had a happy ending. After racing some fifty yards toward his own goal and crossing it Dowd suddenly discovered his error, wheeled abruptly, and ran the length of the field for a touchdown in the right direction. He was just out for the exercise. Hailed as the originator of "the double reverse," Dowd became a "slick guy" instead of a dumbbell. "Whitey" Thomas, Princeton center, ran ten yards toward his own goal after recovering a fumble in the 1919 Yale game. He would have gone the whole route if Maury Trimble, a Princeton halfback, had not felled his teammate with a flying tackle.

"No wonder centers run the wrong way," says the sarcastic Mr. Zuppke of Illinois. "They spend their time looking at the world upside down."

Even the gridiron gods can nod. Elmer Oliphant, later Army's greatest halfback, raced twenty yards toward his own posts while playing for Purdue in the 1913 Chicago game.

Coach Stagg of Chicago still chuckles when he recalls how Babe Meigs, suddenly transferred from the scrub to the varsity, wheeled around in a practice game when the subs kicked, and tackled his own punt catcher.

BONEHEAD plays aren't confined to gridiron and diamond. There was Stonebraker of Wabash who shot the ball into his own basket in the last second of play, thereby giving Purdue a state basketball championship.

There was also Johnny Goodman, coxswain of the 1915 Stanford crew, who deliberately withheld the command for a finishing spurt, thinking that another quarter mile remained to go in the Poughkeepsie varsity eight-oared race. Too late Goodman realized his error and whipped his crew to a forty-stroke clip that failed to catch Cornell. The winners collapsed. Stanford, its stamina scarcely tapped, rowed home lustily, but Goodman wasn't a popular passenger.

Very similar was the boner pulled by Jockey "Boots" Fairbrother at Belmont Park some years ago. The race was run the reverse way, starting in "the chute." The judges occupied a stand other than the one generally used when the straightaway course is employed. Fairbrother, astride Peter Piper, had the race well in hand when he pulled up purposely on passing what he supposed was the finish line.

Gladiator, ridden out, flashed past the dumbfounded Fairbrother to win first money.

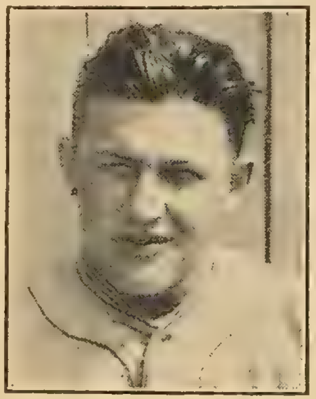
Edwin Wide claims that he made the same sort of error in his "mile of the century" against Floyd Hahn at Madison Square Garden three years ago. Mistaking the signals wigwagged by his timer, Wide delayed his finishing kick too long, under the impression that he still had another lap to go. This is either a colossal boner or a clever alibi, according to whether you hail from Sweden or Nebraska.

Just the opposite blunder was made by Abel Kiviat in the Olympic 1,500-meter race of 1912 at Stockholm. Misled by a cluster of spectators grouped twenty yards short of the actual finish mark, Kiviat made his bid too soon and ran himself into the ground.

It was in this race that America's two foremost milers, John Paul Jones and Norman Taber, were so busy keeping tabs on each other that they ignored the existence of A. N. S. Jackson, England's pertinacious plugger. Either Jones or Taber, mile record holders, could have cooked Jackson by setting their normal devastating pace, but while they hung back Jackson came with a rush and nipped them both at the tape.

Joey Williams of the Montreal Wanderers is hockey's John Anderson. Williams liked to play to the gallery by skating backward with the puck crooked in front of him. In an important cup tie, before the days of the blue-line zone, Williams found a clear path to the Ottawa net. It looked like a certain goal, but Joey couldn't resist the temptation to show off.

His adherents howled with glee as he started to skate backward from the mouth of the enemy goal, while still facing his objective. Their exuberance was short lived. The referee's whistle shrilled. "Williams offside!" shouted that official, an ill-disguised smile on his face. Joey had back-pedaled himself out of a goal.


P. & A. photo

Heinie Mueller, Card outfielder, peeved by bleacherites chanting signals, "crossed" them and came in on a fast one. Wham! went the old ball game.

Harry Walters, steeplechase jockey, dazed by an ugly fall at Belmont Park, remounted and rode the wrong way.

Roger Wethered, British amateur golfer, walking backward carelessly after a short advance to line up the flag, stepped on his ball and thereby missed a tie for first place in the 1921 British Open Championship at St. Andrews. A true sportsman, Wethered called the penalty stroke on himself. Nobody had noticed the incident. Thousands of golfers have played the wrong ball; hundreds have aimed approaches at the wrong green; at least one conceded a hole to his opponent, not realizing that the ball he thought lost was reposing snugly in the cup. He had holed his tee shot.

Frank Murrey, Princeton substitute, sent into the 1919 Harvard game to replace a mediocre back, lost his head and reported to the referee, "Murrey replacing Trimble."

Princeton's offense and defense happened to be built around Trimble, the star of the eleven. That brainstorm cost Princeton a victory, Harvard tying the score with an eleventh-hour touchdown by a pass into the defensive zone formerly covered by Trimble.

Jack Dempsey figured in two of boxing's classic boners. He left the ring at Toledo not realizing that the bell had saved Willard from a knockout. This blunder was corrected in time, partly because Willard's handlers were asleep. Dempsey's second mental lapse probably cost him the championship. His failure to retire promptly to a neutral corner at Chicago gave Tunney the benefit of that controversial long count.

Dan O'Leary, not the six-day runner, stands as the only man in organized baseball to make a home run the wrong way. Port Huron is playing Peoria in 1883. It is the last half of the ninth, two out, score 7 to 7, O'Leary at bat. Twice he spins around like a dervish, fooled by the pitcher's deceptive drop. The twirler tempts fate once too often. A sharp crash of ash meeting horsehide tells of a ball smacked on the trade-mark. O'Leary has swung from his heels; he falls to his knees, loses his sense of direction, jumps up, and heads toward third base.

The crowd howls its astonishment. O'Leary takes the distant drum-fire for applause. He rounds third, head down, looking to neither right nor left. He turns second, kicking up a cloud of dust, and digs out for first. Now he has skirted first base and is heading home, oblivious to the ravings of his teammates. He imagines the ball being relayed to the plate; he slides, spikes flashing toward the grinning catcher who gives him elbow room.

The umpire raises his arm, semaphore fashion, jerking a thumb in the direction of the bench. "You're out." "What for?" bellows O'Leary. "For running the wrong way around," says the heartless official.

"Boneheads"—"dumb-bells"—"goats." Would you apply these epithets to the men whose topsy-turvy exploits have been described, or would you just call them victims of circumstances?

Let him who has never trumped a partner's ace cast the first stone.

THE END

Happy New Year!

A New For the Love o' Lil

EVERYBODY who was anybody was yelling above the din of the Mossmans' wild, wild party. Flaunted diamonds sparkled like Coney Island lights. Spangled head-dresses glared like river ripples golden in the sun. Gay rented costumes rioted in a conglomerate pageant of colors such as a mad artist might have mixed on his palette in his maddest off moment.

"Don't be embarrassed about the julep," Mrs. Mossman giggled to her guests. She went through a cat clawing wool motions as she danced in and out of the pink streamers which hung from the chandelier.

"We're not!" Sandy shouted, ducking a dizzy shower of confetti. "It's our last chance this year." He had paid ten dollars to look like a jolly tar and every time the dark blue flannel flapped against his ankles he thought his Christmas garters had slipped to the polished floor.

"I always say—" Mr. Mossman began, hoping to squeeze a remark in lengthwise between saxophone moos.

"You're always saying something," his wife bantered. "What's it this time?" And she waved her peacock fan. Why the fan? That's what Lil wondered, Mrs. M. being dressed as a rouged Indian maid.

"I always say," Mr. M. began again, "people should end the old year with a bang and a blowout."

"Blowout? Did you say a blowout?" a guest demanded. He was posing as Lancelot in gray armor of papier-mâché. "Quit mixing business with pleasure. Don't forget I own four garages, old ham."

Mr. M. decided he'd minced his party amenities, so he drew his chin into his black-and-white Pierrot collar and took a detour to his julep table.

"To you!" he told Lil, lifting a glass with a spiral motion. "To you! To you! To you!"

Lil hid her smile in the crimson fringe of her Spanish shawl. She'd heard owls say that in the woods but something told her that tipsy Pierrot couldn't be put off with a polite laugh.

"You should drink to your wife's health," she said. "It's your last chance this year and—"

"Oh, she's in fine spirits and she doesn't need any toast," her host beamed. "To you! To you!"

"Skiddoo!" Lil cried. And she gave Mr. M. a hefty shove which allowed him just enough momentum to reach one of his rented camp stools.

The lights flashed on. The lights flashed off. Somebody grabbed her by the waist. It seemed that the Mossmans' party was spelled with a capital P.

"Who are you?" she asked as they danced in the dark. "Husband, father, or brother?"

The soft paper streamers tickled her face. The confetti felt like stinging snow. Her lips were sore from tooting a cardboard horn. And her arches seemed to be falling under her partner's feet.

"Good-by, Nineteen Twenty-nine!" the pianist yelled. "Good-by! Good-by!"

The siren on the lumber mill! The district fire bell! Yells! Automobiles! Whistles!

Up flared the Mossmans' lights, and—

"Happy New Year!" Sandy told Lil, holding her closely against his jolly tar costume. "Happy New Year an' many of 'em!"

(Next week: The Cat)

COMING SOON

For the Love o' Lil—at your favorite movie theater

FOOD for DRY SKINS

By EILEEN BOURNE

THE general atmospheric influence of a country chafing under a too arid governmental ruling may have nothing to do with it. Probably has not. But never in the experience of this skin-trouble confidante have the wails of the "drys" been so clamorous as at this current moment.

Why, I wonder, the preponderance of appeals for balm for oil-parched epidermis of face, scalp, and parts of the body commonly susceptible to itching and scaling, as the arms, thighs, and lower part of the thorax. Not why the appeals for balm! But why the prevalence of the condition?

I have a theory to cover some of this oil depletion—for oil depletion it is—and a reasonable one, too. Bearing in mind that it is the oil glands that normally supply the skin with grease that protects it against irritation, and that these same oil glands receive their nourishment in large part from the diet, I cannot help but associate the increasing number of dry-skin victims with reducing regimens as they are being practiced irrationally. All this elimination of fats, butter, cream (all fat-making foods, in fact), or their reduction to an undernourishing minimum, must have a deleterious reaction on the epidermis. And you know, as well as I, that what youth countless numbers of women have gained with their refined silhouettes has been lost in their faces. That thing we like to call "bloom," because Mr. Webster describes it as a state or time of beauty, freshness, and vigor, is dissipated. And dissipated because the oil is practically drained out of the skin.

Some of the milky baths of history were relations of our humble meals.

When you recall its opposite, the oil-surfeited skin of indulgents in rich foodstuffs, you can more clearly grasp the intimacy of diet and complexion. The oil glands feed both ways—over and under—according to the foods partaken.

I AM not attempting to disparage well balanced reducing diets, understand, nor moderate pursuit of a neater silhouette. I am simply trying to point out what may happen to complexions (and to hair, for its drying process is similarly accomplished) in instances of extreme measures of reduction or in extreme underweight ambitions. Given a well balanced diet and a sane weight reduction, there need be no bloom robbery whatsoever.

Strenuous steam-bath courses may be mentioned as a more or less minor contribution to dry-skin visitations. Hot water is not advocated for face cleansing where there is a tendency to dryness.

Perhaps our overtime employment of the powder puff may contribute somewhat to the drying out of skins, as some authorities insist. But I doubt it, unless there is a continuous rubbing in of powder on an uncreamed base. Most women are educated to lay that foundation film of cream for skin protection. The trouble lies deeper than a mere surface powder, I believe. Along with the diet that precludes oil-gland nourishment we have the unarguable drawback of skin-drying atmospheres. There always has been an increase in dry-skin complaints, private and beauty-departmental, during the season we are entitled to call "hot-radiator." And since the vogue of the sun-bronzed skin, pursued with that hectic enthusiasm with which we women are wont to embrace the new, our play and after-play seasons register many additional members in the society of dried-out skins.

But, as you may be saying under your breath, why all the talk of causes? It's relief we want!

WELL, then, remember these tiny oil cells that are nourished from within. And lend another helping hand to your arid skin with external lubricants. The skin has to be kept well greased. Go lightly on soap-and-water facial attentions. Substitute your favorite cleansing oils or creams. Olive oil, slightly warm, makes a most agreeable cleanser for this type of skin. But you may prefer, as most of us do, the marketed products containing animal fats or mineral oils and prepared with a view to pleasing the nose as well as the skin. When you go outdoors, winter or summer, be armed with that protective film of grease. By protective creams and nourishing skin food you can accomplish a very good, if synthetic, bloom.

There are soap substitutes coming again into popular favor, though familiar enough to an older generation. These are meal compositions, used in combination or alone, oatmeal, bran, and almond meal being the favorites. These meals contain oil which is solvent and penetrating, and their best recommendation is that after serving as excellent cleansers they leave the skin soft and velvety. You can pour a teaspoonful of almond meal in the palm of your hand, moisten it into a lather with water, and rub it on the skin.

You more likely would choose the daintier way of making small cheesecloth bags for basin use, larger ones for tub use, filling them with one of the named meals and squeezing them out in the water until it is quite milky. You may, indeed, use the bag directly on the skin as you would soap. If you feel you would like more lather you are perfectly free to shave a little of your best bland toilet soap and mix it with the meal content.

A pleasant combination is ordinary uncooked rolled oats (whatever quantity you choose to prepare at a time), half that quantity of almond meal, and powdered orris root (say half again the amount of almond meal) for perfuming it. To this, too, you may add your fine soap shavings. For softening water these meal ingredients far surpass in skin value soda or ammoniated preparations. Rumor now has it that some of the milky baths upon which certain ladies of history rose to beauty fame were not far distant relations of our humble meals.

An oily lotion (25 per cent glycerin in olive oil) is suggested for severe cases of skin that is dry and itching.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

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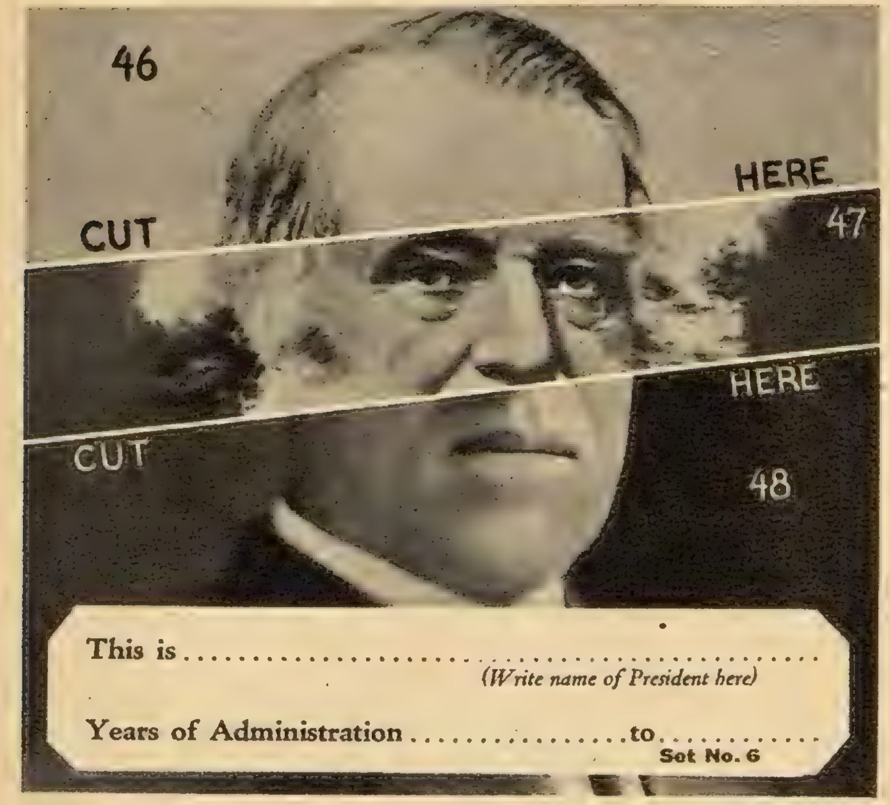
Who Are These Presidents?

Can you rearrange these composite pictures and name them?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47
CUT HERE
48
This is ....
(Write name of President here)
Years of Administration ....to............
Set No. 6

THE forehead belongs to an Alderman; the eyes and nose are of a State Senator and a Surrogate; the mouth and chin are of one who studied law at the University of Virginia.

$25,000 in Prizes

First prize	$5,000
Second prize	1,000
Third prize	500
Fourth prize	250
Fifth prize	200
Next fifty prizes ($25 each)	1,250
Next 680 prizes ($10 each)	6,800
One Hundred Prizes to Teachers ($100 each)	10,000
TOTAL (835 prizes)	$25,000

THE three composite pictures on this page when cut apart and put together correctly form the pictures of three Presidents of the United States. Can you name them? The Patriotic Game of Presidents is entertaining and educational—and Liberty will pay $25,000 in cash prizes for the best answers, as explained in the rules.

RULES

1—Every week for ten weeks a set of Composite Pictures of Presidents of the United States will be printed in Liberty.

2—Each set of pictures, when cut apart and put together properly, will make complete portraits of American Presidents. The public is invited to assemble the pictures and send them in. Liberty will pay $25,000 in cash prizes to the persons who send in the nearest correctly named and neatest complete sets of pictures.

3—This contest is open to everybody—men, women, boys, and girls—except employees of Liberty and their families. It does not matter where you live.

4—The Composite Pictures may be cut out, assembled, and pasted or pinned together. Below each picture write the name of the President and the years of his administration. (Give only first and last year of administration. For example, Calvin Coolidge, 1923 to 1929.)

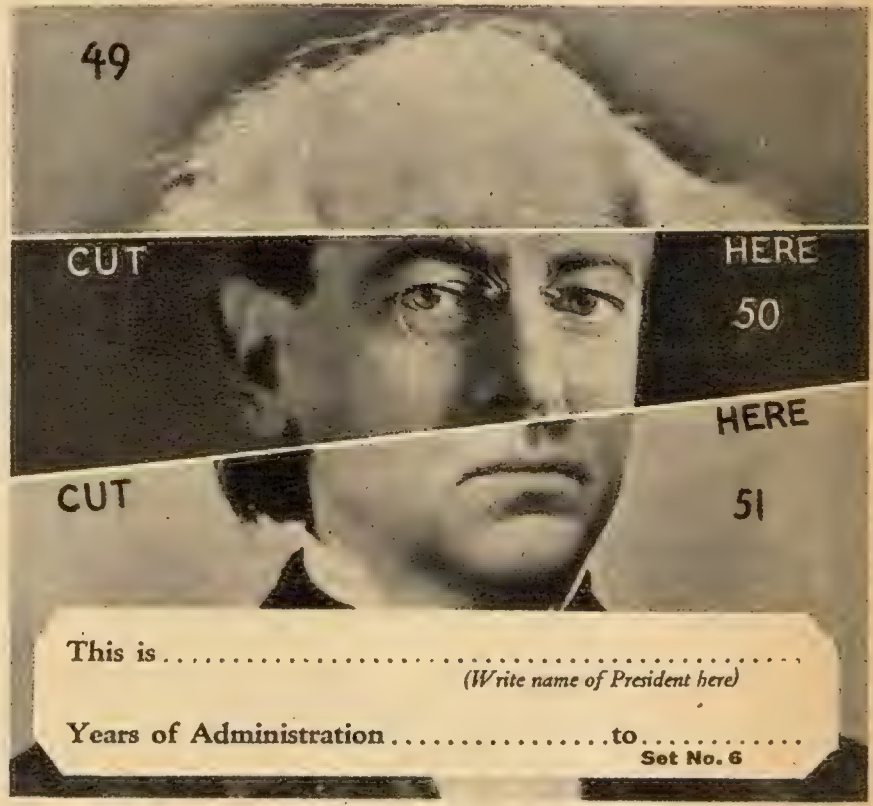
5—In all, thirty pictures will be printed—one of each President. Save them until you have the complete set of thirty. Then send them to Presidents, Liberty, Post-office Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry. All pictures must be in by midnight, twenty-one days after Set No. 10 is published. We cannot undertake to return any entries.

6—Each entry should be sent by first-class mail—postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Contestants may send in as many sets as they wish, but no contestant shall be entitled to more than one prize.

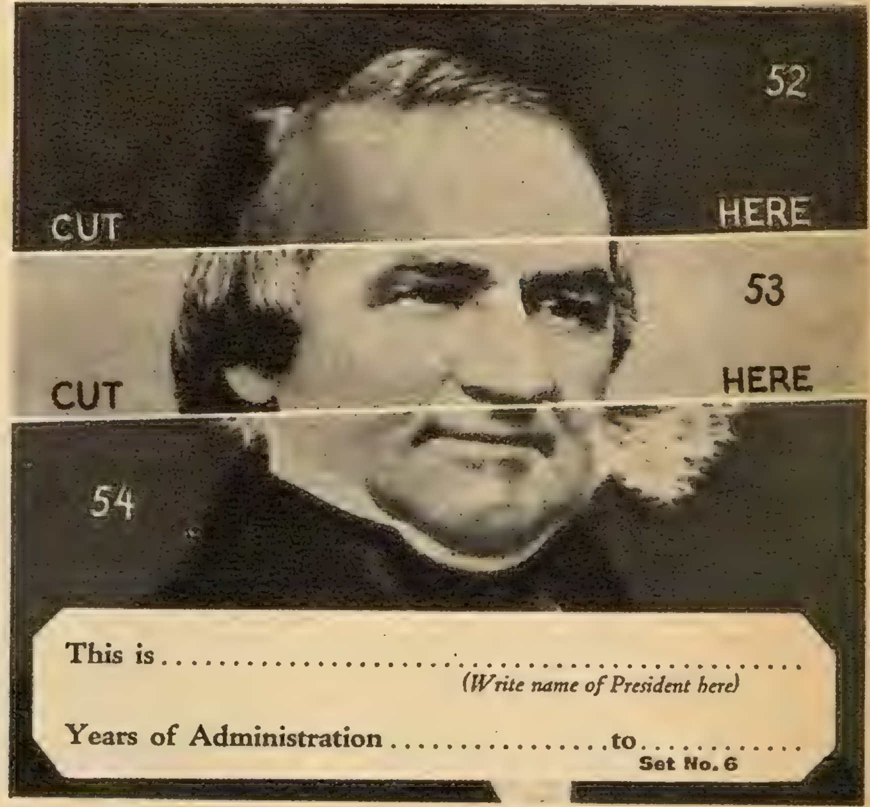
7—Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. No elaborate treatments are necessary. Simplicity is best.

8—You need not purchase Liberty or cut out the pictures to compete. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals and assemble the pictures from the copies you have made. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

9—The Judges will be a committee appointed by Liberty. Their decision will be final. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant.


49
CUT HERE
50
CUT HERE
51
This is ....
(Write name of President here)
Years of Administration ....to............
Set No. 6

THE forehead is of one who resigned from the United States Senate to become a Governor; the eyes and nose are of one who died in Washington; the mouth and chin are of a Mayor.


52
CUT HERE
53
CUT HERE
54
This is ....
(Write name of President here)
Years of Administration ....to............
Set No. 6

THE forehead is of one who held two chief executive offices; the eyes and nose are of a Military Governor of Tennessee; the mouth and chin are of a New Yorker.

$10,000 to Teachers

ONE hundred prizes of $100 each will be paid to school-teachers whose pupils make the best records in the Patriotic Game of Presidents. When a child enters the contest he is advised to state the name of the school he attends, the name of his teacher, and the grade.

School-teachers: Get as many of your pupils as possible to participate in this instructive game.

This is the sixth set of the series. The seventh will appear next week.

What Is BEAUTY in ART?

By

JOSEPH BRECK

who is Curator of Decorative Arts in the Metropolitan Museum, New York City; so much of his life must consist of the making of decisions as to What Is Beauty. Answers to that question by a movie producer, a novelist, a dress designer, an architect, and a news writer have appeared recently in Liberty.

Etchings by WILL FOSTER, A. N. A.

WHEN I received a telegram from the editor of Liberty, asking me "What is beauty?" my first impulse was to reply, Yankee fashion, with another question. I would answer in Pilate's words, "What is truth?" and let it go at that. For I doubt if beauty can be defined. I have read, it seems to me, a thousand and one attempts to define beauty. And none of them rang the bell! At least, not so that I could hear it. Perhaps the fault is mine; but if there does exist a definition of beauty that is wholly satisfactory, why the constant recurrence of this question—What is beauty?

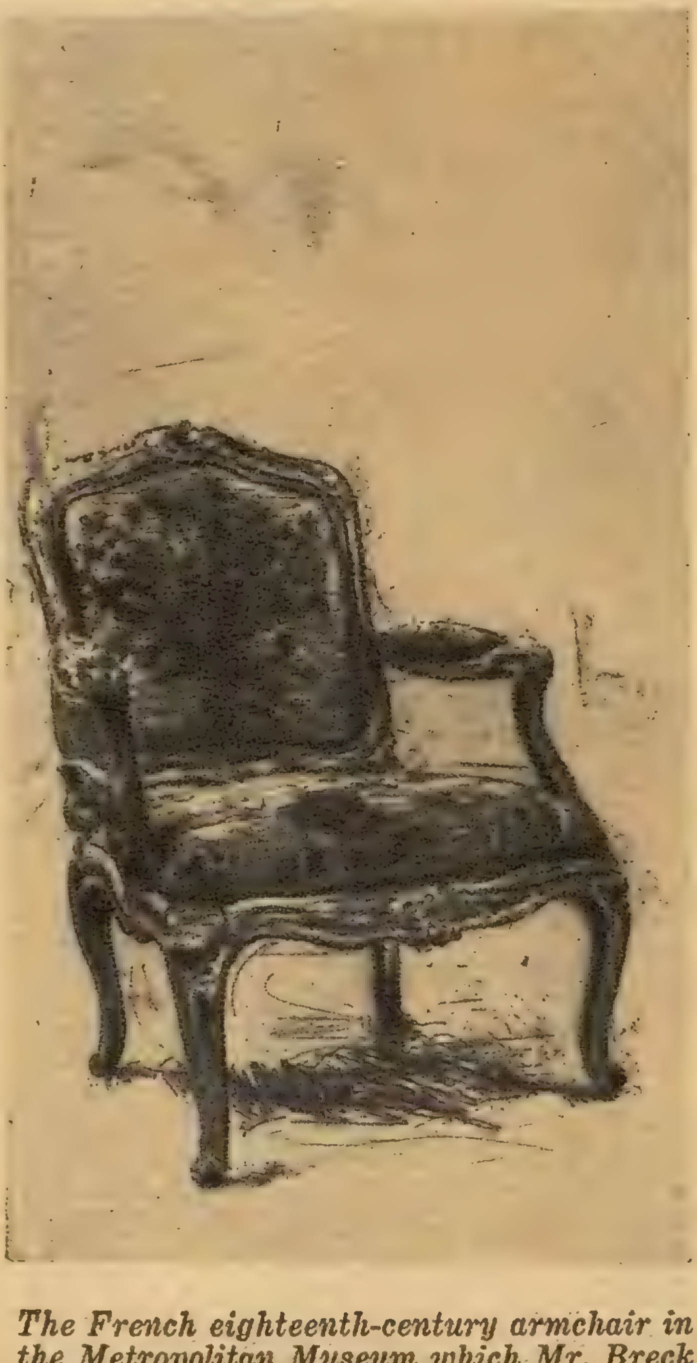
I shall be wise, therefore, and not adventure into a morass of definition where better men than I have lost their footing. But if I cannot define beauty, it occurs to me that there is one thing I can do; I can say where, under what conditions, I find beauty.

To put it in a nutshell, what I call beauty I find in *supreme instances of order*. This is not original. I quote from my old friend and teacher at Harvard, Dr. Denman W. Ross, whose lectures and books on the principles of design have greatly contributed to a better understanding of the nature of beauty.

But what is order? Now we are on firmer ground. "Order," to quote again from Dr. Ross, "is revealed in nature and achieved in works of art" in the three principal modes of design: repetition, sequence, and balance. To be sure, not every instance of repetition (harmony), sequence (rhythm), or balance is particularly beautiful; but, so far as I know, beauty is never experienced save in instances of one or more of these forms of order.

WE sometimes hear people say that they are "starved for beauty"; that they live in communities where there are no art museums, no opportunities for seeing beautiful things. Far be it from me to decry the cultural value of the art museum, but I wonder if "starvation" is not merely another name for insensitiveness to order, except in its most obvious expressions.

In a work of art, order is separated from disorder, and beauty, if it be there, is easy to perceive. But beauty is not restricted to pictures in expensive gold frames, to statues in the public squares, to cathedrals starred in Baedeker. It exists outside of museums and historic monuments. It may be anywhere, everywhere. It is probably within the range of your eyes at this very moment.



The French eighteenth-century armchair in the Metropolitan Museum which Mr. Breck cites as a superlative instance of beauty.

Even the make-up of this page before you may be beautiful. In any case, it will undoubtedly represent an effort to achieve order. It is not only convenience that dictates the division of type into lines of even length, that marshals these lines in parallel, balancing columns, that avoids monotony by the use of different sizes and different styles of type. Any printer worth his salt will try to make his printed page not only easy to read but also agreeable to the eye.

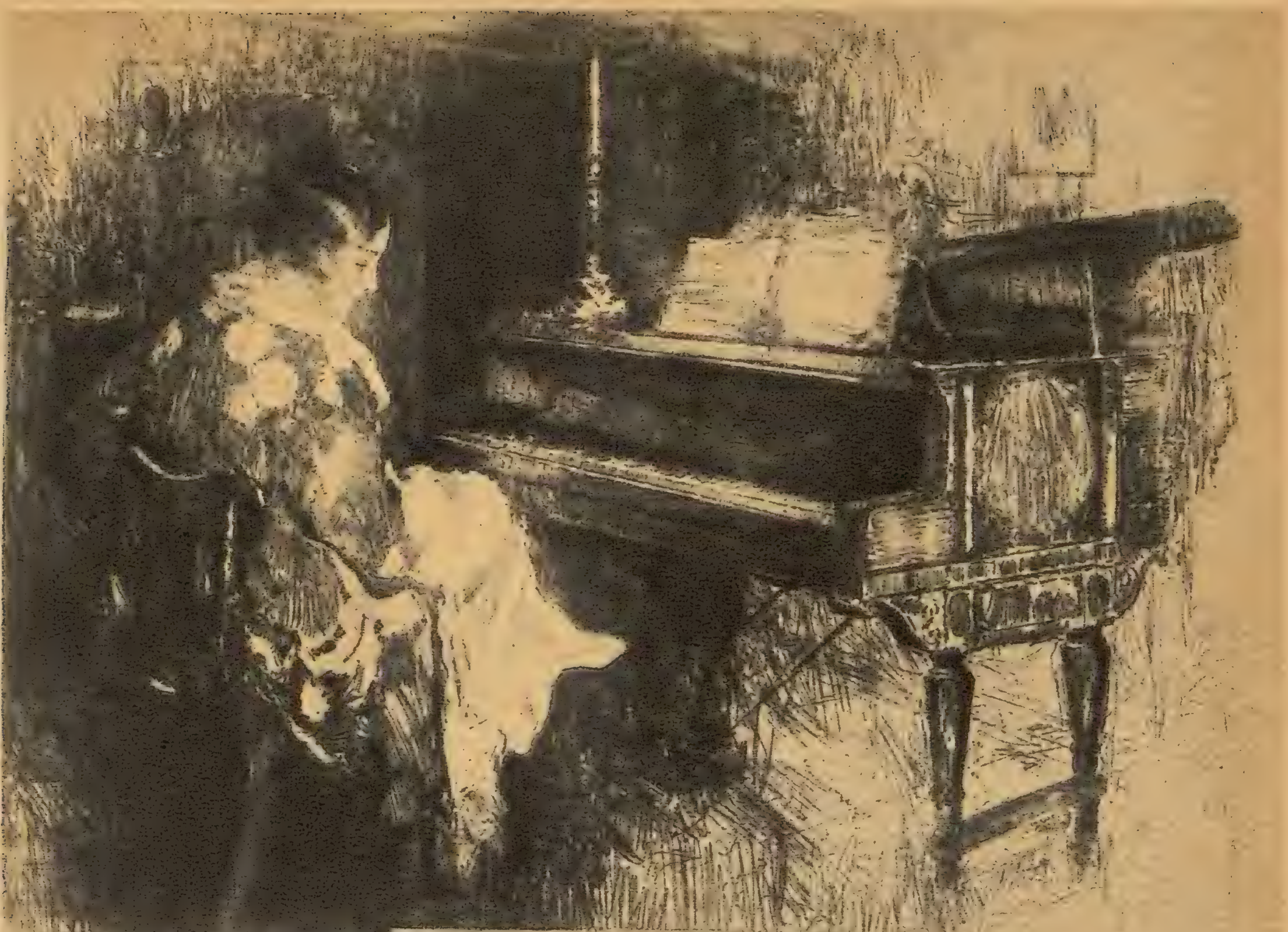
My advice to the "starved" is to cultivate the seeing eye. Seek the experience of order in nature as well as in art. It is easier to walk through an art gallery than to pick out the beautifully shaped blossoms in the tangle of a garden; but the latter is worth the trouble. Nor is it necessary to limit yourself to those things in nature that are beautiful in themselves. For the ugly under certain circumstances may become beautiful.

Yes, even that ill-proportioned factory chimney, that blatant signboard, that scraggy tree you see from your window. You say there can be no beauty here. But wait: at twilight, when discordant colors are harmonized by the veil of coming night, when petty detail is lost in darkening shadow, then perhaps for those who have the seeing eye there may come a magic moment when the scene is suddenly illuminated with beauty.

"WHERE is the art?" More than once I have been asked this question by dunderheaded visitors who have chanced upon me in the galleries of decorative arts at the Metropolitan Museum. Before their eyes may be some veritable masterpiece of art—a beautiful chair, for instance, admirable in design and execution. But they ask "Where is the art?"

Now I happen to be Curator of the Department of Decorative Arts at the Metropolitan, and I believe as strongly as I believe anything in this world that a chair may be just as beautiful as a painting or any other work of art. Therefore, I need hardly confess that this query fills me with rage. But I have not been a museum official for twenty years without learning that "art" to a vast number of visitors means "paintings" and nothing more. They want the painting galleries, and, with as much graciousness as I can muster, I put them on their way.

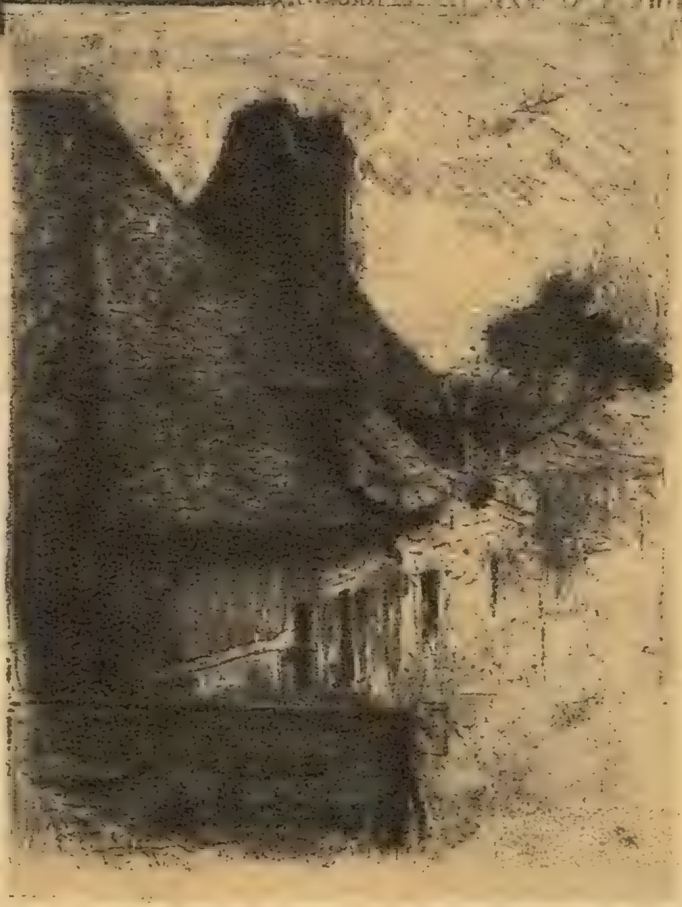
I suppose there are people who never think of a chair except as something to sit upon. To them I particularly commend the cultivation of the seeing eye.



A picture may please in respect both to subject interest and to the achievement of beauty.

I should like to have them look, really look, for a few minutes at some fine example of chair design—this French armchair of the mid-eighteenth century, for instance, that is illustrated here. Let them note the harmony that comes from the repetition of curving lines in every part of the design. A right angle introduced in this play of smoothly undulating curves would stick out like the proverbial sore thumb. With what satisfaction the eye follows the rhythmic movement and subtle variations of these lines and the forms they define! Not inappropriately the chair is upholstered with tapestry portraying bouquets of flowers that are akin in delicate beauty to the curvilinear design of the chair frame.

Let me call attention also to the pleasing interrelation of all the parts of the chair.



The ugly under certain circumstances may become beautiful—even that signboard, that scraggy tree you see from your window.

The back is finely proportioned to the seat; the arms provide a graceful transition from the horizontal to the vertical plane; the legs are neither too high nor too low.

In brief, the chair is well balanced. It gives a comfortable impression of stability. You know instinctively that you can sit on this chair as well as admire it.

But I have said enough to indicate that I think this chair is a superlative instance of orderly design, and, in consequence, of beauty.

If the experience of beauty is pleasurable—and who would deny it?—then, in so far as beauty is concerned, this chair is as pleasurable to my eye as any painting I know.

I might create a false impression, however, did I not hasten to add that there are other kinds of pleasure to be found in art besides that due to the experience of beauty. A picture, for example, may be wholly devoid of beauty and yet give pleasure because of the subject represented.

On the other hand, a picture may please in respect both to subject interest and to the achievement of beauty.

There is thus an essential difference between a painting and a chair.

The former is obviously richer in possibilities of pleasure than the latter, in which representation, if there at all, is subordinated to pure design. But there is one kind of pleasure that both the chair and the painting may give us in equal measure, and that is the pleasure of beauty as experienced in supreme instances of order.

An answer by Vachel Lindsay to the question, What Is Beauty in Rhythm? will appear in an early issue.

The Rake and the Hussy

A Romance of High Hearts and Dangerous Days

By

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Pictures by NORMAN PRICE

PART FIFTEEN—CONCLUSION

ON that day of slaughter, Sunday, January 8, there was every evidence that the enemy on the right bank of the river were determined to carry the city by assault. They might possibly have done so before nightfall. But by Monday morning, no.

I came into my youngster's bedroom before dawn—there was but one mystery left between us that the promiscuity of our experiences had spared—and the poor child sat up half dazed, groping blindly for my neck with naked arms.

Drums in the Place d'Armes were beating the reveille, battering her wearied ears again, which had been so long bruised by the infernal dissonance of war.

Her soft fingers crept up and felt of my strapped cheek guard and helmet, of pistol strap and sabre chain.

"I want to marry you today if I can," I whispered—"as soon as I can find a clergyman."

She strained me to her, my silver bell-buttons denting her delicate little breasts.

"Haven't the English gone yet?" she whimpered. "Why are the drums beating?"

The heavy shock of a cannon shook the house.

"Oh, God," she wailed, "I thought it was all over!"

Her nerves were giving way—those wonderful, youthful nerves that had so superbly sustained her since the day we fled from Thanes Close.

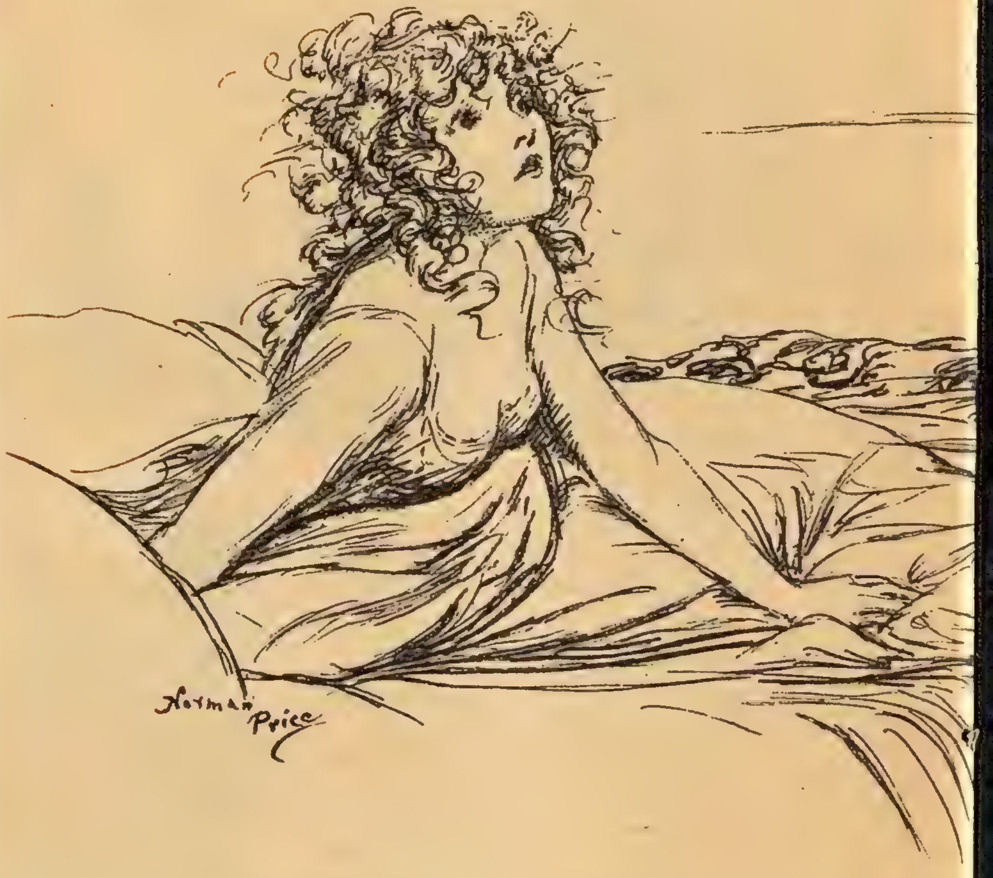
The cannon continued to fire at intervals, the concussion shaking her bed. I begged her to sleep again, but she reached for the bell-rope and pulled it; and when her half-naked black maid came with a candle she ordered chocolate and fruit.

I did not know whether I had time, but she made me wait; and together we breakfasted there in the candle-lit room, delicately fragrant of her.

She had recovered her poise a little; said she was ashamed to whine in such a situation; begged me to forgive her.

"Hang it," said she, "my dreams scared me, and I slept very badly, conscious of tears. Darling, the British have been frightfully defeated and it would be terrible if anything happened to you now—"

An aide-de-camp, Captain Reid, was announced by the half-dressed maid, and I stepped into the sitting room, shook hands with him, and read the written orders from the commander-in-chief:



"Confound it," said I, "the wedding's off, and we have half an hour to pack up and start for Amelia Island!"

Headquarters, Montgomery's House,
Jan. 9th, 1815.

SIR: A burial flag has just come in. Hostilities are to be temporarily suspended with the proviso that the enemy shall not be reinforced on the right bank of the river. This has been accepted.

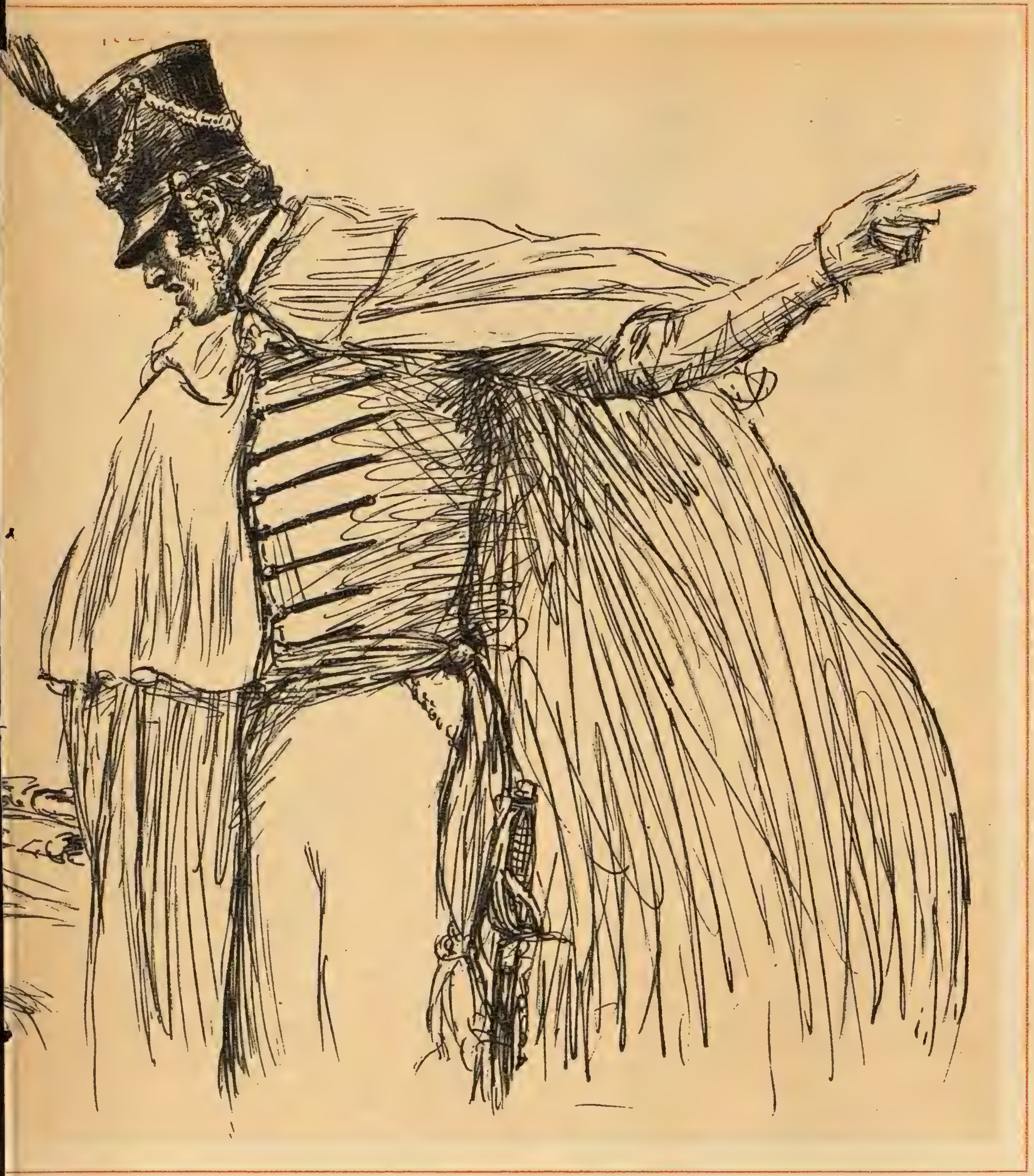
The General-in-Chief advises you that this is undoubtedly the end of all major operations in this vicinity.

You are, therefore, ordered immediately and without any delay whatever, to take your mounted riflemen and necessary light transportation, and traverse the Creek country—now pacified and its inhabitants bound under solemn treaty recently executed by Major-General Jackson—and report at the Fernandino forts for scout duty in eastern Georgia in coöperation with the cavalry division now operating in that military district.

By order of MAJOR-GENL. JACKSON.
THOMAS L. BUTLER, Captain and Aide-de-Camp.

"Well, Reid," said I, "this seems to be the wind-up."

"Yes. They're withdrawing Thornton. It's all over



for the British, colonel. . . . The general fears that their fleet and transports will sail for the Atlantic coast. He's very anxious that you lose no time in starting. I've taken it upon me to order your riflemen here with pack horses and a light wagon. I think they're here in the square now—over by the Cabildo."

I wanted to get married. But there was no time to hunt up a clergyman now.

I WENT to the door with Captain Reid, and saw in the lanternlight Ben Glimming sitting his horse and holding my own; and a travelling carriage with two Leatherlegs en postillion, waiting at our horse block.

When Andy Jackson wanted anything, that was the way he did it.

I hastened back to Naia's chamber:

"Confound it," said I, "the wedding's off, and we have half an hour to pack up and start for Amelia Island!"

She rose up, astounded, in her bed, and I rang violently for the servants and went into my own room and began to pull my boxes and military chest about and cram everything into them.

I threw open the casement and shouted: "Ben! Are you well provisioned?"

"Damn well, sir—wines and all!"

"All your men mustered?"

"Every single son of a slut, sir."

"You know where we're going?"

"No, sir."

"We're going to Georgia!"

"What the hell do we care, sir?"

I laughed and told him to send two men for our boxes.

When the sun rose, nothing but a distant smudge of smoke in the sky located for us where the beautiful city of New Orleans lay between its rivers, bayous, and canals.

WE travelled, as before, through open forests, level, hard—a winding course to avoid undergrowth, but the going was easier than on many a New York country road; and, as long as we kept out of "trembling prairies," cypress, and sloughs, we had very little trouble—for all waters continued low; and where bridges had been burned during the Creek war, almost all streams were easily forded.

Since we had sailed aboard the Red Bird in 1812 we had lost only one man. All were well and hardy.

Joe Barse and the Black Cat rode in advance. There was no need of flankers.

Nine riflemen followed. Then Naia's travelling carriage, I riding beside it, sometimes in it.

Three pack horses followed. Eight riflemen rode in the rear.

Never have I heard the birds sing as they sang all about us during that journey through the Creek country.

Wild flowers, too, were in bloom; the heavenly scent of Florida pawpaw filled the woods; and if I picked a stalk for Naia, as soon as dusk fell it was covered with hovering moths.

We saw some evidences of the Indian war—here and there weed-grown fields and a heap of cinders where a house had stood.

Such Indians as we caught glimpses of fled from us. No wonder. Jackson had torn the Confederacy of Nations to fragments and nearly annihilated the population, so that there were scarcely any left excepting women and children. Only the inaccessible Seminoles survived, sullen amid the Everglades, haughty dangerous, hating us.

But none came our way; and what ruffianly forest runners may have been lurking in the woods gave us wide berth.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

II

WE were nearly two months on our way. We lived luxuriously with our wines and New Orleans preserves. We had koonti bread, too, and venison and other game when we chose.

The Black Cat caught two young paroquets for Naia, which became tame almost instantly. She named them Paul and Virginia and taught them to say "Naia," and "Colonel," and "Cockcrow Hall"; and they sat on the calash hood all day, ruffling their brilliant green and yellow feathers, enjoying the world, and eating palmetto fruit and koonti bread and any oranges we could gather.

Early in February the overseer of a turpentine camp told us that, at St. Augustine, a British cruiser was lying in the Matanzas; and that her captain had come ashore with news of an armistice preliminary to a peace between the United States and Great Britain.

This made Naia joyous, and she picked up her guitar for the first time since we had left Mobile and sang Creole songs which she had learned in Pensacola, and which she had translated and rhymed into English.

That evening, in camp, we drank quite as much Madeira and claret as was prudent, and had a great wooden sofka bowl of delicious orange punch made with blackstrap, limes, oranges, guavas, and St. Croix sprinkled with chartreuse and fine champagne.

The Black Cat, upon request, danced solemnly, uttering rhythmical yelps.

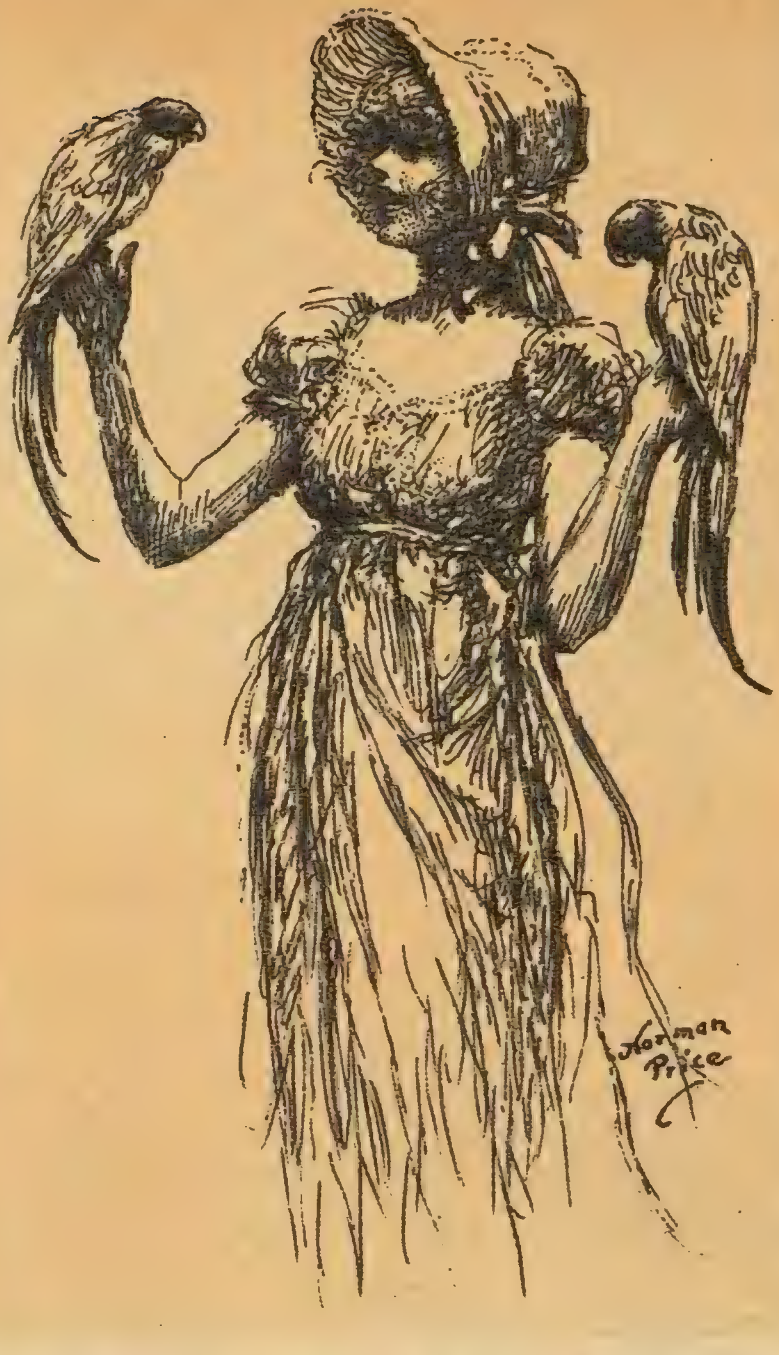
Following, Joe Barse cut pigeon wings and hopped and kicked up his heels, snapping his fingers to time his agile steps.

Then several Leather-legs capered to a Kentucky walk-around played by Naia.

Then all gathered closer around the fragrant cedar fire to hear Naia sing to her guitar the translated Creole songs—first the odd, sad little chansonette called Perdido—

"Once, long ago,
I loved a lady
White as the snow,
With lips of red;
Long, long ago
I lost my lady—
If she hath fled I do not know;
If she be dead I do not know.

Waves of the deep,
Oh, hurry seaward!
Look for my lady
If she's fled.
Waves of the deep
That foam to leeward,
Tell me my lady is not dead!
Oh, surf no whiter than her breast,
I cannot rest,
I cannot rest."



The Black Cat caught two young paroquets for Naia, which became tame almost instantly.

This usually made Joe Barse weep and rub his eyes with a grimy fist.

He preferred gayer ditties, such as the Pensacola song called Manola:

"I loved you first, Manola,
When first I saw you roll a
Little cigarita
From a leaf of golden corn.
Nor Lilias nor Lola
Compared to you, Manola,
And I love you,
I adore you,
With a heart that's all forlorn!

"Manola
Of Pensacola—
Where the red birds sing
And the gulls are on the wing;
Where the bees hum
In the sweet gum,
And the china berry bloom
Sheds a soft perfume;
Where the sea sighs
In the moonrise,
And the tall palm trees
Sway and whisper in the breeze—
Oh, Manola
Of Pensacola,
I'm in love,
I'm in love with you!"

That, with the drumming rhythm of the guitar, enchanted our Leather-legs, and they would sing for hours together as they rode through the woods:

"Oh, Manola
Of Pensacola—"

It was astonishing how the news of the peace made Naia bloom like a brier rose.

But she went white as a Cheroki rose next day when a Jewish fur trader, on the way to St. Augustine from the Holston valley, informed us that the United States had just declared war against the Algerian countries.

I pretended to Naia that I was going, but soon discovered it was no subject for jesting.

However, when she learned that it concerned our navy alone she became cheerily interested.

She expressed the opinion that it was high time our country ceased paying tribute to barbarians of any description.

Exactly fifty days out from New Orleans we rode into the Fernandino forts where once the Lone Star flag flew so defiantly.

There they told us that peace was a certainty; that there was to be no further employment for militia and volunteers, and that orders were to ship home all Northern troops without any delay whatever, upon their arrival, otherwise they would have to pay their own maintenance and transportation. Ours is a stingy Government.

I had certainly expected a breathing moment here—time to find some clergyman and marry Naia; but within an hour of our arrival we were hustled aboard a dirty-looking brig flying the Spanish flag—men, horses, baggage, bride- and bridegroom-to-be, all mad as hornets but sufficiently disciplined by this time to obey with becoming, though enraged, respect the bustling cocked hats and gold epaulettes that drove us aboard like truants.

"Hell's roarin' beeswax," muttered Ben Glimming fiercely, "I wanted for to buy me some o' them shellwork

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT]

The New Year Brings New Growth to Chicago's

MORRISON HOTEL

500 Rooms to be added in 1930

WITH each succeeding year comes a new phase in the growth of the Morrison Hotel.

The expansion has not always been physical, although recent years have witnessed impressive transformation scenes. With every change, the outer walls have been set wider, to enclose a larger and still larger building.

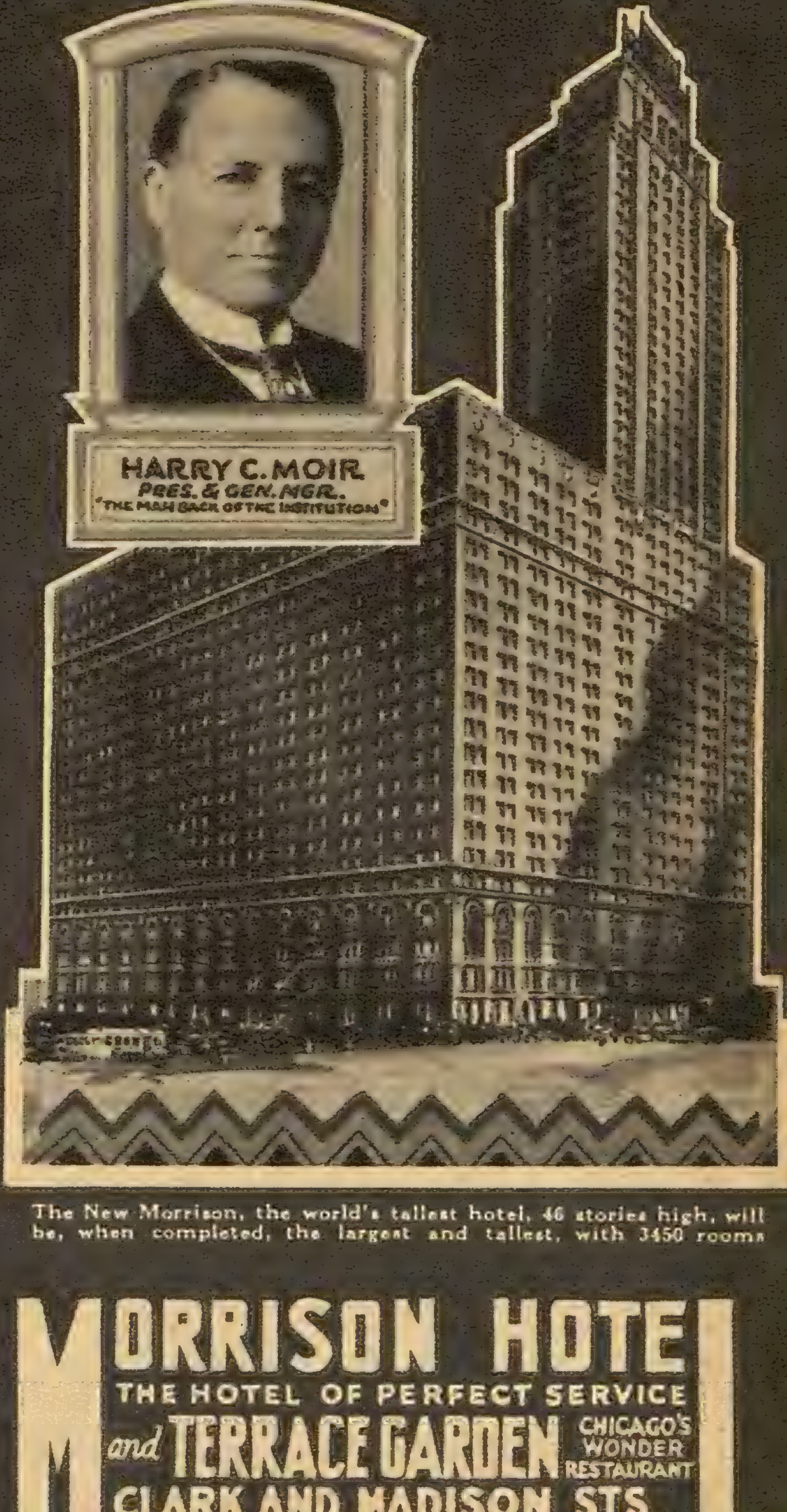
But the *real* growth, of which the new buildings are only a symbol, is the abiding goodwill of an ever broadening circle of travelers. On our part, as modern resource and ingenuity have created new standards of living, we have done our utmost toward a greater speed in service—a higher level of convenience and comfort. But the spirit and "personality" of the institution maintain the same homelike tone—the same frank, unstudied courtesy toward every guest within our doors.

This, we believe, is why our friends are drawn from so many widely separated spheres of life. Among them are eminent figures in commerce, art, jurisprudence, literature, and other fields. One of the leading artists of the Chicago Civic Opera Company is now occupying our "bungalow" suite for the current season.

To accommodate all these new and old friends, we are adding 500 more rooms on the Madison frontage. In keeping with the present equipment, every room will be outside, with bath, circulating ice-water, radio, telephone, bed-head reading lamp, and Servidor.

The rooms will then number 2450—a substantial approach toward our final capacity of 3450. All floors of the new structure will be in operation by May, 1931—an inspiring monument to the loyal cooperation of our widening fellowship of guests.

H. C. Moir
Pres. & Gen. Mgr.
Moir Hotel Company


HARRY C. MOIR
PRES. & GEN. MGR.
"THE MAN BACK OF THE INSTITUTION"

The New Morrison, the world's tallest hotel, 46 stories high, will be, when completed, the largest and tallest, with 3450 rooms

MORRISON HOTEL
THE HOTEL OF PERFECT SERVICE
and TERRACE GARDEN CHICAGO'S WONDER RESTAURANT
CLARK AND MADISON STS.
"IN THE HEART OF CHICAGO"

THE RAKE AND THE HUSSY
Continued from page fifty-six

things and a stuffed bird or two, and, b'Gawd A'mighty, they boost me aboard a Spaniard like I was a bag o' cotton!"

Nevertheless, aboard we went in an indecorous hurry, to catch the wind and tide they had waited for; up came her dripping mud hooks with creak of capstan and a Spanish "Yo-ho!"

Her patched canvas flapped drearily; Spanish hell broke out aloft and alow; the rigging swarmed like a palm forest with monkeys; and we moved, wabbled, and headed out the islands with a stench of garlic from the galley and the sound of shoreward guitars buzzing in our ears.

The Grace of God was her name in English; her skipper a kind and swarthy Spanish Creole, Captain Cirilo, who gave us an unclean cabin with two bunks and had us to dine with him whenever we were inclined, or ordered us to be served in our own quarters.

He was a polite, kind, but melancholy man.

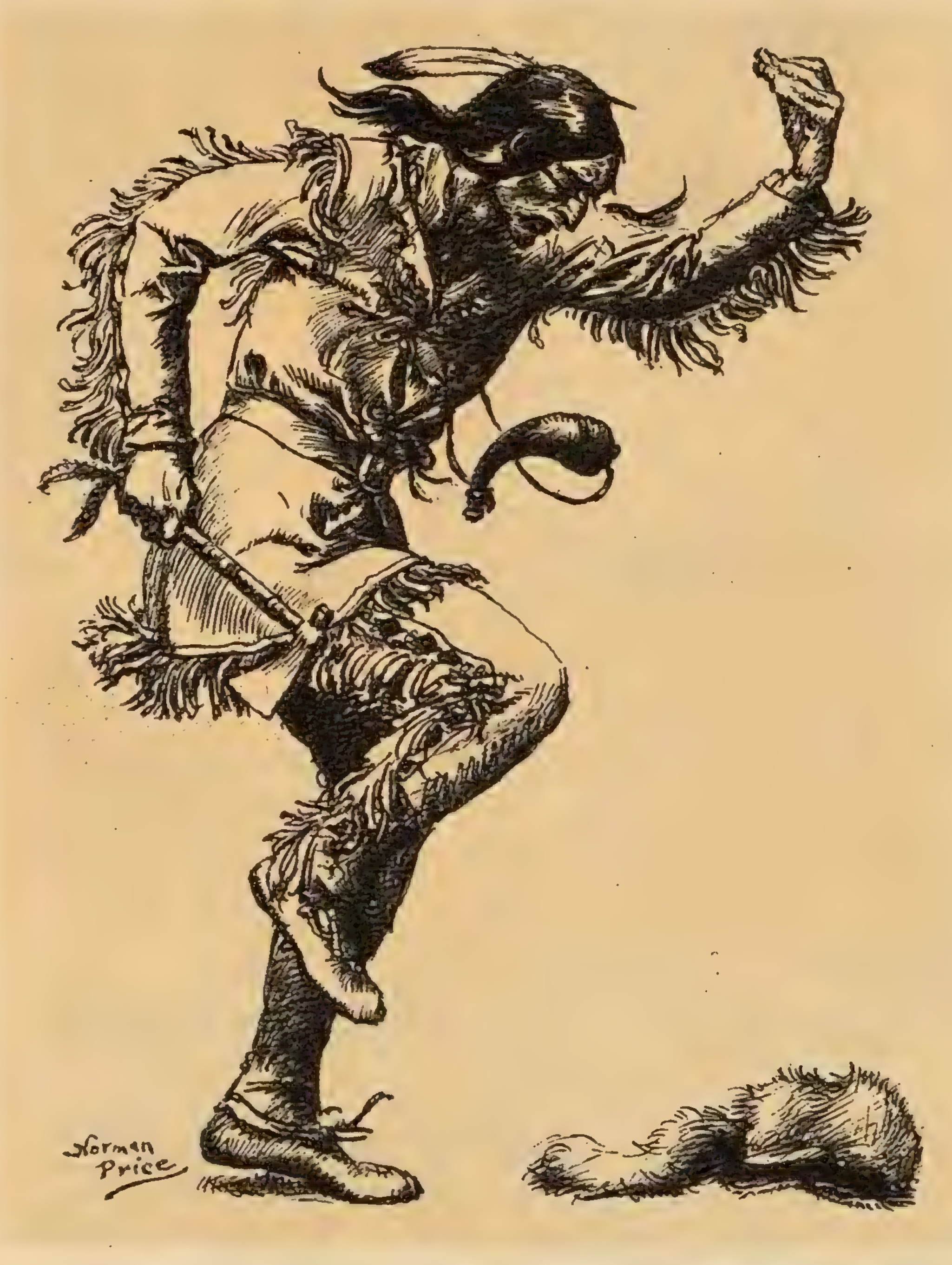
He was inclined to brood upon the fate of Florida, yet did not hold against us its Yankee ravishment from the Crown of Spain.

No, he had no rancour; and when some of the impudent Creole crew of the Grace of God started to sing:

"'Mericain coquin
Billé en nanquin.
Voleur di pain
Chez Miché D'Aquin—"

he fell upon them with kicks and blows and Spanish curses; and nobody aboard was ever saucy to us again.

He confided to me that he had wanted to be turned into a troopship, or transport, or anything remotely resembling a man-o'-war; and had even been very willing to sail in ballast; but that, since Pensacola, Spaniards were not popular with American officers and soldiers, and he had thought it prudent to take aboard him what he was told to take and offer no observations.



The Black Cat danced solemnly, uttering rhythmical yelps.

He was the mildest man who ever fed on garlic.

Every day he patiently explained to Naia the process of making gombo—another gustatory passion of his:

"Premie chose, le prens la viane et mette li dans to chodière avec un ti bren la graisse—" was the way he always began; and always ended: "Voye li bien qui li pas brule. et to va fai bon gombo!"

III

WE were three days out when, chancing to be on the poop with Naia to bask in the sun, a violent Spanish yell from masthead brought master and mate and supercargo to with a jolt.

"Sail-ho!"

"Where away?"

A description of topgallants, hull down, followed. The skipper had been a little nervous over the recent piracies in these waters—one never knew when a privateer would change her spots for tiger stripes!—and he had no desire to see, encounter, or, much less, speak, anything swimming larger than a sea-gull.

We were floundering along under a steady breeze; sky and water were an agreeable blue; there was peace and plenty aloft and alow; and nothing except gombo to think about.

Forward lounged my Leatner-legs, triumphant over the hated sea and, so far, proudly retaining all their meals.

From the forecastle a fiddle scraped; soft Creole voices sang the lively waltz, and the softer and characteristic Spanish sequel:

"Lolita, Lolita,
Of Santa Rosita,
The day is adying,
The little owl crying,
And here I lie sighing for you;
The ocean is sleeping,
Oh, why are you keeping
Your lover who's dying for you?
In orange-bloom bowers
The shadows of flowers
Embroider a bed for you.
Lolita, Lolita,
Of Santa Rosita,
I'm sighing and dying for you!
Lolita!"

Then, with a tambourine and castanet:

"Dark are the hours,
The night grows cold,
Faded the flowers,
The moon is fled,
Bleak are the bowers,
The world grows old,
My heart is dead,
My heart is dead,
Lolita!"

All very pretty, but I began to wonder what breed of ship that schooner yonder might turn out to be which was flying along under our port bow with the speed of a sheer-water, and apparently hedging in on us as though desiring to speak us.

There was no use altering our course to avoid the stranger who could sail all around us while we were muddling along a mile.

"Carramba," muttered the skipper, "who the devil is he? I know not why he should desire conversation."

He hurled a hoarse question at masthead, who gave a most disquieting description of this armed and flagless cruiser with her long eighteens and carronades, bowling blithely along over the blue and silver sea.

We broke out our Spanish flag presently; she showed us nothing but a row of triced ports.

"Mother of God," said Captain Cirilo thickly, "have we, then, a corsair to ruin us just as the peace of heaven breathes once more over a chastened world?"

We carried no guns—only a long twelve forward. There were no arms for the crew other than a rusty cutlass, a pike, and a boarding knife or two with the points broken off by the carpenter. There was not even a drum aboard with which to beat to quarters.

I mentioned my riflemen to the skipper.

"Jesus, Marie, and Josef," said he, horrified; "can we combat a cruiser with rifles!"

Bang! went a gun from the stranger.

"Dios," said he, "I must back my mainsail!"

"Don't stir from my side, Naia," said I.

She took hold of my sleeve. Ben Glimming, Joe Barse, Black Cat, and our Leather-legs came swiftly to the poop, carrying their rifles and war-hatchets.

"I mean to put up with no nonsense when they board us," said I to Cirilo; "and you'd better swing your long twelve inboard and load with grape."

He was no coward; few Spaniards are; but to resist an armed schooner with one long twelve and a few rifles was, to him, an incomprehensible stupidity.

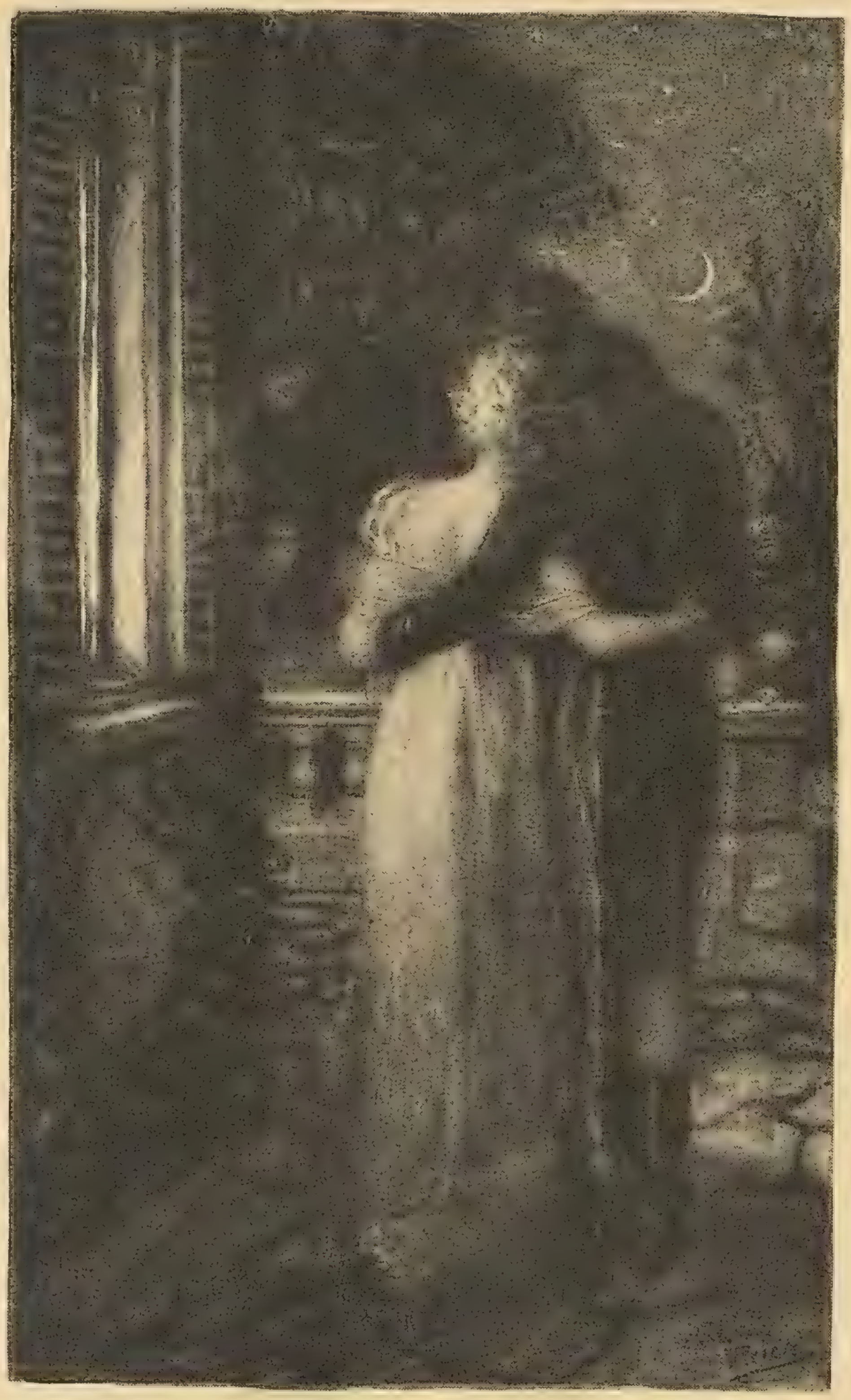
As we lay hove to, pitching and rocking, we saw the boats pull away from the flagless schooner—seven boats full of armed men!

"You see," said the skipper bitterly, "—you headlong Americans—it is because they have observe your rifles! Here is a sad affair!"

Ben Glimming glowered across the waves at them: "They look like pirates to me," he growled.

I HAD been thinking the same thing; these fellows pulling toward us with powerful, practiced strokes—the men crowding the thwarts, naked to the waist, crimson sashed and red capped—and their officers in bow and stern, with their long coats and hangers and belts stuffed with glittering pistols.

"Boat ahoy!" shouted our skipper. "Who are you and what do you want of us?"



We walked, our waists enlaced, slowly along the paved terrace.

At that, a longboat glided alongside just under us, and her officer sprang to his feet in the bow and looked up at me. In a flash I recognized him:

"Dominique!" I shouted.

He gave me an astonished look.

"Dominique You!" I cried. "What the devil are you doing in that boat? And there's Captain Beluche, too!"

"Sacré nom d'un nom!" he said; and the boat's crew gaped at us.

Then Captain Dominique's dark visage broke into a dazzling smile and he took off his hat to Naia who was peering fearfully down at him from the taffrail.

"Mon colonel," said he, his eyes and teeth all agleam, "it is a gran' mistake! How I know it is you, sir? Excuse, if you please. I go back to my ship, mek you one gran' salute!"

"'Ow we know thees Spanish sheep it ees you' sheep, miché le colonel?" repeated Captain Beluche, grinning from the stern, and his gold earrings swinging as he bowed repeatedly to Naia. "Oh, mon Dieu," he said, "I 'ope you ain' goin' tell to Jean Lafitte 'ow we be'ave lak we some dam' fool!"

Captain Dominique, smiling, conversational, amused at the fright he'd given our captain and crew, called up to me:

"You recollec', my colonel, what I have show to you in the powder bag?"

"Yes, I remember very well."

"Bon! I have sent him to their General Lambert."

"That was proper," said I gravely.

"OH, yes, we are ver' polite in Barataria. But the British—oh, no, not polite. You know what they call your riflemen? They call them Dirty Shirts. We of Barataria, we call no names. We sometimes hang a gentleman from the yard-arm, but we do not call names."

"You'd better leave the Atlantic," said I to Dominique. "You Baratarians are much loved by Government just now, but you know how it will go with you if you begin to stop ships off our coast and hang gentlemen from your yard-arm."

"Oui, miché colonel," said Beluche, "I know ver' dam' well. Excuse, if you pliz. We goin' mek sail an' we goin' stan' for thees Curaçoa. Much oblige. Sank you, sare! Goo'-bye!"

He flourished his hat at Naia, eyes and teeth flashing.

Then he shouted something in Spanish Creole to the other boats; and every boat immediately turned tail and pulled lustily for the schooner. We could see them plainly when they scrambled aboard and hoisted in their boats.

Then, up went the flag of Cartagena; bang!—the first gun saluting us—bang! bang! bang! And three Baratarian cheers.

"Ohmondieu!" burst out Captain Cirilo, gasping his relief.

"Give them three cheers," I whispered to Cirilo.

"All hands!" he shouted unsteadily, "—all hands to cheer Jean Lafitte! Vive Lafitte! Vive la Barataria!"

"Vive Lafitte!" shouted the crew gratefully.

"Where did you know those cutthroats?" asked Naia, astonished.

"You see," said I, "the advantage of keeping villainous company. But I don't think they're that. Anyway, they have been both courageous and faithful to a country that

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE RAKE AND THE HUSSY
Continued from page fifty-nine

put a price on their heads; and they fought as bravely as anybody else at the Battle of New Orleans."

IV

WE encountered no storms; on the contrary, all wind failed us, and we lay becalmed and becalmed off the South Carolina coast; and though we lowered boats and manned our sweeps, we made scarcely any progress for days and days; and saw other craft about us likewise in the doldrums, rolling and pitching in the still sunshine of April—among them a British sloop-of-war which made a snail's progress southward, towed by her boats.

Our men laboured at the oars every day, singing their interminable:

"On me flanque dans la Calabozo
Mois de Mai,
C'tait pas gai!"

while the flag of Spain stirred sullenly overhead.

Or, sometimes they sang about Marie Aram and the devotion of Tiocou; or about Michel Degout, and the trainer of paroquets, and all the grewsome details of that ancient tragedy.

We were very glad when the flag of Spain straightened out in the May breeze off the Virginia Capes, and our old tub began to slosh and wallow away northward.

Off the Hook we took a pilot. Naia and I, resting on the taffrail, gazed out across the waves toward Sandy Hook—just as we had gazed so long ago from the deck of the Wild-Cat, privateer.

"It is amazing," said I, "that you and I have travelled half around the earth together and are not yet married."

She said it was fortunate that I had not married her before she was grown up.

"Because you would have had to sow those wild oats anyway?"

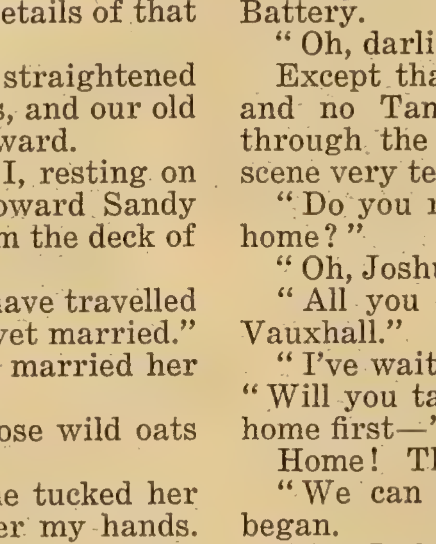
"There was a devil in me, darling." She tucked her arm under mine and her fingers closed over my hands. "I was determined to live every moment with all my might."

"Even if it killed you?"

"To be killed means nothing to the young. It's strange to say so, but it doesn't. I've only learned to be afraid since I lost you at Fort Mims. And now everything scares me." She pressed my hand convulsively and nestled closer, shoulder to shoulder.

When the telegraph came in sight she asked me if I remembered the message we had sent, and the fate of the unhappy messenger; and I felt her body shudder against mine.

A flag flew from the squatty sandstone castle; another from the South Battery; another fluttered above the Red Fort as the city of New York disclosed itself between the two rivers at the head of the upper bay.



HER heart was as full as mine, I think, for she kept touching her eyes with her handkerchief and patting her pretty nose with it.

There rose our city with its towers and spires above the Dutch and English roofs massed from river to river as far as we could see, behind a forest of masts.

Already Staten Island and the heights of Weehawken were turning green under the sun of May; green trees glimmered on the Battery, around Government House, and Bowling Green. Brooklyn shores were becoming verdant; the shrubbery on all the islands was full of bursting buds and yellow bellflower bloom.

As the Grace of God moved slowly toward her berth we could see the new steam ferryboats on the North River, which fascinated us, and we could not take our eyes off them.

Trinity's mellow bells sounded pleasantly across the water. Other bells answered distantly in the city. A few lingering gulls soared over the East River, reluctant to leave for their northern solitudes.

We were moored not far from where the Wild-Cat, privateer, was moored on that evening when first Naia and I arrived together in New York.

Ben Glimming and his Leather-legs, awaiting transportation to a schooner for their sail up the river to Albany, came to bid us adieu.

We shook hands with him, with Joe Barse, with the Black Cat—now adorned with a beaver hat and pantaloons—and with every separate rifleman.

Barse, having Latin blood in him, wept; the Black Cat gazed upon us solemnly. He had said good-bye. If he lived a thousand years he would have nothing to add to that final statement.

Captain Cirilo, breathing garlic, embraced us. His was a kind and Spanish heart; and we respected him and were resigned.

A SAILOR had gone to the City Hotel to fetch us a travelling coach.

Now, once more, Naia Strayling and I stood beside our baggage upon a dirty wharf, just as we had stood that evening so long ago.

A military band was playing in the kiosque on the Battery.

"Oh, darling," she exclaimed, "do you remember?"

Except that no fireworks were rising from Vauxhall, and no Tammany parade was drumming and fifing through the city, and no stars twinkled overhead, the scene very tenderly recalled that other scene.

"Do you remember," said I, "that you refused to go home?"

"Oh, Joshua, what could you have thought!"

"All you thought about," said I, "was a junket to Vauxhall."

"I've waited three years to go to Vauxhall," said she. "Will you take me now? But I suppose we'd better go home first—"

Home! The word from her eager lips thrilled me.

"We can spend the evening at Vauxhall first—" I began.

"Oh, Joshua, I want to go home!"

"Hadn't we better marry each other first?"

"Oh, Lord, I forgot!"

When the travelling coach arrived, and our luggage was aboard, I told the coachman to stop first at a jewelry shop and then at the abode of some clergyman.

"Any sort will do," said I.

So first we got out in Hanover Square and bought a wedding ring and another set with diamonds and sapphires, chosen by my excited affianced.

Then, in Nassau Street, we invaded the abode of a holy old duck named Lovejoy—some kind of nonconformist—who waddled out of his study on large, flat feet; and presently married us—his suspiciously pretty housekeeper and the charwoman serving as witnesses.

So long had we lived happily together, and without ceremony, that this seemed but a post-marital climax. We regarded it merely as a matter to be rid of; and were much relieved when this old cock pocketed his fee; and his flat, duck feet flapped away over the carpet toward inner recesses of poultrydom.

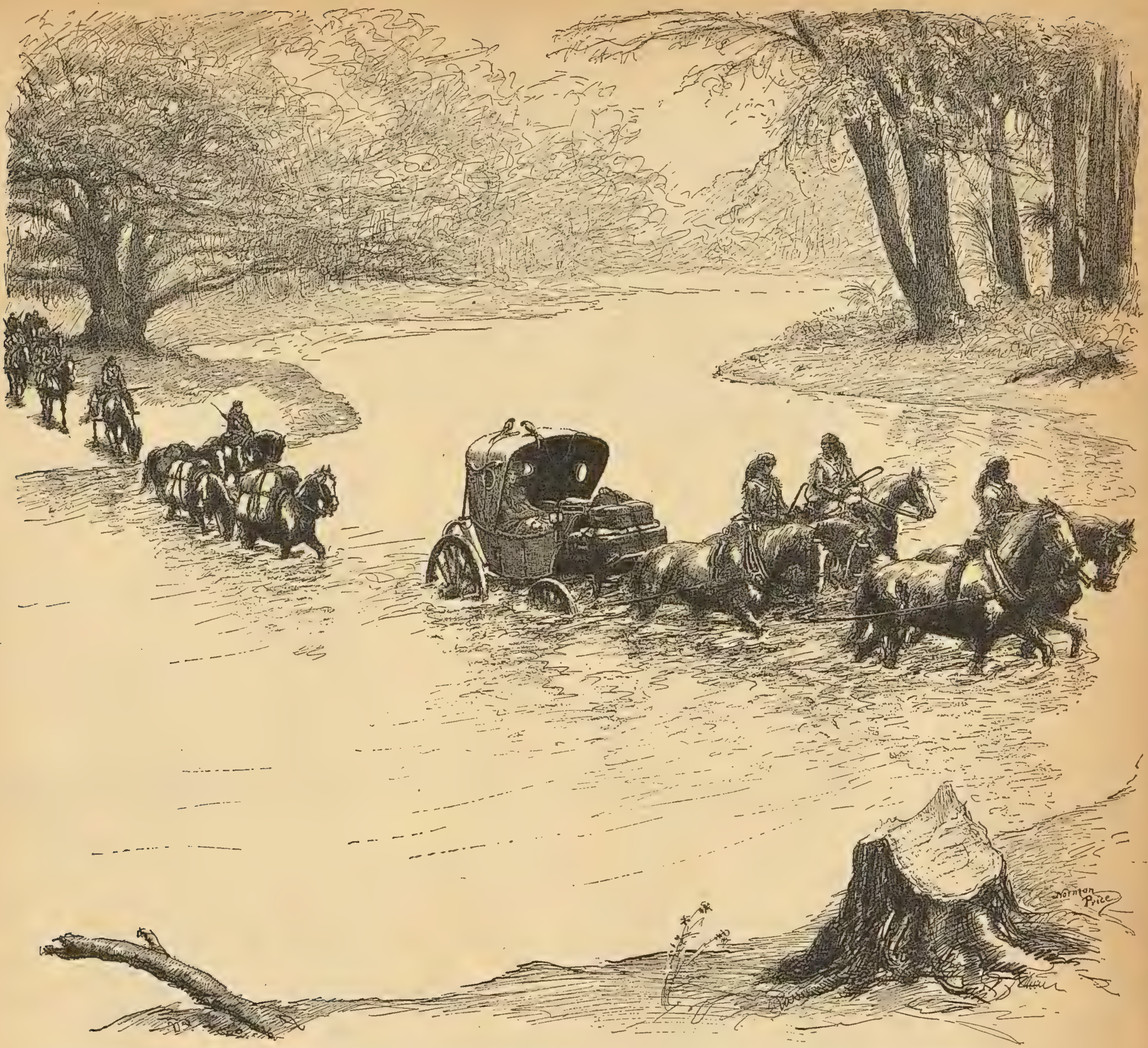
"I think," said I, "that civility requires us to wait upon your grandfather. Don't you?"

"Darling," said she happily, "I'm hanged if I care what you do with me, but shall love whatever you do!"

So, Chatham Street being on our way, we pulled up before the handsome mansion from which, once, we had been ignominiously ejected; and rang the doorbell without a shudder.

The ancient negro, in his scarlet livery and white scratch-wig, stood staring stupidly at Naia; then his aged eyes filled and tears trickled over his wrinkled cheeks.

Silently he led us into the dimly gorgeous drawing-room with its glimmering mirrors. Beyond, the library was full of sunshine, where an old man, in his dressing gown, sat reading the morning newspaper.



We had very little trouble—for all waters continued low, and almost all streams were easily forded.

Naia went in all alone and closed the door behind her.

I had been seated for a long while by the shrouded window, where the bellying damask curtains framed a gilded pier glass, when Naia opened the door and called to me in a happy, tremulous voice.

So I went in and solemnly bowed to this ancient officer of General Washington's army; and we exchanged formal civilities, expressing polite pleasure in the union of the two families.

And then, with painful decorum, we exchanged opinions concerning politics and the war just ended—which he remarked was rather a pitiable affair compared to the Revolution.

That being politely admitted by me—though I could see the indignant colour burning Naia's cheeks—we solemnly shook hands; Naia embraced him; and so, with every ceremony and politeness, took our departure, the old butler staring after us and smiling through his tears.

Now we were ready for Cock-crow Hall!

Everywhere this side Harlem were evidences of military preparation—earthworks, redoubts, stone towers, forts, crescent batteries—and at McGowan's, a great overhead portcullis under which our horses galloped.

Three times we changed horses: once near Mount St. Vincent; once at Yonkers where Naia and I had a plate of ice cream, as once we had before; and our last change was at Dobbs Ferry—we being obliged to go that far along the river, as the Mamaroneck Road was impassable.

And now, at the golden edge of evening, we crossed the brook which flows through our estate, and turned in the great avenue of trees.

A young girl opened the gates. Her grandfather was dead two years, she said, looking wonderingly up at Naia.

So on we went under maples in tender leaf, and between green fields set with millions of dandelions, until the great chimneys of Cock-crow Hall rose against the flaming west, and we saw the gilded cockerel atop his perch, crowing for victory.

Then Naia turned to me, her grey eyes wet with tears; but could not utter any word. Only the inarticulate eloquence of her breathless lips told all her love for me and Cock-crow Hall.

V

MOONLIGHT, and a million hylas peeping in sweet, unbroken, endless chorus; damp fragrance from new grass and newly spaded gardens; some restless bird distantly vocal in the woods; the far song of the brook where ferns unfolded like bishops' croziers and there was a scent of daphne in the dusk.

She wore sheer silk of rose colour—one of her old gowns, she said, made after the fashion set by the Em-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE RAKE AND THE HUSSY
Continued from page sixty-one

press Louise—and her sheer stockings were of rose colour, and her slippers, and the paste brilliants on her insteps. Only her scarf was silvery.

As for her portrait—she was too beautiful for any words of mine to fit, from her chestnut hair clustering to frame the snowy oval of a face tinged with rose, and the lips carnation. . . . And the two grey eyes of her—

Lingering at table in the candlelight over our wine—and even that harmoniously became her in rose or topaz tints—she leaned a little toward me across the cloth:

"I'll do anything you wish, darling. But don't you think that a few children will be sufficient for the first few years?"

Norman Price

"Yes," said I; "we must have other pleasures while we're young."

"Yes. We'll have a few; and then we'll be very young and gay for quite a long time. And when we tire of so much gaiety—or, if you tire first, darling—you have only to tell me, and we'll have more babies."

"Do you think you can?" I asked as we rose, walked out to the front steps, and stood together in the moonlight.

"Oh, darling, I know I can," she said, flinging her slender arms around my neck; "and you wouldn't doubt it if you knew how much I am in love with you."

We kissed passionately. A heavenly thrill possessed me as I thought of the future heir to Cock-crow Hall.

We walked, our waists enlaced, slowly along the paved terrace. Lights burned in all the windows of the old-time house. Even in that room which so nearly had been fatal to me, the high bull's-eye dormer was illuminated.

We looked up at it in silence for a while, then sauntered on to the little summerhouse where wisteria in heavy bud hung wet with dew.

She had been humming a Creole dance under her breath; now, enchanted by the moonlight, releasing herself from me, she took a graceful step or two in rhythm to her singing, whirling with floating skirt and click of heel, gay, young as the young year of new-born leaves:

"Ti baiser,
Pas gran' chose;
Li aimé
Que'q'chose;
Moin donne li amou',
Li m'fait enfan' toujou'—
Dansez, Rose!
Dansez, Celedon!
Moin fiche d'enfan's!"

In the brilliant moonlight a cock crowed.

Silver and rose the slender shape glided, pirouetted in lovely mockery of its own shadow:

"Dansez, Rose!
Dansez, Celedon!
Moin fiche d'enfan's—"

THE END

Mistake Picture Prize Winners—A New List

Awards have been made as follows for the detection of errors in the four "How Many Mistakes" pictures which appeared in Liberty for November 23.

PICTURE NO. 1

FIRST PRIZE—$125

Lucille Miller,
426 Baraga Ave., Marquette, Mich.

SECOND PRIZE—$50

Albert Cordo,
544 Garden St.,
Hartford, Conn.

THIRD PRIZE—$25

E. A. Wall,
41 Richardson Ave.,
Wakefield, Mass.

TEN PRIZES OF $5 EACH

Mrs. Nora Blocher
421 E. Fifth St., Little Rock, Ark.

Lois Brown,
U. S. Veterans' Hosp. 101,
St. Cloud, Minn.

Mrs. D. J. Campodonico,
701 Richmond Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

O. E. Fowler,
547 Rosedale St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Lewis C. Gust,
6515 S. Richmond St., Chicago, Ill.

W. J. Larson,
330 N. Main St., Austin, Minn.

Ronald Lockwood,
15500 Broadway, Bedford, Ohio.

Mrs. C. McDowell,
449 N. E. Eighth St., Portland, Ore.

Jessie Potter.
59 Waverley Rd., Toronto, Can.

Norman T. Pratt,
701 Statler Bldg., Boston, Mass.

PICTURE NO. 2

FIRST PRIZE—$125

Hermann Preiss,
908 W. Shiawassee, Lansing, Mich.

SECOND PRIZE—$50

Henry Alarid,
312 Aztec Ave.,
Santa Fe, N. M.

THIRD PRIZE—$25

Mary E. North,
Government Hotels,
Washington, D. C.

TEN PRIZES OF $5 EACH

R. S. Cameron,
Iroquois, S. D.

Charles P. Green,
Box 82, Hot Springs, S. D.

Conrad Henken,
403 Davis Ave., Arlington, N. J.

Dorothy Johnson,
234 N. Eighth Ave., Brighton, Colo.

Mrs. Richard Norris,
157 S. Powell Lane, Stonehurst, Pa.

Anna Painter,
Box 56, Chanute, Kan.

Fred H. Reichert,
795 Hudson St., Hawley, Pa.

Eleanor Tibbetts,
16 Claremont St., Rockland, Me.

J. George Unger,
6358 N. Marsden St., Philadelphia, Pa.

H. J. Wright,
U. S. Naval Fuel Depot, Melville, R. I.

PICTURE NO. 3

FIRST PRIZE—$125

Frank E. Werner,
28 N. W. 13th Ave., Miami, Fla.

SECOND PRIZE—$50

Bess U. Putnam,
1505 Kenmore Blvd.,
Akron, Ohio.

THIRD PRIZE—$25

Joseph T. Caples,
Fayette, Mo.

TEN PRIZES OF $5 EACH

Ruth Boyer,
401 Charlotte St., Bucyrus, Ohio.

Kurt Fetz,
132 W. 73d St., New York City, N. Y.

Harold J. Harper,
2745 Cooper St., Saginaw, Mich.

Haddon E. Klingberg,
Bethel Seminary, St. Paul, Minn.

L. B. Klippel,
323 Wellington Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

Wm. M. Lofton, Jr.,
Guilford College, Guilford, N. C.

Almira McCaffrey,
1827 Hope St., Baltimore, Md.

Tracy Spitler,
1310 E. Colfax Ave., Denver, Colo.

Mrs. J. A. Wilson,
781 Savier St., Portland, Ore.

Evelyn Woodle,
1024 Halsey St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

PICTURE NO. 4

FIRST PRIZE—$125

Jos. L. Nielson,
Quarters G, Great Lakes, Ill.

SECOND PRIZE—$50

Ray Blain,
Ft. Hayes,
Columbus, Ohio.

THIRD PRIZE—$25

Mrs. A. F. Wilson,
Lima, Mont.

TEN PRIZES OF $5 EACH

Herbert Farrow,
1039 S. Humphrey Ave., Oak Park, Ill.

Edward Huss,
201 School St., Des Moines, Ia.

W. R. Kelso,
1330 Grand, Kansas City, Mo.

C. W. Knowles,
80 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

Miss L. C. Kramer,
1728 Chilton St., Baltimore, Md.

Irene Mitchell,
1015 N. College St., South Bend, Ind

Winifred A. Perrin,
Route 4, Birmingham, Mich.

Theodore V. Ruggles,
2504 Lark Ave., Altoona, Pa.

Roy Sterrett.
21 E. St. Joe St., Rapid City, S. D.

Alma Butler Waugh,
1340 Taylor St., San Francisco, Calif.

The Best Dressed Roman of them All

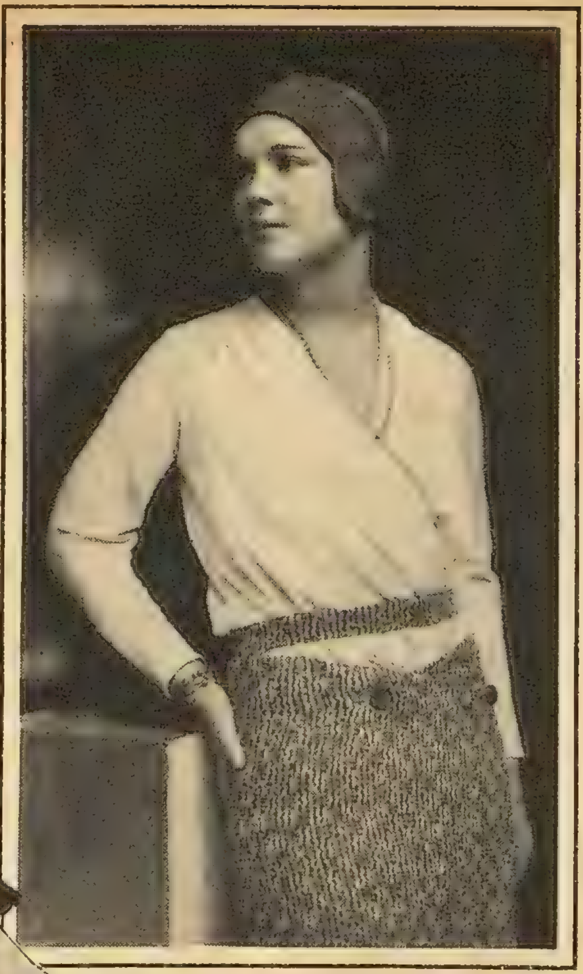
By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris.

GABRIELLA, Comtesse de Robilant, is a great deal more than the best dressed lady in Rome. She is the most powerful influence on the dress of aristocratic Italian women in the Eternal City. She does more than Mussolini to decide such portentous questions as to the length of skirts and hair, colors to wear, and whether to go romantic with the Paris styles or not.

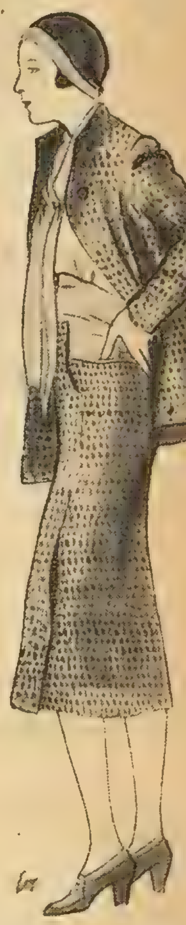
The comtesse is the youngest daughter of one of the oldest and most illustrious families in Rome. She was born in a marble palace over the New Forum, with the golden spoon of wealth in her mouth.

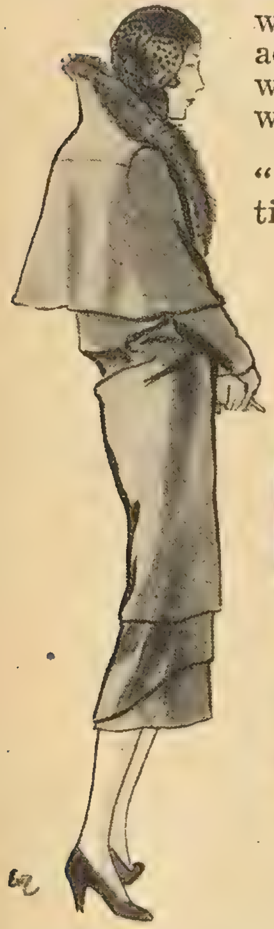
Comtesse de Robilant, or "Gaby," as she is affectionately called by the many who consult her, looks incredibly like an American débutante, but she has wisdom packed inside her pretty head, and her opinion on what to do about the new styles is of inestimable value. She gives her ideas here to Liberty readers.



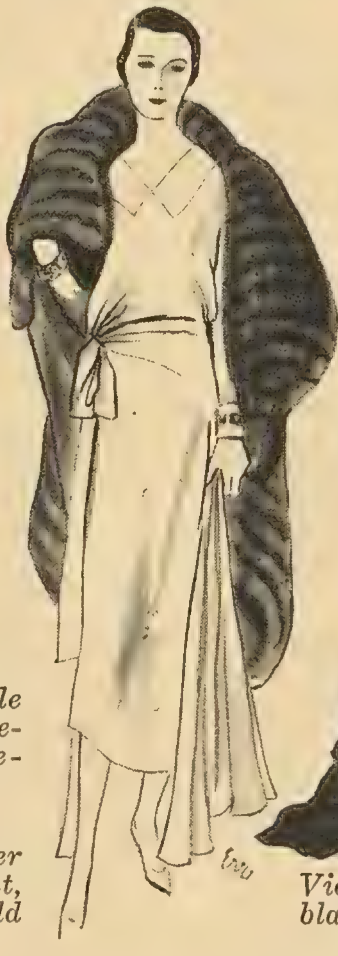
Comtesse de Robilant wearing a Schiaparelli sports skirt and blouse.

For mornings the comtesse wears a Schiaparelli tweed suit as shown below.

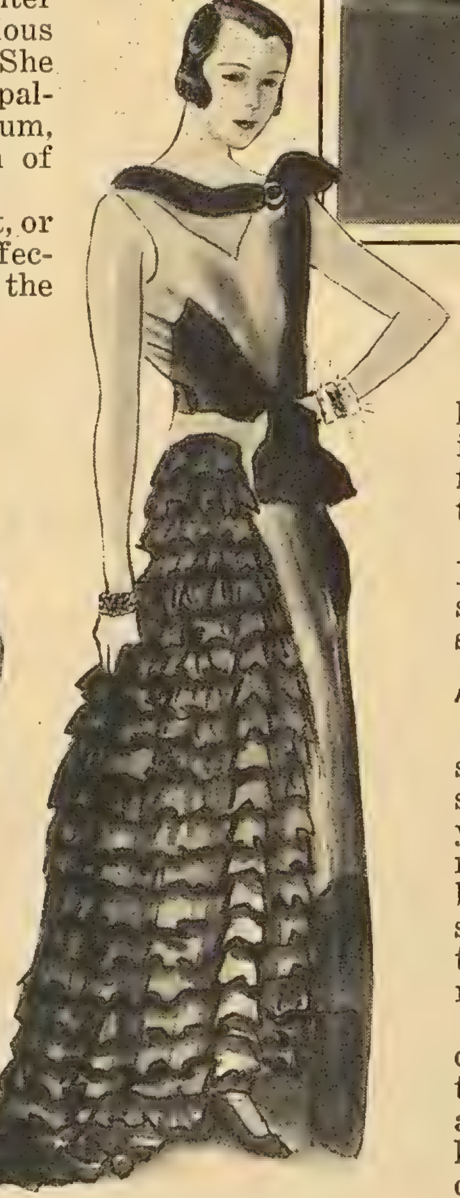




Above, an ensemble of a woolen cape-coat and a one-piece dress.



A Vionnet dinner frock, at the right, of coral-and-gold chiffon lamé.



Vionnet made this frock of black chiffon with satin ruffles and a front-tied sash.

Comtesse de Robilant is all for the new styles on one count—that of personality. She says that in so far as they foster originality they are invaluable. She refuses them absolutely when they overload women with quantities of fur and furbelows. Her reason is pure and irrefutable logic. Such overloading kills the pure lines of the silhouette. She doesn't believe in pinching with corsets, or in puffing with fabrics and furs.

Comtesse de Robilant will not accept very long skirts for daytime. She will wear stockings that are not too light or too dark, and shoes that are extremely simple, quiet in color, and well cut. And she will have for followers in this idea the most distinguished women in Rome, with not a few in Paris as well. She finds pale-colored stockings horrible for daytime, as they resemble bleached nude legs.

The comtesse adores the long-glove vogue. Her shortest gloves are six-button in length and she has six dozen pairs of varying length, all slip-on gloves.

THE entire spirit of Comtesse de Robilant's clothes creed is summed up in this: "Be selfish when you choose your clothes. That is to say, never dress for anyone but yourself. Forget your neighbor and your husband, because you may find that they warp your opinion. Men can be handled in the matter of clothes. The one sure way to make them agree with your taste is to make them see that a disagreement will be ridiculous—that always reaches them.

"Furs are the most difficult of all clothes to choose, and they are, therefore, the most important. Never marry two furs. Choose one kind and wear it for one coat, or as an accessory, but keep it segregated from any other kind." The comtesse has five fur coats—one all ermine, pure white; one dyed black ermine; one sable; one broadtail; and one galyak. She wears silver fox with her cloth coats.

"As for jewels, I prefer the classic settings," she continues. "I don't like modern jewelry, and I like a few good jewels at a time. Women should avoid the junky effect of strings and strings of beads. It is enough to frighten a Zulu.

"In your daytime clothes look easy, comfortable, and competent. Choose beautiful, wearable fabrics. Buy your hats to fit your head, and never accept any hat the lines of which are less beautiful than those of your head. All exaggeration of millinery lines is voluntary deformity."

Clothes Wisdom of Comtesse de Robilant

Pretty women are the hardest to dress because they look like mannequins in regulation smart clothes.

Keep your trailing dresses for your home.

The worst taste in clothes is found in Europe. Americans are the best dressed in general.

HUMILIATION

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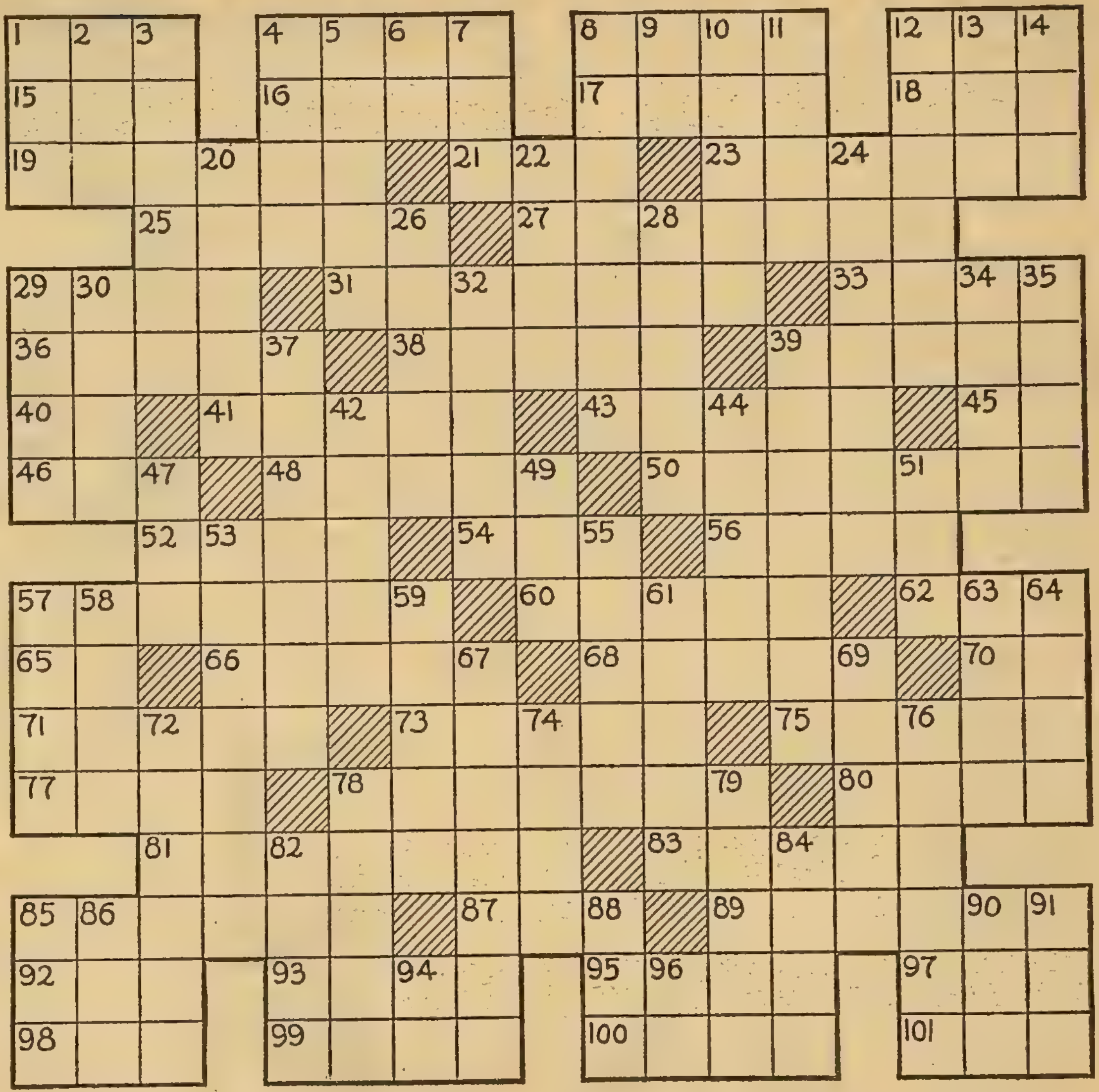
Remove all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin peel off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. **To quickly remove wrinkles and other age lines,** use this face lotion: 1 ounce powdered saxolite and 1 half pint witch-hazel. At Drug and Department Stores Everywhere.

"How's the cold?"
"It's gone. I took—

These efficient tablets relieve pain harmlessly.

Salicon TRADE MARK

Liberty's Twin

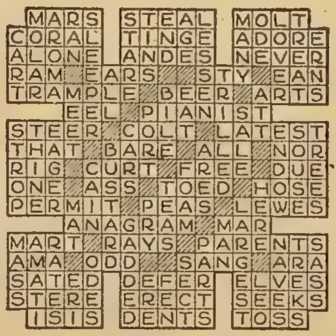


HORIZONTAL

1 A form of to be
4 Mud
8 A faction
12 Greek letter
15 Sooner than
16 Notion
17 River in Brazil
18 Pronoun
19 Signify
21 River (Spanish)
23 Name of a woman in Arthurian legends
25 Districts
27 Conducts; regulates
29 Fixed routine
31 Tagged
33 Mounds
36 Mountain nymph
38 Founded upon
39 To labor as a drudge
40 A parent
41 Crate for fruit
43 Large, low sofa
45 Latin conjunction
46 Highest note of the original scale
48 The archfiend
50 Thinks deeply
52 Native of Latvia
54 A cover
56 Sage
57 Acts playfully
60 A French cap
62 Shelter
65 Symbol for silver
66 Mountain range
68 Measures of distance
70 Metric measure
71 Pleasing to the palate
73 Slightly warm
75 Kinds
77 American Indian
78 More courteous
80 Ascend
81 Stoats
83 Cardinal number
85 Showy pretense
87 Vehicle
89 Gone by
92 Bear young
93 Rave
95 A paradise
97 Woman's name
98 Collection of facts
99 Greek deity
100 Deal out scantily
101 Moisture

VERTICAL

1 Espouse
2 Exist
3 Legislative body
4 Anything very small
5 A perfect type
6 Note of the scale
7 Attention
8 Decayed, as fruit
9 Babylonian deity
10 Confession of faith
11 A mineral
12 Carpenter's tool
13 Fowl
14 Anger
20 Genus consisting of the elands

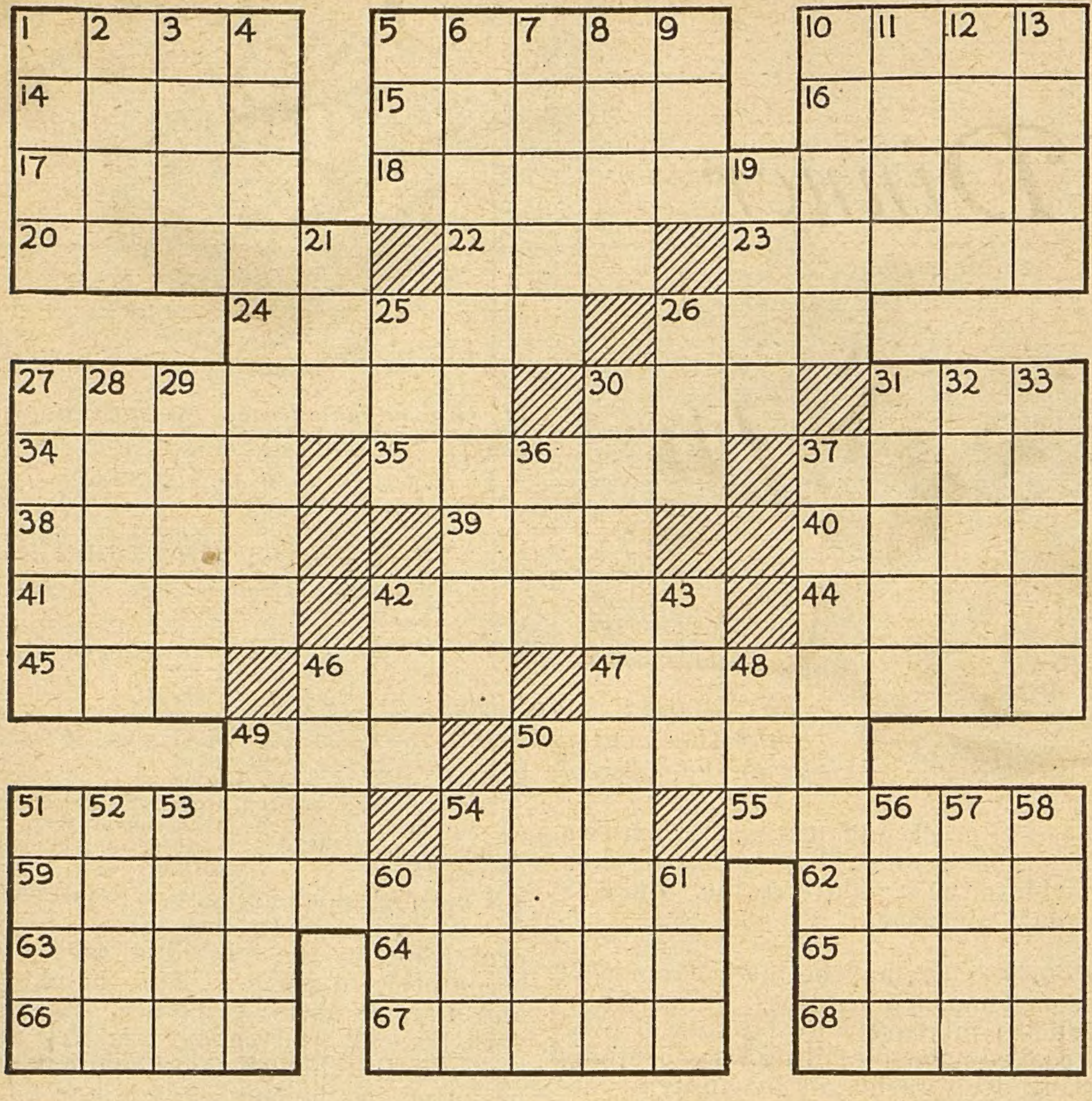


MARS STEAL MOLT
CORAL TINGE ADORE
ALONE ANDES NEVER
RAM EARS STY EAN
TRAMPLE BEER ARTS
EEL PIANIST
STEER COLT LATEST
THAT BARE ALL NOR
RIG CURT FREE DUE
ONE ASS TOED HOSE
PERMIT PEAS LEWES
ANAGRAM MAR
MART RAYS PARENTS
AMA ODD SANG ARA
SATED DEFER ELVES
STERE ERECT SEEKS
ISIS DENTS TOSS

Answer to last week's puzzle

22 Day of the ancient Roman month
24 Heeds
26 Wooden shoe
28 Reimmerse
29 A European capital
30 Verbal
32 Trite
34 Always
35 Puts in place
37 Fate
39 Members of the tribe of Dan
42 Classified
44 A letter
47 Entire
49 Point of a pen
51 A fish
53 Beetles
55 Resign
57 A fruit
58 Substance derived from seaweed
59 Device for causing a discharge
61 Goes horseback
63 Devours
64 Gaelic
67 Chooses
69 Painful spots
72 Brownish-yellow earthy substance
74 City in Italy
76 Washed lightly
78 Of the hair
79 Repulse
82 Lake or pool
84 Propeller blade
85 Beverage
86 Gaelic form of John
88 A color
90 Woman's name
91 Jackdaw
94 Not
96 Note of the diatonic scale

Puzzle Pages

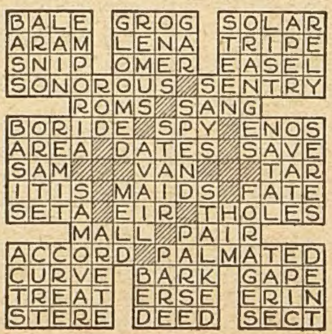


HORIZONTAL

1 Coins of an Asiatic country
5 Hardwood tree of Asia and Africa
10 One of two bones of the forearm.
14 Unusual
15 Character mentioned in 2 Esdras xiv. 25 (Apocrypha)
16 Cleansing agent
17 To join by sewing together
18 Steamers
20 Masculine personal name
22 Sailor
23 Time, as expressed by forms of a verb
24 Ratifies, as a deed
26 Equality
27 Framework made of crossed strips
30 Gear-wheel tooth
31 Rotating piece in machinery
34 Genus of South African trees
35 To lay in surrounding matter
37 Responsibility
38 Tiara (poetic)
39 Attention
40 Afresh
41 Terminals
42 Penetrate
44 Skin of a calf's head
45 King (Spanish)
46 Pen or coop for small domestic animals
47 Planned or formed after a pattern
49 Aëriform fluid
50 Characteristic of a particular place
51 Scotch cloak
54 A son of Jacob
55 Harsh noise of a trumpet
59 A disease of the throat
62 Silkworm
63 Incite
64 American Indians
65 Surgeon's probe
66 Chops; hacks
67 Thick-headed or stupid
68 Droops

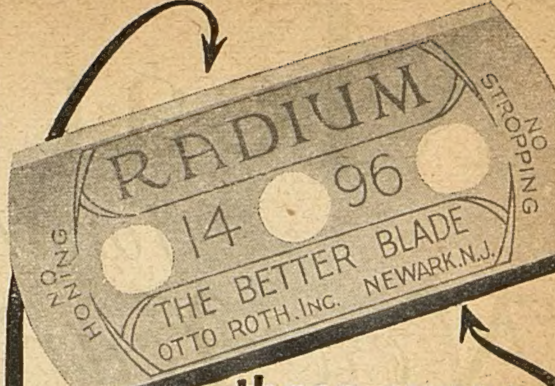
VERTICAL

1 Bottom end of a wooden pulley block
2 A weight of eastern Asia
3 To measure with a trammel
4 Period of six months (plural)
5 An S-shaped worm
6 Parapet of a fortified building
7 Genus consisting of certain antelopes
8 Close
9 Edible tuberous root
10 Attendant at the door of a court
11 Region of the body
12 Sleeps
13 Projecting part of a building
19 Adult male of the red deer
21 Gold coin of Brazil
25 Playing card
26 Seed vessel
27 At a time to come
28 Form in ranks
29 Truckler
30 Ritual observances
31 A waterway
32 Rugged crest of a mountain range
33 Cried, as a cat
36 Flying mammal
37 Swelling on a horse's hock (plural)
42 Greek goddess corresponding to the Roman Aurora
43 Fabulous bird
46 Mohammedan magistrate
48 Any flatfish
49 The pith of a matter (plural)
50 Ancient language
51 Chief god of Memphis (Egyptian religion)
52 A division of the lungs
53 Over again
54 Dreadful
56 District
57 An arena for competition or display
58 Corrodes
60 Induced
61 Twenty-two and one-half degrees east of south



BALE GROG SOLAR
ARAM LENA TRIPE
SNIP OMER EASEL
SONOROUS SENTRY
ROMS SANG
BORIDE SPY ENOS
AREA DATES SAVE
SAM VAN TAR
ITIS MAIDS FATE
SETA EIR THOLES
MALL PAIR
ACCORD PALMATED
CURVE BARK GAPE
TREAT ERSE ERIN
STERE DEED SECT

Answer to last week's puzzle



these super-keen, wide bevel double edges *last*

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Radium Blades are sold by leading drug stores and hardware dealers. If yours cannot supply you send 38c for 5 or 75c for 10 blades, giving dealer's name to Otto Roth, Inc., 11-15 East Runyon St., Newark, N. J. Wiebusch & Hilger, Ltd., Distributors, 106 Lafayette Street, New York.

Don't Do This → ***use***

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An Ear Oil of great benefit in many cases of Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises. Simply Insert in Nostrils and Rub in gently back of Ears. Soothing and Penetrating. On the market since 1907, and many thousands have written of the relief obtained. Price $1.25 at drug stores. Folder about "Deafness" on request to A. O. LEONARD, INC., Suite 825, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

NO INDIGESTION!

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Hearty eaters—hard smokers—high livers find Stuart's Tablets indispensable for the relief of after-eating distresses.

Why have a sour stomach—or risk a bad breath? Use Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets; one of them will neutralize 2½ times its weight of acid material in the stomach; they furnish the ideal and harmless remedy.

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Enough for the one-week test, in the handy pocket box, will be mailed complimentary if you use coupon below.

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Address..
Town..

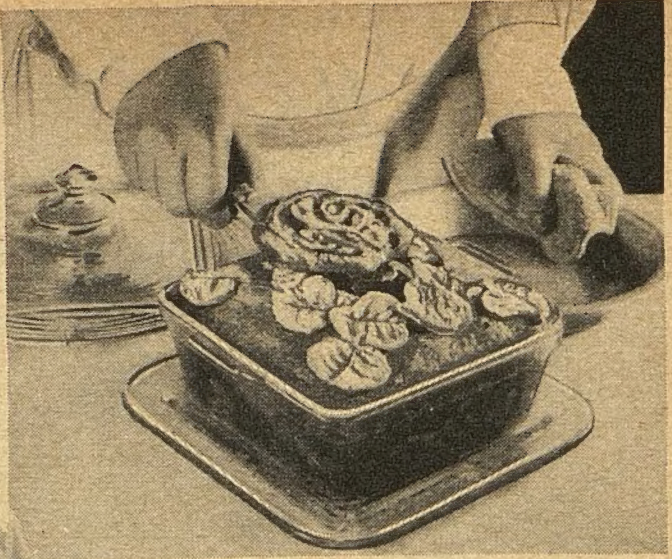
At All Drug Stores: 25c and 60c

The Quickest Relief for Gastric Disorder

STUART'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS

Meat Pies
for the New Year's Dinner

By ETHEL SOMERS



If the casserole cover has been oiled, the baked crust will lift readily with a spatula.

To avoid sogginess, bake the meat-pie crust on a casserole lid.

MEAT pies may be made in either individual or family size. The success of the pie hinges on two preparations. The crust must be delicate and crisp and the meat mixture within must be flavorful and of just the right juiciness and consistency.

The crust may be a simple mashed-potato crust for the amateur, a rich biscuit dough for the more practiced, or a rich puff pastry for the experienced cook.

Each of these lends itself to decoration if desired.

Hot-Water Pastry

(For a top crust only prepare one-half of this recipe)

2 cups flour
1 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 cup shortening
½ cup hot water
2 teaspoons lemon juice
1 egg yolk

S[illegible]T together the dry ingredients and cut in half of the shortening. Add the remaining shortening to the hot water, and when melted also add the lemon juice and beaten egg yolk. Lightly stir this combined hot liquid into the dry ingredients.

Knead lightly on a floured pastry board and while still warm roll out to one-eighth-inch thickness. It may be used as a top crust or for both top and bottom crust.

Bake in a hot oven (425° F.) until well browned, or from twelve to fifteen minutes.

Quick Puff Pastry

1 cup bread flour
1 tablespoon shortening
About ¼ cup cold water
⅞ cup butter

CUT the shortening into the flour and add cold water enough to form a dough that may be patted and rolled out. Roll to one-fourth-inch thickness and, using one-third of the butter at a time, dot small pieces all over the surface of the rolled-out dough. Sprinkle very lightly with flour.

Fold the dough from the four edges to meet in the center, and then double the folded dough, making it four layers deep. Roll out and repeat until the second and third portions of the butter have been thus used. Roll to one-fourth-inch thickness and cut into the desired shape. Use for a top crust only. Chill thoroughly and then bake in a hot oven (475° F.) from twelve to fifteen minutes, or until thoroughly puffed and delicately browned.

Flaky pie crust is made from a standard pie-crust recipe by folding in extra shortening by the method described in quick puff pastry. From two to five tablespoons of butter may be thus folded into the standard recipe. Bake as for plain pie crust.

Potato crust may be made from well seasoned mashed potatoes, or a potato-croquette mixture may be spread over the cooked meat-pie filling. Decorate by cutting deep gashes or by applying designs with a pastry tube. Brown in a moderate oven (375° F.) from thirty to forty minutes, or until the crust is well browned.

Dumplings as a crust are made as for drop biscuits, the mixed dough being dropped by tablespoons over the top of the hot cooked meat filling. Steam for twelve minutes in a tightly covered steamer. Be sure that the cover is not lifted until the cooking time is up.

FOR the New Year's dinner there's nothing quite so savory as a crisp, juicy meat pie. To vary the filling for this favorite New Year's dish consult Miss Somers' three Liberty cookbooks. Also among their standard recipes will be found simple directions for making drop biscuits, potato croquettes, and other supplementary delicacies. The booklets cost but 10 cents each; all three for 25 cents. Send for them now—and please use the coupon.

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Street or R. F. D..............................

City..................State........... 1-4-30

Savory Chicken Pie

3 to 4 pounds chicken
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon salt
¼ cup tried-out chicken fat or shortening
1 bay leaf, if desired
½ teaspoon peppercorns
1 tablespoon fried onion, if desired
½ cup diced carrot
1½ to 2 cups hot water
¼ pound mushrooms, if desired
1 cup drained cooked green peas, if desired
2 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons cold water

IN making chicken pie, two small chickens rather than one large one are preferable, as the individual pieces will be daintier to serve. Clean the chicken and disjoint as for fricassee. Sprinkle with the salt and pepper and fry until brown in the chicken fat, which has been prepared by melting over a low flame. Turn and continue cooking over a brisk fire until well browned on all sides.

Lift into the casserole. Add the bay leaf and onion, if used, together with the peppercorns and carrot. Pour the hot water into the frying pan and scrape loose all the browned particles of fat. Then pour this stock over the seasoned chicken. Enough water should be added to nearly cover the chicken.

Cover the casserole and bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) from two to three hours, or until tender. The time will vary according to the age and size of the chicken. Because it stands in its own gravy the chicken will not dry or deteriorate if prepared thus far the day before. Half an hour before serving, return the casserole to the oven, after skimming off the fat which has collected. Use this fat to sauté the mushrooms, which have been washed, peeled, and chopped. After browning the mushrooms, cover tightly and cook very gently for about five minutes. Add the peas, if used. Combine with the cooked chicken, together with the flour and water which have been stirred to a smooth paste. Top with any desired crust.

Hints for Making Meat Pies

Avoid the danger of a soggy crust by baking it on the top of an oiled or buttered casserole lid.

To insure a shapely rather than a sunken top crust, place an inverted cup or small bowl in the center of the casserole before putting in the meat filling.

If plain, rich, or puff pastry is used, the top may be decorated with designs cut from rolled pastry. To make the designs adhere, dampen the crust before applying.

If a biscuit type of crust is used, decorate by cutting gashes in the top or vary by using individual biscuit or doughnut shapes.

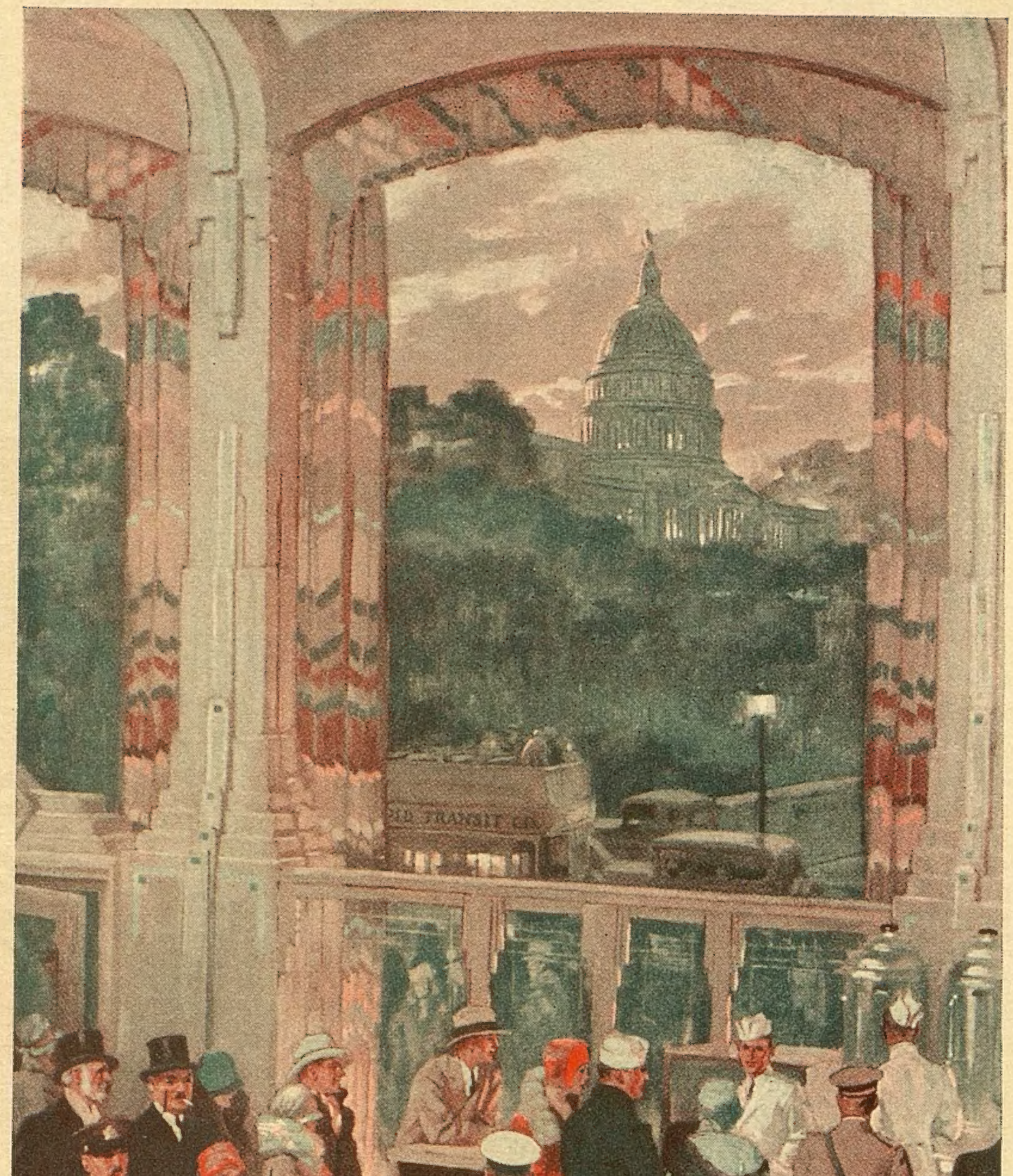
Chicken, pigeon, or (especially) quail pie are improved by the addition of oysters. For every pound of poultry used stir in oysters up to one pint about forty minutes before removing from the oven.

The pause that refreshes helps run the country

WASHINGTON! Where the biggest job on earth is done . . . the Federal Reserve Board holds a meeting . . . the Senator from Arkansas demands a roll call . . . the President vetoes a bill . . . the gentlemen of the press watch every move, and all the world listens. But through all the hurry, worry, rush and strain there are happy pauses, and ease. Washington tempers the pace with ice-cold Coca-Cola. At soda fountains up and down the broad avenues . . . in the Senate cloakrooms . . . in the vast Army and Navy buildings' cafeterias . . . in the Walter Reed Hospital canteen . . . around the corner from anywhere . . . Coca-Cola, with that tingling, delicious taste and its cool after-sense of refreshment, has made *the pause that refreshes* a national custom.

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

A pure drink of natural flavors served in its own thin, crystal-like glass. This glass insures the right proportions of Coca-Cola syrup and ice-cold carbonated water. The final touches are to add a little finely chipped ice and stir with a spoon until the sparkling bubbles bead at the brim. The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

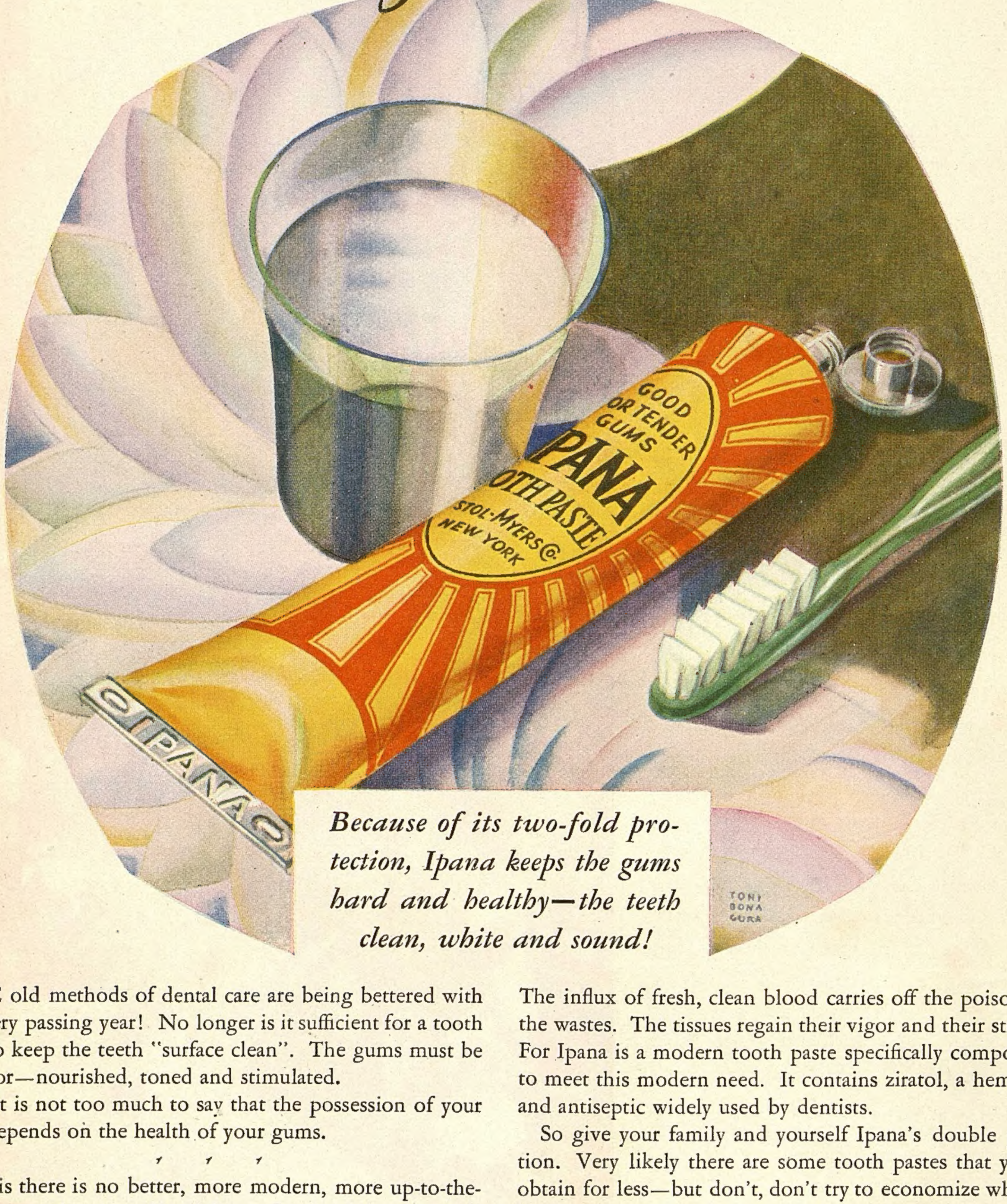


9 MILLION A DAY

Drink Coca-Cola Delicious and Refreshing

It had to be good to get where it is

Make IPANA *the guardian of your gums!*



Because of its two-fold protection, Ipana keeps the gums hard and healthy—the teeth clean, white and sound!

THE old methods of dental care are being bettered with every passing year! No longer is it sufficient for a tooth paste to keep the teeth "surface clean". The gums must be cared for—nourished, toned and stimulated.

For it is not too much to say that the possession of your teeth depends on the health of your gums.

* * *

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Send for the sample, if you wish. It will convince you that Ipana is a tooth paste of delicious taste and remarkable cleaning power. But it's much better to buy the full-size tube at the nearest druggist's. That will last for at least thirty days—long enough for you to experience Ipana's remarkable power to tone and to strengthen your gums.

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